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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

THE PEDIGREE OF JUDAH

LOTHROP STODDARD

The Problem of Anti-Semitism — I

EDITORIAL FOREWORD

IT was once the practise of medicine to cover up a festering sore, but fortunately medicine has advanced to the point where a direct attack upon the causes of the sore is practicable. There are still some persons who believe that there should be a taboo upon the discussion of all dangerous matters, — that is, matters surcharged with emotion, such as racial and religious questions. This minority has belabored THE FORUM for its open and frank discussion of religious questions. But we believe that a vast majority of our readers realize that only good has come from the fearless airing of honest differences of opinion; that misconceptions have been cleared up and ancient prejudices evaporated in the light of dispassionate and reasoned arguments. It is in this spirit of desire to cure by seeking out the underlying cause of the symptoms that we approach the Jewish Question.

There may be some who will maintain that the mere postulation

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of the existence of a Jewish Question argues partisanship, even prejudice. To these we can only say that their denial of a fact is itself the admission of a prejudice. That a Jewish Question exists is a fact which nearly all sane men and women, whether Jew or Gentile, will readily admit. For centuries, and in many nations, the Jews have been subjected to separate treatment when not to open persecution. Even in our own land of freedom and equality and in this enlightened day there is ample evidence of the existence of anti-Semitism. Why does it exist? What is its historical, racial, religious, economic, or other *raison d'être?* In the hope of dispelling misconceptions which cloud this question THE FORUM proposes to devote several successive papers under the general title of "The Problem of Anti-Semitism". In this first paper by Dr. Lothrop Stoddard, the discussion is appropriately opened by a definition of terms. What is a Jew? Dr. Stoddard analyzes in a broad and scientific manner the racial make-up of the Jews, and attempts an answer to the question, — much less obvious than it may seem to many, — Is there a Jewish race?

* * *

FEW subjects have been more debated than that of the racial make-up of the Jews. "What is a Jew?" is a question endlessly asked, and endlessly argued. The variety of answers is truly extraordinary, ranging all the way from assertions that the Jews are the purest race on earth to counter-assertions that the Jews are in no sense a race, but are merely a widely-dispersed religious and cultural group, varying in blood according to the populations among whom they dwell.

Between such irreconcilable statements, where does the truth reside? Is there, or is there not, a Jewish race? Again: supposing the blood of modern Jewry to be much mixed, is there, or is there not, some ancestral strain which leavens and dominates the whole?

These questions require answers, for they are of capital significance as prerequisites to any intelligent discussion of the Jewish problem. That a Jewish problem exists, no thinking person can seriously deny. That it should be frankly approached and constructively handled should be equally self-evident. Yet neither of these things is possible unless we truly understand the factors

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involved. And surely no factor is more vital than that of Jewry's racial make-up. Modern science teaches us the basic importance of race. More and more we are learning that heredity determines primarily not only men's physical characteristics but also their mental and temperamental qualities. If, then, we are really to understand the Jew (and, for that matter, if the Jew is really to understand himself) we must discover what blood or bloods flow in his veins.

Fortunately this is not an impossible task. Race is not an abstract theory; it is a concrete fact, which can be accurately determined by scientific tests such as head formation, bodily structure, and color of hair, eyes, and skin. Furthermore, even with persons of mixed ancestry, the elements in their ethnic make-up can be analyzed, because races are extremely persistent, and when crossed do not fuse into new stable types but persist as imperfect blends, the contrasted racial characteristics reappearing as "disharmonic combinations" in the mixed offspring, or even tending to re-sort themselves toward the original ancestral types in subsequent generations. Again, the progress of historical research has traced the movements of races far back into the mists of antiquity, and thus enables us to supplement our analysis of the ethnic make-up of living individuals by a fairly accurate picture of their family trees.

The present Jewish population of the globe is estimated at between fifteen and seventeen millions. They are scattered over virtually the entire world, but the bulk of them are massed in certain definite areas. Fully half the Jews in the world are found in Eastern Europe, centering in Poland. The United States contains over three million Jews, mainly recent immigrants from the Polish area. Minor centres of Jewish population occur at various points in Western Europe, the Mediterranean basin, Western Asia, and Northern Africa.

Scientific investigations of contemporary Jewry have brought out one striking fact, — the presence of two sharply contrasted types within the Jewish fold. The Jews of Eastern Europe and the Jews of the Mediterranean basin and adjacent Afro-Asiatic districts differ markedly from one another in physical appearance. The Mediterranean Jew is usually slenderly built, with a long head, well-cut features, and general "harmonic" make-up, there-

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by suggesting that he springs from closely related racial stocks. The East European Jew, on the contrary, is apt to be short and thick-set, with a round head, coarse features, and general "disharmonic" make-up, thus revealing a mixture of diverse bloods. It is, in fact, this very disharmonic make-up of the East European Jews that renders an accurate physical description of them so difficult. Take the matter of the so-called "Jewish nose". Great numbers of East European Jews do have such noses, but still others have squat or pug noses, while occasionally one finds fine-cut noses like those so often found among the Jews of the Mediterranean. And a similar variability occurs with other physical characteristics. There is no consistent uniformity of type.*

These scientific analyses confirm, in the main, a division which the Jews themselves have long made. For more than a thousand years the Jews have clearly recognized two distinct physical types, called by them the "Ashkenazim" or Jews of Eastern Europe, and the "Sephardim" or Jews of the Mediterranean and adjacent regions. The Sephardim have always considered themselves the aristocracy of Jewry and have traditionally kept aloof from their Ashkenazic brethren. The Ashkenazim are (and apparently long have been) much the more numerous. To-day probably nine-tenths of the world's Jews are predominantly of Ashkenazic blood. This seems to be about the proportion of the two stocks in America's present Jewish population. The first Jews who came to America were nearly all Sephardim, but the huge migrations from Eastern Europe of the past generation have reduced the Sephardim to a small minority.

The Jews definitely emerge upon the historic stage somewhere about the year 2000 B.C. At that time the racial make-up of Western Asia was about as follows: The great belt of mountain and high plateau extending across Asia Minor and Armenia, with spurs running down into Syria, was inhabited largely by a race typified by the so-called Hittite. The vast plains and deserts to the southward, ranging from Mesopotamia and inner Syria clear down through the Arabian peninsula, were inhabited largely by Semitic tribes, the chief ancestors of the present Bedouin Arabs. At that time both races seem to have been fairly pure, though

*The reader may verify this by a study of Mr. Reiss's portrait drawings of Jewish types on pages XIX to XXIV of the Illustrated Section.—ED.

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there was already a good deal of racial intermingling along the borders of the two geographical regions, where the highlands touched the plains.

Let us analyze the physical appearance of these two races. The earliest Hittite sculptures show us a people strikingly like the modern Armenians and the older populations of Asia Minor and the Caucasus; that is to say, a short, thick-set folk, with extremely broad heads, rather coarse features, and big, fleshy, hooked noses. On the other hand, the historical evidence shows that the ancient Semites were about like the modern Bedouin Arabs, — slenderly built, with long heads and fine-cut features.

Now these two ancient races, which at that time occupied Western Asia, offer us our first clues to the Jewish family tree, because they represent types clearly present abundantly in Jewry to-day. Many living Mediterranean Jews are almost indistinguishable from Arabs, both being obvious Semitic types. Even more striking is the parallel between the ancient Hittites and a large proportion of the modern Ashkenazim. One cannot look at a Hittite sculpture without being struck by the "Jewishness" of the faces there depicted. The famous "Jewish nose", with its peculiarly hooked nostril, is found to be not exclusively Jewish, but to have been shared by the ancient Hittites, and also by modern peoples of the West Asiatic Highlands. Many Armenians, Caucasians, and Anatolians to-day look so much like this type of Jew that it is practically impossible to distinguish them by their physical appearance.

Here, then, we seem to have found two primal elements in Jewry's racial make-up: an ancient cross between Semitic and Hittite-Armenoid stocks. Which was the original root? Almost certainly, the Semitic. The entire weight of evidence tends to show that the Jews were originally a tribe of nomadic Semites who migrated from the desert lands on the southward into Palestine, — geographically a borderland between Arabia and the West Asian Highlands. Here they encountered folk of Hittite-like stock and took up a certain amount of Hittite blood, though for a long time the Semitic strain must have predominated.

It was possibly the pressure of fresh Hittite tribes from the north that drove the primitive Jews into Egypt. Here they encountered new racial influences. The ancient Egyptians be-

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longed to the so-called Hamitic race. Since the dawn of history this race has occupied the northeast corner of Africa, and even to-day is the basic strain of the modern Egyptian, Abyssinian, and Galla peoples, albeit the stock is nowhere pure and is widely tinged with Negro blood. These Hamites exhibit certain marked physical peculiarities, notably an excessive slenderness of bodily proportions, particularly of the lower limbs, and an exceedingly long face. The Jews undoubtedly absorbed a certain amount of Hamitic blood, both during their Egyptian sojourn and afterwards, when Egypt extended her dominion over Palestine and Syria. Even to-day Hamitic types appear among the Jews, especially among the Sephardim. For example: Benjamin Disraeli, the noted English statesman, had markedly Hamitic features.

It was also probably during their Egyptian sojourn that the Jews picked up their first traces of Negro blood. A Negroid strain undoubtedly exists in Jewry; to it the frizzy or woolly hair, thick lips, and prognathous jaws appearing in many Jewish individuals are probably due. Although at that time the population of Egypt was predominantly Hamitic, the trickle of Negro blood, which has since so strongly modified both Egypt and the adjacent Asiatic regions, had already begun. It is probable, however, that this first Negroid infusion was less important than the subsequent infusions which appear to have taken place, rather in outlying sections of Jewry than in the central nucleus in Palestine.

The return from Egypt to Palestine ushered in racial modifications of an important character. The period of the Egyptian sojourn had coincided with an era of unrest and migration throughout Western Asia. Not only were there intensified clashes of the Hittite and Semitic tribes, but new racial stocks appear upon the scene. Between 2000 and 1000 B.C. the first waves of tall, blond Nordics emerge from the northern plains and penetrate the West Asiatic highlands, a few even descending as far as Syria and Palestine. At the same time people of the so-called Mediterranean race, kin to the Cretans and Mycenaean Greeks, establish themselves here and there along the Anatolian and Syrian coasts. Thus, when the Jews returned to Palestine they found it inhabited by a medley of tribes, mostly of Semitic and Armenoid origin to be sure, but also partly of Nordic and Mediterranean blood. The Amorites, those giant "Sons of Anak", were

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patently Nordics, and David, the son of an Amoritish mother and described as a blond, represents the infusion of Nordic blood into Jewry which then took place. The Philistines, while in the main Mediterraneans, may have had a Nordic ruling class.

Notwithstanding these new racial infusions, however, it appears that Semitic and Hittite-Armenoid blood continued to predominate in the Jewish stock, — with a steady gain of the latter element. A graphic illustration of this Armenizing process is revealed by a comparison of Egyptian and Assyrian bas-reliefs of Jewish captives at different periods. An Egyptian bas-relief of the tenth century B.C. depicts faces which, though unmistakably "Jewish", are characteristically Sephardic in type; that is to say, of predominantly Semitic character. Contrast with this an Assyrian bas-relief three centuries later, in which the captives have hooked noses and stockier frames, — in other words, much more like modern Ashkenazim.

The tenth to the fifth centuries B.C. were troubled times for Jewry. Harried by Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, and even Nordic Scythians, the little Jewish State collapsed, and the entire Jewish people was carried away in the "Babylonish Captivity". The Ten Tribes of Israel disappear, and only a remnant retains its Jewish consciousness. It is this remnant which, under the leadership of Nehemiah and Ezra, returns to Palestine from the Captivity and reforges the broken chain of Jewish national life. What was the precise ethnic make-up of the returned exiles we do not know, but we may assume that it was more Semitic and less Armenoid than at the beginning of the Captivity, because the Babylonians were mainly a Semitic people. Certainly they were not Armenoid. The Captivity had thus produced a partial reversion toward the primitive Jewish racial origins.

The return to Palestine marks a new epoch in Jewish history. Herewith begins both what may be termed Jewish "racial" self-consciousness and also Jewry's geographical dispersion. Those Jews who heeded the call of Nehemiah and Ezra to return to Palestine and rebuild the Holy City were, in very truth, a "chosen remnant", the most zealous and patriotic of the Jewish folk. Warned by the fate of the "lost" Ten Tribes, they resolved at all costs to preserve their identity as the "Chosen People", and they realized that the best way to do this was to keep

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themselves aloof from their neighbors, not only in their faith and customs but also in their blood. Of course, these principles had been conceived long before, but they had been laxly observed. Now, however, under the rigorous discipline of a ruling priestly class, Jewry displayed a cohesion and self-consciousness never before attained. For the next five centuries, down to the great dispersion under the Romans, intermarriage with foreigners greatly lessened, inbreeding was the rule, and consequently the tendency was toward the formation of a stable Jewish type.

This, of course, applied to the Palestinian nucleus rather than to Jewry as a whole. For it must not be forgotten that the Babylonish Captivity inaugurated that movement of geographical dispersion which has persisted to the present day. Not all the Jews returned from their exile. Very many remained in Mesopotamia and other parts of the far-flung Persian Empire. These "exiles", however, unlike the Ten Tribes, retained their self-consciousness and remained loyal members of Jewry. Henceforth we dimly glimpse large Jewish populations in Mesopotamia, Persia, and the West Asian highlands, together with Jewish commercial colonies in Egypt and other points around the Mediterranean basin. These Jews must, in time, have absorbed a great deal of blood from the various populations among whom they dwelt and thus have added fresh strains to the racial make-up of Jewry, considered as a whole.

The next important change in Jewish racial history was ushered in by the disastrous struggle against Rome. The destruction of Jerusalem by Titus in the year 70 A.D. and the dispersion of the Jewish nucleus in Palestine was supplemented by other great Jewish revolts ending in tragic failure. The upshot was the ruin of Jewry throughout the Roman world. Hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of Jews perished, and not merely Palestine but also their flourishing colonies in North Africa and other parts of the Mediterranean basin were destroyed. The balance of power within Jewry shifted suddenly eastward to Mesopotamia and Persia, and northward to the Armenian highlands and the Caucasus, beyond the Roman frontiers. For the next six centuries the bulk of the Jewish people lived in those regions, Mesopotamia long being both the cultural centre and the ecclesiastical seat of Jewry. As time passed western Jewry recovered some measure of

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prosperity, its centre being in Spain. It is in the Spanish peninsula and adjacent regions of North Africa that there was fixed the modern Sephardic type. Sundered from their eastern brethren, and absorbing much Mediterranean blood, the Spanish Jews shed most of their Armenoid characteristics and became the long-headed, slenderly-built stock that has persisted to the present day. During the Middle Ages the Jews of Western Europe were almost entirely Sephardim, migrating northward from the Mediterranean basin.

The evolution of eastern Jewry is at once more obscure and more complicated. Their prosperity was gravely compromised by the Mohammedan conquest and conversion of Mesopotamia and Persia in the seventh century A.D. Harried and persecuted by Moslem zealots, the Jews grew restless and sought an avenue of escape. They presently found it to the northward in the plains of southern Russia, where opportunities beckoned them, perhaps more favorable than ever before in their history. Southern Russia was then occupied by the people known as the Khazars. Precisely what the Khazars were racially is a much disputed point. Probably they were predominantly of broad-headed Turkish stock from Central Asia, together with a strong strain of flat-faced, short-statured Mongoloids from still farther eastward. They certainly built up a flourishing state which derived its prosperity from its command of the overland trading-routes between the Near and Middle East, the Khazars being a mercantile, town-dwelling folk. From the first they had been in contact with the numerous Jews of the Caucasus, and the two peoples had got along well together. Soon the Jews of Khazaria became so numerous and influential that they made a cultural and spiritual conquest of their hosts. The Khazars became converted to Judaism and established what amounted to a Jewish state. This acted like a magnet to the whole of eastern Jewry, and one of those vast mass-migrations which have occurred several times in Jewish history took place. In the eighth century A.D., Mesopotamia, Persia, and the Armenian-Caucasian area still contained the bulk of the world's Jewish population. By the end of the tenth century these lands were almost emptied of Jews. Lured to Khazaria as to the "Promised Land", Jewry pushed northward from Asia into southeastern Europe, — swarming

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in by the hundred thousand, by sea, by river, and by mountain-trail.

And during those two centuries was forged the Ashkenazic stock of to-day. This migration involved sweeping racial changes. In the first place, Jewry's slow progress through the Armenian and Caucasian highlands implied a further admixture and strengthening of the Armenoid at the expense of the Semitic racial element. Then, once in Khazaria, extensive intermarriage with the converted Khazars resulted in a further influx of Turkish and Mongoloid blood. The result was a population prevailingly round-headed and thick-set, but with two outstanding facial types: the full-faced, hook-nosed Armenoid; and the flat-faced, squat- or pug-nosed Mongoloid, respectively. The Semitic type must have almost entirely disappeared. The consequences of this racial transformation were as unprecedented as they were far-reaching. Hitherto the basic elements in Jewry's ethnic make-up had been either Semitic or Armenoid, waxing or waning in relative importance from age to age, it is true, yet still always preponderant, no other racial element having been sufficiently important to shake their joint significance. Now, for the first time, radically new ethnic elements, from Central and Eastern Asia, were injected into the Jewish blood, and injected in such volume as powerfully and permanently to alter the nature of the great mass of the Jewish people. The profound differences, not merely in physical appearance, but also in mentality and temperament, which exist between Ashkenazim and Sephardim are thus clearly explained. They are obviously due to almost complete differences in racial make-up. The Sephardim have for the past thousand years been breeding away from the old Armenoid toward the long-headed Semitic and Mediterranean racial types. The Ashkenazim, on the contrary, have not only been breeding away from the Semitic toward the Armenoid type, but have also taken up a great amount of Central Asian and Mongoloid blood which was unknown to ancient Jewry and which has never flowed in Sephardim's veins.

Great as is the present difference between Ashkenazim and Sephardim, however, it is not quite as great as the divergence eight hundred or nine hundred years ago, owing to certain minor modifications which have since taken place. The evolution of the

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modern Ashkenazim was not quite complete. By the eleventh century, the Khazar Empire, grown rich and unwarlike, collapsed before the assaults of its enemies, and the Jewish masses, again fallen on evil times, drifted slowly westward in search of better opportunities. Seeping across southern Russia, they began to appear in Poland. This movement was soon accelerated by the action of the Polish Kings. Intent on building up a strong state, the Polish monarchs welcomed the Jews in order to build up a middle class devoted to industry and trade. Immediately Poland became what Khazaria had once been, — a magnet for Jewish mass-migration. And these Jewish immigrants, though mainly from the east, came, in lesser numbers, from the west as well. Western Europe had by that time become the scene of bitter anti-Jewish persecutions, so that, there also, many Jews heeded the welcome summons of the Polish Crown. Here, then, on Polish soil, the long-sundered branches of Jewry met once more. The immigrants from Western Europe were, of course, Sephardim, and though too few in numbers materially to affect the Ashkenazic physical type, they did impose their superior culture and a debased form of their Germanic speech, which, mixed with Hebrew, Slavic, and other linguistic elements, constitutes the present jargon known as Yiddish, employed by the Polish Jews to this day. The slight infusion of Sephardic blood gained during the Middle Ages, together with considerable Slavic blood picked up during their migrations through Russia and Poland, complete the racial evolution of the modern Ashkenazic stock in its present Polish home.

Such, in brief, is the surprisingly complex pedigree of Judah. It effectively disposes of the fiction that the modern Jew is the true scion of the ancient Hebrew. The proportion of genuine Hebrew blood to-day should be very small even among the Sephardim, while among the Ashkenazim it must be infinitesimal.

Nevertheless, the modern Jew is still very much a Jew. In fact, he is probably more self-consciously "Jewish" than was the Jew of 1000 B.C. And this applies alike to Ashkenazim and to Sephardim. However much they may differ, they yet possess a common "Jewishness", instinctively recognizable both by themselves and by the rest of the world.

How explain this seeming paradox? It is due unquestionably to

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the biological effects produced reflexively by the Jewish doctrine of the Chosen People. Believing themselves to *be* a race, the Jews have constantly *tended* to *create* one! This is not a mere juggling of words; it is scientific fact. We know how biological types are formed: they are the product of long-continued isolation and inbreeding. Now that is precisely the ideal which Jews have had in mind since very early times, and the method they have tried to practise effectively since the days of Ezra and Nehemiah. The only miscalculation was in the length of time required to get the result. To evolve a genuine new type, capable of breeding true to itself, takes a very long time, and the more diverse the original ethnic elements are, the longer the process of blending and harmonizing must be. The Jews have never been biologically isolated long enough to produce a true Jewish race, but they have more than once been on the way to do so. We have already noted the five centuries of relative isolation of the Palestinian nucleus, from Nehemiah to the Roman "Diaspora". It is probable that the inhabitants of the Judaean plateau at the time of Christ were a pretty homogeneous folk. That work was undone, and was followed by an unprecedented absorption of new blood. Yet the task was again attempted, and we are now witnessing the results.

The period from the later Middle Ages to our own times was, for Jewry, the period of greatest biological isolation since Nehemiah's experiment. After the Roman "Diaspora", Jewry, in sullen desperation, wrapped itself about with spiritual exclusiveness as never before. "Build a wall around the Law!" was the cry, and a series of great rabbis, carrying on the ideals of Ezra and Nehemiah, forged instruments of spiritual and biological isolation which were to prove highly efficacious. The Talmud is the epitome of Jewish racial aspiration. It teaches that the Holy Seed of Judah must at all costs be preserved, since it alone has value in the eyes of God. In the Talmud and cognate writings of the same period, the racial, as distinguished from the religious, factor is clearly discerned. Hitherto the convert to Judaism had been accepted whole-heartedly as one of the Chosen People. Now, however, Jewish thought leaned more and more to the belief that Jewish *blood* alone could find full favor in God's sight; that the Gentile could never become a true Jew.

For a while this belief was honored more in precept than in

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practise. With the Ashkenazim, especially, biological isolation was a practical impossibility. But as time passed, conditions became more favorable. Almost everywhere the Jews settled down as town-dwellers in closed communities, known as Ghettos, rigorously secluded by their own desire as well as by the will of their Gentile neighbors. By the later Middle Ages very little new blood was coming into Jewry. Left to themselves, the Jews were once more undergoing a process of isolation and inbreeding, tending to the formation of one or more genuine "Jewish" types.

This process has, in the main, continued down to very recent times. Of course, the few centuries of this experiment were not sufficient to produce a homogeneous, true-breeding Jewish "race"; for such a racial medley as the Ashkenazim, in particular, thousands of years might alone suffice. Nevertheless, those centuries have produced ethnic effects sufficient to give a strong biological reënforcement to the traditional Jewish ideals of exclusiveness and group-separatism.

During the past two or three generations, to be sure, opposite tendencies have appeared in Jewish life. The nineteenth century witnessed the so-called Emancipation Movement among the Jews of Western Europe. Freed from their legal disabilities, emerging from their Ghettos, and casting off the discipline of the rabbis, the West European Jews modified their ideals, and many went so far as to reject the doctrine of racial exclusiveness or even to consider the possibility of assimilation with their Gentile neighbors. On the other hand, the present generation has witnessed the rise of "Zionism", — philosophically a reaction against the Emancipation Movement and a reaffirmation (in modern terms) of Jewish race-consciousness and separatism.

Modern Jewry is thus mentally in a state of transition, full of contradictory tendencies whose outcome is uncertain. Discussion of these tendencies falls outside the scope of this article, which is concerned with the biological background of the Jewish problem. To have set forth that biological background, however, is, in the writer's opinion, a necessary prerequisite to those other aspects which will be the task of subsequent articles.

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SHALL WE REGISTER OUR ALIENS?

YES:

SAYS Henry Pratt Fairchild, sociologist of New York University. There is no better way to prevent the present flood of "bootlegged" immigration, which is nullifying our Immigration Act, and, at the same time, to afford needed protection to the legitimate newcomer by giving him legal identity.

NO:

SAYS Oswald Garrison Villard, Editor of "The Nation". To do so is to establish in free America one of the most hateful police regulations of the Old World. It means the final abandonment of old-fashioned Americanism in favor of bureaucracy, espionage, and tyranny.

I — INDIVIDUALIZING THE IMMIGRANT

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

NOT long ago I received a night letter from a friend of mine, a professor in a mid-Western college of high standing, telling me that a cousin of his, a woman of education and refinement, was being detained at Ellis Island and was in danger of being debarred. I got in touch with the officials on the Island, who received my inquiries with the efficiency and courtesy that are habitual with them, in spite of frequent allegations to the contrary. It appeared that the cousin had come to this country with the intention of having a six months visit with her husband, who was engaged in business here. Before she could be admitted in conformity with the law and regulations it was necessary to have in evidence an affidavit showing that the husband was in the country legally. Here was the rub. The husband was on the Pacific coast and upon being advised of the situation wired back that it was impossible to get the affidavit there and suggested that perhaps my academic friend could give it! In the course of time the affidavit was produced, — from where, I do not know, — and the traveler was released. As near as I can judge from the correspondence, she was on the Island close to two months, with what distress of mind and possibly of body, — made endurable, my friend says, only by a good sense of humor, — the reader is free to imagine.

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If the system of alien registration proposed in bills now before Congress had been in operation this painful episode need never have occurred. The husband's status would have been a matter of record, ascertainable in a minimum time.

This is only one of numerous cases that go to show that those who regard the registration proposal as a device for persecuting the immigrant have misinterpreted the case. It is true that such a system is needed for the protection of the immigrant. What the foreigner needs in this country is identity. It is partly for this that he has come here. He needs a social and economic identity, but before these, and as a basis for these, he needs a legal identity. Too large a part of the troubles of the immigrant, — and they are many, as one can learn by reading Miss Claghorn's illuminating book, *The Immigrant's Day in Court*, — is due to the fact that he is just a part of an undifferentiated mass, referred to even by some Americanization leaders themselves as "these people". In many types of legal complications the first step toward justice is to establish definitely the alien's standing in this country. This involves numerous details of which no record is available, and many of which, — as for instance, the name of the vessel on which he arrived, — the alien himself may have forgotten. It is a striking anomaly that those who are keenest against registration are likely to be of the same group that decries assimilation as the "standardization of the immigrant."

No doubt the prime purpose of registration is to differentiate between the alien who is legally in this country and the alien who is here in defiance of law. It is easy to see that this will work to the good of both the guiltless immigrant and the country. As for the fraudulent immigrant, he needs no consideration except that required by justice. It is not so easy, perhaps, for those not in immediate touch with immigration affairs, to realize how large and how varied are the problems created by the illegal immigrant, and how constant the vigilance required to keep the law from being reduced to a mockery by wholesale violations.

The immigration law of the United States is perhaps the most important body of legislation ever passed by any human agency, judging importance by the number of people and the gravity of the interests affected. The ordinary law restrains only an abnormal minority in their habitual behavior, or the majority in

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their occasional lapses into abnormal conduct. But here is a law that affects innumerable millions of individuals with respect to their fundamental life activities. It determines, by prohibition, where they shall live, what occupations they shall follow, to what states they shall owe allegiance, where their children shall be born and brought up. At the close of the war period, when temporary restrictive legislation was first put into effect, it was estimated by competent observers that the potential emigration from Europe to the United States was limited only by the carrying capacity of the Atlantic vessels, at that time reckoned at about one and one-half million a year. As this capacity would have been rapidly increased to meet the demand, it is safe to say that at the present time the American immigration law directly affects the destiny of at least three million persons a year, and will continue to do so for an indefinite future.

In direct proportion to the importance of this law is the strain to which it is subjected. It is a huge dike thrown directly across one of the greatest currents of human activity that the world has ever known. The population problem of the world is becoming daily more unified. Population is a tremendous expansive force, constantly under pressure, constantly seeking to escape. But the pressure is very different in different areas. The world may be thought of as a large number of containers, in contact with each other. In some of these containers the pressure is over 600 to the square mile, — Belgium, 636; England and Wales, 649. Others are between 300 and 600, — Germany, 328; Italy, 329; Netherlands, 554. At the other extreme are Iceland, 2.4 and Mongolia, 1.5. In some very small areas the figures mount to 1000 or more, — Bermudas, 1043; settled area of Egypt, 1061. Of course the effective pressure is by no means exactly proportional to the density per square mile; factors of climate, soil, and the economic culture have to be taken into account. But for the important countries of the world, particularly in the temperate zones, these figures convey a useful approximate impression of the actual pressure.

Now in the midst of all these containers, and (from the point of view of the possibility of movement) in contact with them all, is one great container where all the factors are most favorable and yet the pressure is only 35.5 per square mile. This is the United States. Here there exists a partial vacuum which, previous to the

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World War, was being rapidly counteracted by the stupendous flow of a million or more immigrants a year. Now we have undertaken to maintain this vacuum for an indefinite future. To preserve this inequality of pressure we have set up an artificial retaining wall, — the immigration law. How inevitably and relentlessly every crevice and leaky joint in that wall will be sought out by the force of world population!

Furthermore, it must be remembered that not one of the would-be immigrants whose ambitions are thwarted by this law owes allegiance to the power that passed it. It is not their law. More than this, many of them sincerely believe that a restrictive immigration law has no foundation in ethics or international right. In view of the ease with which many a vociferously patriotic American can reconcile his conscience with smuggling a few hundreds of dollars worth of foreign bargains past the boundaries of his own country, is it surprising that the alien should find no insuperable moral scruples in the way of his getting into this land of opportunity by whatever device may prove effective? If those who raise the hue and cry about "bribery on Ellis Island" had any conception of the vast sums available to pry the gate open a crack they would be better able to understand, if they did not condone, an occasional lapse on the part of an immigrant inspector whose salary would not tempt a good shoe clerk.

The first purpose of a registration system, accordingly, is to put some additional teeth into the restrictive law by adding effectiveness to the deportation provisions, which, in their turn, are likely to be made even more drastic in the near future. There are two great leaks in the immigration dike. One is over our land borders, — Canada and Mexico, — the other is through ocean shipping touching at our ports. As to the total volume of illegal entry through these and other channels, a reliable estimate is obviously, in the nature of the case, impossible. Perhaps the upper extreme is suggested by the figure of Secretary Davis, 850,000 for a year. Others would put it very much lower. In any case, the number is large enough to constitute a serious weakness in our restrictive system and a grave menace to the country. Fortunately this situation has been greatly improved within the past year through the increased effectiveness of the Immigration Border Patrol. Competent authorities estimate that within that period illegal entries

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over the Mexican border have been reduced two-thirds, and corresponding results achieved along the Canadian border and in Florida.

The second great leakage is composed of deserting alien seamen. This is a problem that has taxed the resources of both the law-makers and the administrative officials for many years. It is one of the most difficult gaps to stop up effectively, and in spite of the elaborate provisions in the law, tens of thousands of aliens have secured entry into the country annually in this way, often with the connivance of the transportation companies. Here too, improvement is being made. The number of illegal entrants of this type, which in the fiscal year 1924 reached thirty-five thousand, was reduced in the following year to about nineteen thousand. But even this is a very excessive number, especially in comparison with a total legal quota for the entire Eastern Hemisphere of only about one hundred and sixty-one thousand. A worker in a water-side social agency in one of our great ports remarked recently, "If the immigration officials would come around to see me I could turn over fifty or sixty deserting seamen at any time."

The "bootlegged immigrant" alone would constitute an ample justification for a registration system. However, there are in fact numerous other provisions of the law the enforcement of which would be greatly facilitated, often to the distinct advantage of the alien, if such a system were in force, for instance those referring to aliens visiting the United States temporarily, aliens in transit, aliens returning from a temporary visit abroad, students, and so forth. There are also various other relationships in which the plan would be of much value. It would stimulate and help social agencies of various kinds to lighten their burdens by taking advantage of the deportation provisions of the law. This also applies to Government officials. As things are now, the trouble and expense of proving that a given alien is deportable are often prohibitive. It would be of inestimable value in all constructive Americanization programs. It would be of great statistical or demographic utility. It would relieve the naturalization courts, and at the same time increase the efficiency of their work.

What, then, are the objections to a proposal that has so much in its favor? Most of them, upon examination, like almost all ob-

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jections to any form of immigration control, are found to be based upon some assumptions as to natural rights or liberties. It is hardly necessary to point out that all such objections, and all such assumptions, lie outside the realm of argument, and can therefore be brushed aside. It is, however, perhaps pertinent to point out that in this matter excellent precedent is furnished by foreign countries. One need not be twenty-four hours in England, or France, or Germany, or Poland, or I know not what European country to find out that if he is a foreigner, he is under very strict regulations as to registration. In England, if reports are correct, every time the alien changes his residence he is required to re-register.

"All of which is not to the point," the objector will say. "We established this nation to escape from all such tyrannies. The scheme is fundamentally un-American." Volumes could be written on the use of the term "un-American" in opposition to progressive measures in the history of this country, all the way from the introduction of a professional police force in cities to the "penalty clause" in the charter of the farmers' coöperative elevators. It is, indeed, a term to conjure with. And yet, in the light of calm thought, it is either entirely meaningless when applied to a measure rather than a principle, or else it indicates that if we are to remain American we must accept only that which always has been, resigning ourselves to a completely static existence regardless of time or change. Nevertheless, it is passing strange that the registration of aliens should be called un-American when it is remembered that our own citizens, native-born and naturalized, if they wish to exercise the right of suffrage must register and keep registered.

However, so great is the weight of this sentiment that Representative Johnson is ready to try a compromise by which, for a trial period, registration shall be voluntary, with inducements in the way of special exemptions for the immigrant relatives of registrants.

More tangible objections are that the system would be too expensive for the immigrant, and too cumbersome for the country. As to the first of these, it need only be said that the charge need not be high, and that since the average immigrant comes here primarily because he can make more money, he should not object

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to paying a few dollars of his extra income for the privilege. As to administration, Mr. Johnson proposes the very shrewd scheme of entrusting this to the Post Office Department, and using the fees to help cover the recent increases in postal salaries.

But the outstanding objection to registration is furnished by the bogey of espionage. It is asserted that such a measure would in practise become a device for prying into the personal affairs of aliens, spying upon their meetings, and hounding them on every hand. As for this possibility, I for one would be inclined to say, if we can have any more flagrantly arbitrary and tyrannical espionage with registration than we had in 1919 and 1920 without registration, in the name of humanity let's have it, and see if it will help us to find out what is wrong with our government. But after all, isn't it a peculiar conception of our American government that so distrusts its officials that it would withhold from them a useful power for fear that it might be abused? Could the reddest radical who might be caught in the net of registration promulgate a more "subversive" doctrine than this?

In our zeal for justice and tolerance we have been too prone to ignore the legitimate distinction between the rights and privileges of aliens and those of citizens. This, incidentally, may account for the notable indifference to American citizenship manifested by a large proportion of our aliens. Thus, with respect to registration, it is often argued that if we are to register anybody we should register everybody, citizens and aliens alike. As for that, we do register everybody every ten years, yet I do not recall having heard anybody advocate the abolishment of our census system on account of its inherent menace of espionage. But the important question is, why must we feel that we can deny no rights to the alien which are granted to the citizen, that we can impose upon him no obligations that are not common to all? Because we permit the citizen to vote, must we also permit the alien to vote? We have done so often in the past, but we are steadily abandoning the practise. Because public office is open to the citizen, must it also be open to the alien? Because a native-born citizen may become President, must that possibility be extended to the naturalized citizen? The fact is that the alien is here on sufferance, and occupies a special status. If the nature of this status involves imposing upon him forms of control that are not extended to citizens

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there is no injustice, nor any violation of the principles of democracy or liberalism.

President Coolidge, in his December message to Congress, made the following lucid statement of the case: "While our country numbers among its best citizens many of those of foreign birth, yet those who now enter in violation of our laws by that very act thereby place themselves in a class of undesirables. If investigation reveals that any considerable number are coming here in defiance of our immigration restrictions, it will undoubtedly create the necessity for the registration of all aliens. We ought to have no prejudice against an alien because he is an alien."

Neither ought we to have any prejudice in favor of an alien because he is an alien. The situation described by the President undeniably exists. Hundreds of thousands of aliens are now in the country illegally, and tens of thousands more are likely to come annually in the future. Beyond doubt they are responsible for a very disproportionate share of the various evils indiscriminately laid at the door of an undifferentiated immigrant population. It is a false humanitarianism that would deny to the law-abiding and self-respecting alien a degree of individualization that would free him from the odium now heaped upon his class as a whole.

II — TYRANNIZING THE IMMIGRANT

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE proposal to register and finger-print all aliens in the United States is gaining ground because of the recent approval of it by some of the police chiefs of the country. They looked at it from the strictly police point-of-view; it would, they said, aid them in pursuing and controlling lawless aliens.

Now the simple fact is that registering aliens would mean the adoption for them of one of the most hateful police regulations of the Old World which went to its doom in 1914. Anyone who lived

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in pre-war Germany or Russia need not have it explained to him what this meant. It was synonymous with autocratic rule of what Americans used to consider the worst kind of government. It meant a prying into one's personal affairs, it meant a police control, which were utterly repugnant to free Americans, — something which could only be justified, if at all, by a national emergency. In contrast to it, the free movement of all classes of Americans seemed one of the priceless blessings of life in America.

To single out now all aliens for special police attention would be nothing less than a misfortune. We have, it is true, entirely changed our attitude toward foreign immigration in the last thirty years. For a hundred years they were our most prized imports, — yes, our most sought after. We not only welcomed them on arrival, we went to all quarters of the globe for them. We lured them over by organized propaganda. Railroads, steamship companies, States, and sections of our country (as late as 1900 there was an organized effort to get Southern Europeans to immigrate to the South) made every effort to bring in new blood from abroad. There were even immigration commissioners who sought to fill the vacant lands in the new Western States. Now, all that is changed. We no longer need them for that pioneer work which Americans could not or would not do (the Northern Pacific Railroad was built largely by Chinese labor, as the Panama Canal was by foreign Negro and some Asiatic labor), and in addition, now that the economic need for them is over and our vacant lands are largely settled, we have developed an attitude of suspicion and distrust. We no longer welcome immigrants; we have put up the bars not only against their physical numbers, but we have laws against their opinions and states of mind. Our prevailing sentiment was recently voiced by Secretary Kellogg when he declared that the alien had no natural right whatever even to visit this country for a short trip and that the State Department would continue arbitrarily to decide to which of the applicants for entry it would graciously extend permission to step upon our soil.

It will, therefore, be but going a step further if we should take the attitude that every arrival in America is a suspect as a possible, or probable, criminal or Bolshevist, and must, therefore, be finger-printed and registered, and then we could go beyond that and round up all living aliens who have not taken out citizenship

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papers, and make them realize that they are a class apart. Whether living on remote farms or ranches, or in the worst city slums in which we seek to mold them into good Americans, they are to report to the police once a month or oftener, as do the registered prostitutes in many of the countries from which they have come. A medical examination, like that given to the aforesaid prostitutes, would follow as a matter of course, — must we not protect ourselves from contaminating foreign diseases?

To control and hasten the Americanization of the aliens is to be still another purpose of the registration. We have lost faith in the melting pot, despite the fact that we have so severely restricted immigration by the quota system. In effect, we should say to new arrivals: "We did not want you and only suffer your presence. Now learn quickly these things we give you to learn and conform not only to our habits and modes of life but *think* and believe as we do, and, above all, you are to be absolutely content with our social conditions and our form of government which you must acknowledge to be the best in the world." That this has nothing in common with the historic American ideals of free speech and thought, free movement, and free life, does not deter the registrationists. They voice the new attitude that we who are here are in control, and anybody else must do as we say or "go back where he came from." "If he doesn't like it here, he can go home, bad cess to him." Such a plan, besides making the immigrant feel cheerful, happy, and at home, will undoubtedly hasten his applying for citizenship in order to escape such restrictions and control. Will he then, by the magic granting of his papers by some judge in a Federal court, be not only freed from police supervision, but be overnight changed from a liability to an asset? Does the sudden granting of citizenship papers really certify that the recipient thinks as he ought to, that he is safe, sound, respectable, and, like all native-born Americans, free from all criminal impulses and a model for all mankind? Would it not be really better to put up our fences altogether and exclude all aliens precisely as we seek to exclude all, or as many of their home-made goods as possible? Since a traveling Ramsay MacDonald, Arthur Henderson, Saklatvala, or Count Karolyi may leave behind him ideas that are pernicious in the eyes of the State Department, why not be done with aliens altogether and bar them entirely from our

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sacred soil, just as many Chinese now wish to bar all foreign devils from the Celestial Empire?

By all means, however, let us never show any regard whatever for the feelings of aliens. That is the best possible way to teach them that we own America, that we are their superiors, and that they are not welcome. I recall with pride the case of a distinguished British painter who, with his legally wedded wife, arrived in America to exhibit his paintings which have won him fame in England and on the Continent. It had stupidly never occurred to him to bring along his wedding certificate, — all Americans always travel with their marriage certificates, — and so he was held up by the immigration officials who asserted that he was traveling with a courtesan, and they delayed his landing and nearly sent him to Ellis Island before he was able to get friends to identify his wife and certify to their character. Then he had the bad English taste to bring over some striking nudes among his paintings, and the customs officials held these up for days until he decided not to exhibit some of them. Of course, it's not our Government's fault that this man calls America a land of barbarians. It *must* protect our morals. What it should have done was to register him and his wife at once. Rich and poor, famous and unknown, must be treated alike, and as we cannot take any man's word as to the time he will stay, every alien must be registered whether he comes for a week or a year. There can surely be no better way to add to our well-known popularity abroad.

As for the practical side of registration, there are those who say it will take a small army of officials to check up the registered and see that they report regularly. To this the reply is that that will be the duty of local police officials. Have we not complete and most satisfactory coöperation between Federal and State authorities in the enforcement of the prohibition laws? Are the local police not invariably skilled, tactful, and able to control "Dagoes" and "Wops"? As for supervision of entry it was announced a few months back that the Government was going to move horse, foot, and dragoons against the smugglers who are "bootlegging" thousands upon thousands of foreigners into the United States, — over the Canadian line and the Rio Grande, and by ship from Cuba and elsewhere. That drive has not materialized, but this need not hinder the demand for alien registration.

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In our large cities we can catch these people by occasional round-ups without warrants precisely as we do the Chinese. Who cares if we add some more thousands to our ever-growing army of spies and officials? Let those who will declare that this will only increase bootlegging in humans and add another unenforceable law. The patrioteers behind registration will not be discouraged by such pro-foreign propaganda, or by the theory that stricter control of individuals will drive the circulation of unpopular ideas and political theories underground, — only foreign-born, it must never be forgotten, are the ones who hold to heretical ideas.

Of course there will continue to be old-fashioned Americans who believe in the mission of America to be an asylum for political refugees and for the aspiring of a war-wrecked world. They will continue to recall the millions upon millions, ignorant, unlettered, dirty, and poor, who have come to our shores in good faith and have rendered services of inestimable value in peace and war, who have helped in our West, who have done yeomen's tasks on farms and in factories, who make all our clothes to-day, and who do the most exhausting labor in iron and steel mills that Americans will not touch at any price. These old-fashioned Americans insist that the percentage of the Old World immigrants who go wrong is not greater than before, that only a handful of them have subversive ideas, and that there is no reason to mistrust the faith of Jefferson and Wendell Phillips, and the rest of the great Americans who declared that every man with an idea ought to be allowed to talk it in public even to the extent of preaching revolution. For such conservatives as these, — and they are the real American conservatives if by that we mean men and women who cling to old-fashioned American ideals, — there exists an enormous debt of gratitude and an enormous responsibility toward the newcomers. They feel that what foreigners have done to make America great alone binds us in honor to receive with friendship, respect, good-will, and mutual regard the immigrants who come to us, to treat them not as suspects and potential enemies, but as friends engaged in the greatest adventure possible, — the taking root in a strange clime, — which in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred results in great good to the United States. They who feel this way do not wish to register aliens save in the good-will and helpfulness of all Americans.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND POLITICS

COUNT GIUSEPPE DALLA TORRE

A Categorical Statement from Rome

EDITORIAL FOREWORD

EXACTLY a year ago THE FORUM opened its pages to a discussion of problems relating to the status of the Roman Catholic Church in America. Papers by Catholics and Protestants, affirming, denying, attacking, defending, reporting, interpreting, have expressed widely divergent views. The series included the results of an inquiry into the influence of Catholic groups upon the civil and political life of the State of Massachusetts. This was an independent report, based upon documentary evidence. In the controversy which has arisen out of THE FORUM articles, and in the numerous letters that have come in to the Editor, there is evidence of profound and widespread confusion of thought as to what things appertain to the realm of God and what things belong of right to Caesar. As to the wisdom of the principle of isolating the two sorts of "things", there seems to be complete concurrence. Obviously, therefore, the ultimate value of the discussion hinges upon the dispelling of this confusion, and the series has progressed to the point where an attempt in this direction is essential.

With this in mind, the Editor, while in Rome toward the end of the Holy Year, consulted men in high offices competent to express the views of the Vatican. In accordance with THE FORUM'S avowed policy of impartiality in all controversial questions, and its desire to arrive at truth through contrasting definitions, it seemed fitting to obtain from Rome itself a categorical statement of the Church's position in relation to political affairs, — all the more so, since certain of the charges against alleged Catholic interference in local American politics have gone unanswered. The present article presents this statement.

Apart from its intrinsic importance as the pronouncement of one who speaks with the weight of authority, it will be of special interest to many American readers who are inadequately informed concerning the organization and aims of the *Azione Cattolica*

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Italiana. The author of this paper was appointed Chairman of the Executive Committee of that body by Pope Benedict XV, and since then has come to be recognized as one of the most prominent figures of the Italian Catholic world. As Editor of the daily "*Osservatore Romano*", the only paper in the world which is directly dependent upon the Holy See, Count Giuseppe Dalla Torre has a special claim on the attention of those who have been following THE FORUM's discussion.

* * *

THE relations between religion and politics, and more precisely between Church and State, have always aroused great interest and even violent passions. An attempt was made to draw Christ himself into the discussion by the insidious question as to the right of Caesar to claim a tributary tax from a people which was unwillingly subject to Roman authority. To rebel against Caesar was to thwart recognized authority. To comply meant a default in solidarity among God's own people; it would be equal to renouncing all that was sacred in their independent life; it would be curtailing their liberty and therefore their mission of imparting the truth which had been given unto them. The objections which the Pharisees put forth to the Divine Master contain the substance and the synthesis of the difficult and serious question. The very fact that the problem was presented to history and to Christian society in its earliest era demonstrates that in the conscience of both men and civilization it is impossible to make will and reason independent of a moral law, and on the other hand it demonstrates that this moral law has its origin in absolute and religious principles.

On this point, judging from collective sentiment in the various and successive ages, there seem to have been almost no divergent views. But discussion is bound to arise when one endeavors to establish the boundaries which separate the zones of jurisdiction and influence, and the points in which moral law, and consequently religion, interfere with political action, — that is, the relations between the Church on one side and, on the other, State authority, social activities, and political parties.

The Catholic Church in this field rests on principles and doctrines which are so clearly defined as to render it comparatively

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easy to dissolve misconception born of prejudice, and clarify the various points which have become obscure even to Catholics.

To be better understood we must begin by stating what the word "politics" actually means in our conception. The etymology of the word is well known; it is derived from *polis*, signifying that which concerns the people and pertains to the government, — the interests, the social life of the people themselves. But it is not possible to ignore that in a general way the word has come to signify all those phenomena which originate from public office and reflect upon it, as well as those from which government originates and which endeavor to attain governmental recognition. The word "politics" has gone beyond the limit of merely signifying the many activities of the State in relation to the interests of its own citizens and in relation to other States; it to-day signifies the movement of political parties, the very essense of the struggles and the platforms, the various influences of both individuals and groups. It therefore appears evident that the position taken by religion and the Church, — that is, spiritual life and power, — cannot be the same in both fields. One field is juridical, the other is exclusively social and conditional; what in one can be affirmed and admitted can and ought to be entirely excluded in the other.

Let us be more exact: politics in the true sense of the word, — that is, considered as the art of governing, as the sum total of principles and regulations as to the means by which civil power is exercised as a function properly belonging to the State, — is very different from politics considered as the sum total of thought, organization, program, action, and contention which issues from the community itself in its relation with the function of public authority.

In the first case the following observations seem to be clear: politics, considered as the art of governing or the action taken by the State at the legitimate demand of the multitudes assembled and disciplined by common laws and traditions, is the natural aim of a civilized society within the State. This brings about the prosperity, progress, and temporal happiness of the people as a collective group. Politics, however, is sharply differentiated from religion, — that is, from that active sentiment and those teachings which lead man to worship God and comply with His law, — and from the Church, which means religion publicly organized

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so as to help the faithful in the attainment of their supreme and spiritual aims. Politics differs from morality because it appeals to a community, because it concerns itself with and regulates outward actions, while moral law concerns itself with the invisible conscience, — it is a law of intentions, not a government of facts.

Moral law, however, exists for all free actions taken by the individual not only in relation with himself but also with his neighbor. The conception of what is right and according to justice, as distinguished from what is wrong and unjust, with the consequent condemnation of the latter, is born and develops in the very relation of the individual with the collectivity, that is, of the individual with the State, of the State with its citizens, of the State with other States. We can therefore say that while some moral actions have absolutely no relation to politics, political actions cannot be dissociated from moral law. They are therefore submitted to a twofold judgment, moral and political, and the former will always be superior to the latter because it is vaster and embraces principles that apply to every human action. Furthermore, because of the intimate connection between morality and religion, — which in the mind of believers are two interdependent terms, — we find that politics, which is also governed and disciplined by moral laws, is closely connected and interferes with religion and is therefore subject to another spiritual authority.

According to Catholic logic, the Church, which is the custodian of religion, which interprets, teaches, and applies religious principles, which endeavors to bring morality and social life into conformity with its teachings, cannot ignore politics; neither can politics repudiate the guidance and the advice of the Church. While the fields must be clearly divided, relations between them must of necessity exist in connection with every problem in which the spiritual and the moral element is associated with the material element, and every problem which affects what Thomas Aquinas defined as "the common good" proper to civilized society. And in the attainment of this, the claims of eternal ends which overshadow all things temporal, — as ends always overshadow means, — are not obstructed but are even furthered by the establishment of earthly welfare and justice.

Problems comprising both a religious and moral aspect often

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enter the political field and occasionally become actual political issues. We might name an infinite number of such, — problems relating to the family and to the schools, to the relations between Church and State, to public morality both in the press and in private conduct, and so on. The Church's attitude in these matters is based on two fundamental principles which can be summarized as follows:

I — The end does not justify the means; no political aim, however just and noble it may be, can be attained by illicit means.

II — Respect must be accorded to law, in which the Church sees the guaranty of public order, healthy social life, and uninterrupted progress.

The Catholic Church therefore has always opposed every infraction of these two corner-stones of social structure. And despite the accusations which have been made regarding its action, it has in no way been the thought or intention of the Church illegitimately to invade a field which was not within its jurisdiction. In the same spirit the Church has taken a stand in the political field in defense of the indissoluble character of marriage, of the free and Christian school, of the sacred rights of the Church itself side by side with those of the State, and of the disciplines necessary to prevent corruption and immorality.

This action on the part of the Church, this point of its ethical code, is all the more worthy of consideration in that the distinction between the two powers, religious and temporal, was made by Jesus Christ and has been affirmed by Christianity: "Give unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's." This commandment, this evangelic principle, was ignored by pagan antiquity, by the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Persians, the Indians, the Chinese, the Greeks; it was ignored by the Romans, for whom Caesar was not only Imperator but also Pontifex.

The Church has faithfully enacted the principle. As soon as persecution ceased against the religion of Christ, the distinction between the Pontifex and Caesar became apparent to the people, and it dominated the last Roman era; the battle to take from Caesar what was owing to God was won morally at Canossa, politically at Worms. At a later age there was a return of the Caesar-Pontifex in the world of the oriental schism and in non-

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Catholic countries. The Catholic world is exempt from it; it remains true to the principle of giving unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's. The Catholic Church in its aspect of perfect and independent society does not wish to be a part of, nor to be confused with, other social organizations; it does not take unto itself the mission of imparting civil government to constituted States. "Each of the two powers," says Leo XIII in the *Enciclica "Immortale Dei"*, "is sovereign within its own sphere, in which it has every right to move and act."

In other ages the Catholic Church has, in the face of serious danger, and under the pressure of events, been able to substitute civil authority which was either lacking or unworthy of governing. Some men belonging to the Church may have gone too far, or may have fallen into error; these are, however, historical exceptions and personal fallacies. The Catholic Church did not go beyond the aforesaid principles. Therefore we affirm that its doctrine is all the more authoritative and devoid of suspicion once we have clearly stated the relations existing between the two fields, the two powers, the two activities.

As Pius IX points out in the Syllabus, it does not logically follow as a consequence of what has been said before that the distinction and independence of the two powers excludes the authority of the Church, which is really the expression of moral and religious influence, from interfering in temporal and political matters; it does not follow that politics and religion, civil power and religious power, are to be regarded as two ideal and practical activities destined according to a liberal theory to move along parallel lines and never meet. The Catholic Church therefore affirms the principle of collaboration between the two powers in a Christian State. The separation between Church and State in principle, and especially when hostile to religious interests, is not admitted; it is even condemned.

For this reason Leo XIII affirms that "it is necessary to have between the two powers a harmonious unity of purpose, which can be justly compared to the unity of the soul and the body;" and the same Pope in 1892 wrote as follows to the Bishop of Grenoble: "We do not endeavor to enter into politics, but when politics comes to be intimately connected with religious interests,

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it is the duty of the Pope to determine the way by which these interests can be appropriately safeguarded."

This can be summarized as follows: The Church does not exercise a political function; it exercises a moral and religious function; politics has a part in its program only when some political action reflects on moral and religious principles.

So far we have dealt with politics considered as the art of governing. We now come to the question of politics considered as life, movement, the struggle among factions, and the development of their programs. And here it is obvious that the Church must be aloof. By the word Catholic the Church defines her universal character; she embraces and governs all her faithful. Political parties on the other hand represent separate and particular fields of life and thought; the citizens are divided among them without prejudice to their religious principles. The Church defines her position by stating that she remains "outside and above all political parties." Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State to Pope Benedict XV, stated in 1919 that the action of the Church "went beyond and above purely material and political problems" which form the basis and reason of existence for political parties. The Church recognizes the legitimate right of these parties to exist as natural associations fostering interests which the members have in common. Leo XIII wrote:

> If it comes to questions of a purely political nature, dealing with the best form of Government, with this or the other system of administration, honest divergencies are permissible. There is no doubt that outside of the questions of truth and justice, it is permissible to introduce and enact those ideas which are likely to contribute efficaciously to the common welfare. But to attempt to enlist the Church itself in partisan struggles, for parties to expect its support in the vanquishing of their enemies, is an indiscreet abuse of religion.

The Church therefore cannot descend into the arena of opposed parties, but it can take a stand against them when the rights of justice and truth are neglected or threatened. This, however, is not a case of political activity or party struggle, but the legitimate and dutiful action of the Church which always opposes injustice and error by whomsoever expressed or organized. We may regard as absolutely definitive the words of Benedict XV in his letter to the Portuguese Bishops in 1919: "The Church must

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not take sides with factions; neither is she to be used by political parties."

Up to now we have spoken of the Catholic Church as such, — that is, regarded as the religious power existing beside the civil power in its own field of activity. But if we turn our discussion to the political parties themselves, and to the various currents of thought aroused by political activities, we come to a different and singular aspect of the problem, which is no less interesting. We no longer have to deal with the relations between Church and State, but with Catholic citizens in their relations to politics and parties.

This side of the problem cannot adequately be dealt with without reference to the latest directions of ecclesiastical authority, nor without making a distinction between the Catholic citizen and politics on the one hand, and the *Azione Cattolica* and politics on the other.

It is well known that the program of the last Popes, from Leo XIII to Pius XI, has called upon the Catholic laity to partake in a "social action" the purpose of which is, under the guidance of the Church, to facilitate, often anticipate, and always integrate the aims of the sacred ministry. The laity was described by Pius XI as "a quasi participator" in the ministry, and Benedict XV referred to it as the "social branch."

The Catholics who partake in this social action with an absolute discipline are obviously bound by stronger ties to the duty of following in public life the teachings of the Catholic doctrines than are those Catholics who are not affiliated with it; it is therefore through their agency that in theory and in practise the principles of the Church are brought into social problems.

While Catholic citizens in general are governed by so-called negative principles, — which means that they are not allowed to endorse and support anti-Christian programs, — the Catholics who belong to the *Azione Cattolica*, — that is, those who are members of special and independent Catholic associations, — have a purpose and a scope which is positive and which reveals the practical application of what has been said regarding the Church and its relation to politics and parties.

One must differentiate between the *Azione Cattolica* considered as the social militia of the Catholic Church, subject as it is to ecclesiastical authority, and the individual Catholic members of

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the organization, who in their duties toward State and country must put into practise those teachings which the *Azione Cattolica* has taught them to follow. As a body the *Azione Cattolica* logically shares the attitude of the Church. It does not ignore politics but remains "outside and above" political parties.

It does not abstain from political matters because in the first place, being primarily an organization designed to mold the social conscience of the Catholic citizen, it must face politico-moral and politico-religious questions and indicate their solution; in the second place, because it is a defensive movement intended to safeguard the rights of the Church as well as moral and religious liberties, and must therefore enter the political field in which alone the defense can be operative, through legislation or legal representation, and in which, moreover, the most serious and decisive attacks and opposition are likely to originate. It would be absurd to reason otherwise, for then one would have to assume that the "restoration of all things in Christ" as set forth in the *omnia* of Piux X did not include the bringing of Christianity into public life. One would have to assume that the invocation for the "Kingdom of Christ in the peace of Christ" recently pronounced by Pius XI failed to embrace the nations and the Christian life of the people. One would be forced to the conclusion that the *Enciclica* of Pius X on the "*Fermo Proposito*" had not been a sufficient warning as to the social dangers which the Pope foresaw, and which Pius XI enumerated in the *Enciclica* "*Ubi Arcano Dei*" among the modern errors of which he suggested the remedy, and which speak of the growing atheism pervading the masses and influencing conduct.

Above all one would have to conclude that when a moral and religious problem, even be it a very serious one, is rendered political by circumstances, — as, for instance, by being taken up by one particular party, discussed by others, and eventually brought to Parliament, — it should, because of its political aspect, mechanically cease to be of interest to the *Azione Cattolica*. But the nature, the origin, the very character of the problem remain unchanged, and it is defined by its essence, not by the accidental political competition which finally invests it.

The rights and liberties of the Church, the sanctity of the family bond, Christian education, and public morality are and

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will remain facts and problems of a moral and religious nature, even when their importance and urgency take them beyond the private or local jurisdiction of individuals and groups, and bring them into the scope of political institutions and State governments.

The *Azione Cattolica* cannot go beyond these limits, neither can it forsake them. On October 21, 1923, Pope Pius XI, speaking to the young Catholics of Rome, said:

> First of all we want religious preparation and grounding, then moral, intellectual, cultural, and social preparation in a complexity of spiritual and also material wealth, if we are to be of service and assistance to general welfare. . . . If we hope to solve all the problems of life, those of private life, of public life, of civil and political life, we must begin by properly preparing and forming the souls in accordance with the Catholic doctrine. . . . As a means of bringing about a Catholic solution of the problems of life, it is necessary to be thoroughly prepared and ready to disseminate and explain the entire program of Catholic teachings, which will shed light on every aspect of life and make their efficacy felt in every direction. . . . Very often the errors of life derive from an inexact and insufficient knowledge of Divine law. . . . Through ignorance many are denied the enjoyment of liberties which the Catholic doctrines afford us. . . . It is a Providential coincidence that this assembly of yours around the common Father should have taken place on the day on which the Church bids you to read the Gospel text: "Give unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's." . . . God himself placed us in the great human family, and it is the will of God which has destined us to belong to a State, that is, to a specific part of that family. It is therefore God himself that requires from us obedience and respect toward the order of things which He has constituted. Therefore in giving obedience to the authority of men you will have the knowledge of doing your duty, not only as citizens, but as Catholics, who faithfully observe the laws of God. The contribution therefore which you will bring to all political problems will be of the best if you continue to be the best of Catholics.

And to the University students, received on September 8, 1924, after the convention of Palermo, the Pope declared:

> The *Azione Cattolica*, while not partaking in politics as such, intends to teach Catholics the best way of making use of politics. It offers the training demanded by every profession. Those who want to do good in politics cannot escape the duty of a suitable preparation. We remember meeting several members of the old German "Centrum", who had at their headquarters a theological library similar to the one which was to be found in all the offices of their organization. As a result Bismarck himself found a worthy match in those Catholic laymen each time he ventured on religious grounds.

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The fundamental conception which sanctions the legitimate action of the *Azione Cattolica* "also in politics" for the supreme aims of Christianity is also found in the *Enciclica* "*Ubi Arcano Dei*" which assigns to the organization the task "of forming consciences of such exquisite Christianity" as to be able "in every moment, in every situation of both private and public life, to find or at least properly comprehend and apply the solution of whatever problems life may bring to the fore."

In purely party matters the *Azione Cattolica* remains outside and above. Outside, because the triumph of its principles is not founded on the adoption of any specific political program; above, because its religious and moral character can bind together minds and energies which may be divided on material problems and party interests. The principles which govern the Church are extended therefore to this, its social vanguard. Its directors, like the Clergy, in order not to create a false impression as to the relation of the organization with the parties, have to abstain from active affiliation with any party, and this according to orders given out only last year which read as follows: "All those who in some way represent the interests of religion must keep the rule of avoiding even apparent participation in, or leniency toward, any specific political party."

In addition to its functions in forming the political conscience of Catholics, the *Azione Cattolica* exercises a defensive function through the action of individuals, that is to say, of "militant" Catholics, who are not prevented from entering parties and who even find in them the only useful way of putting into practise the teachings of the *Azione Cattolica*. And in this case we may observe that a constant discipline binds the militant Catholic to the *Azione Cattolica* even in his political activities. If it were otherwise a contingency might arise where an individual would find himself in conflict, as a result of practical or conditional motives or party tactics, with the supreme principles of the *Azione Cattolica*, and possibly endorsing parties on the programs of which these principles are ignored, and in which, side by side with lofty and noble aspirations, we find items in direct contrast with the Catholic doctrine. Pius XI, in the above quoted speech to the University Students, gave a solemn example proving the necessity of this discipline by considering the various aspects of pres-

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ent-day political problems. "It is said," he observed, "that reasons of public welfare justify coöperation in that which we deplore; this is false. Such coöperation is only justified when it appears as the only means of avoiding greater evil. One quotes the collaboration of Catholics with Socialists: it is however not the same thing to be confronted with a party already in power, as it is to pave the way for a party which aspires to power. Neither must Catholics allow violence to become a system of government, and they must not favor spiritual conditions and a state of things which can but bring disastrous consequences for public welfare."

These suggestions relating to particular cases are merely quoted here to demonstrate how, through the supreme authority of the Catholic Church, and in its name by means of the *Azione Cattolica*, a practical and ideal function can develop without interruption, especially because the minds prepared in its ranks can move and operate in the political field.

It is not in the interest of material problems, however great their importance, that Catholics as such enter the political field, but, as we read in the messages of the various Popes, it is in the interest of that supreme welfare of the soul, of the Church, and of society which is not bound to definite conditions and particular interests, but is above them all.

We therefore return to the clear and precise axiom: the Church as such, with the *Azione Cattolica* and with Catholics in general, does not enter politics. In a broad and social way the Church works for religion and directs its skill, its knowledge, its activity into the effort of attaining the aims of Christianity as enjoined upon humanity by the Gospel, and by the lesson of the Redemption.

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THE VEILED FEMINISTS OF ATLANTIS

BOOTH TARKINGTON

WE shall not spoil the reader's pleasure by revealing the substance of Mr. Tarkington's contribution. Is it fiction? A true story? Or can it be that, under the innocent looking camouflage of an old Kabyle legend, the author of Women *is taking a fling at the ladies of to-day, warning them of catastrophe to come? We have our own profound suspicions. It is a matter each man must decide for himself. As for the complex sex (their decision will probably be unanimous) we don't presume to speak.*

AMONG certain occultists of the esoteric Buddhist group there was once this tradition concerned with the sinking of Atlantis. The continent disappeared as the climax of a conflict between the practitioners of White Magic and those who were experts in Black Magic. Magic, which was of course only science kept secret, had gone far in Atlantis, and the magicians ruled the continent. The general populace was morally unfit to be trusted with knowledge of the discoveries made by initiated chemists, psychologists, electricians, and biologists, just as a portion of our people to-day are unfit to be trusted with automobiles and gunpowder; and therefore the Atlantean scientists were an organized secret society, keeping their knowledge strictly to themselves and using it for the general good. Of course they easily became the ruling class, and the government was naturally a dictatorship, probably a hidden one, so that the populace believed itself to be a governing democracy.

Apprentices to the magicians were carefully selected; only young men of promising intelligence combined with the highest sense of honor and the most humanitarian impulses could be permitted to acquire knowledge dangerously potential, but mistakes were made in selection; ambitious and prying outsiders obtained copies of some of the sacred books, deciphering them and possessing their meanings; there arose factions, too; and, moreover, some of the greatest among the magicians, or scientists, could not control their own human impulses, and used their knowledge for selfish ends. Thus the opposing camps were formed. On one side were the benevolent White Magicians, who wished to use the secrets of nature for the benefit of the world at large; and on the other were the Black Magicians, whose purpose was to secure power to fulfil their own desires.

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In the conflict, forces so terrific were employed by both parties that at last the very continent was riven and sunk beneath the waters of the ocean; the White Magicians, in their gigantic despair, thus destroying not only themselves but all their world as well, in order to annihilate their enemies of the dark cohorts and to prevent the further dissemination of knowledge which man was not yet fitted to receive. This is to say, they perceived that civilization was a failure with them; that man was better dead than left in possession of knowledge (meaning power) ungenerously employed; that evolution had produced civilization too rapidly upon Atlantis, and must begin the work anew elsewhere.

Such, roughly, was the tradition, as I learned it from curious books years ago, — so many years ago, indeed, that it had passed almost altogether out of my mind when a chance meeting last winter with a French archæologist in the Djur Djurra mountains of the Atlas range recalled and freshened it. This was at Michelet, that surprisingly Alpine appearance among the Algerian clouds where the traveler expects to see Swiss chamois hunters descending the snowy peaks rather than robed and tatooed Arabs, and one must continually doubt that one is in Africa. Professor Paul Lanjuinais, of the Institute, was staying at the inn, and, beside the rather inadequate fire in the small smoking room, we fell into talk of the Kabyle people, or "White Arabs", among whom our own party had been motoring. M. Lanjuinais was in the Djur Djurra region for the purpose of research among the Kabyles, he informed us, and presently he mentioned the Atlantean theory of their heavily disputed origin.

"No single theory wholly accounts for the presence of a 'White Arab' here," he said. "Blue-eyed fair people in Africa are spoken of by Egyptian hieroglyphs and rather definitely assigned to this region; my own conclusion is that the Kabyles have been here a very long time. No one can say authoritatively that they may not spring from a flight migration from Atlantis. It is a possible thing, even a rather plausible one; but the same speculation, — for it is a speculation rather than a theory, — has been made concerning the Basques, though the language roots of Kabyle dialects and Basque appear to have no relation. However, since if Atlantis existed it was of continental proportions, the peoples upon it were probably of widely different types, even if they were

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united under a common government." Here M. Lanjuinais paused to laugh. "Occult science, which formerly had an eccentric European prevalence, probably never touched American life, and so you are probably unaware of the occult tales of Atlantis, and do not know that some of the occultists believed themselves to be in possession of the true history of the sinking of the continent. You have never heard anything of that, have you?"

"It happens that I have," I said; and, as he spoke, my memory began to turn the legend up from the obscure stratum of recollections it had come to occupy in my mind. "I think it was this." And I repeated what I recalled of the tradition.

"Yes," he said, laughing again. "That was the substance of the occult vaporizing, if indeed substance may be attributed to what is so extremely tenuous a vapor. I think the occultists put their own rather forced interpretation upon a Berber story some one must have picked up hereabouts years ago and carried either to Europe or to India, perhaps to both."

"Hereabouts?" I asked. "Then there is some trace of a legend of Atlantis among the Kabyle people?"

"Not if one speaks carefully," he replied. "There is a story, yes; but one cannot say that it refers to Atlantis. It speaks of a Great Land to the West in the Waters. That might as well be America, except for the use of the phrase I translate as '*in* the waters', which seems to mean '*within* the waters'."

"You find this story among the Kabyles?"

"Yes. I came upon traces and variations of it here and there; but its best and most complete form appears among them in some of the hilltop villages nearer Bougie, toward the coast."

"How does it differ from the occultist form?"

"In several curious details," M. Lanjuinais replied; and he smiled as a man smiles over something that is between the whimsical and the ridiculous. "Most strikingly of all, it differs in ending with a question that no Kabyle has ever solved and is not to be solved by anyone else, I think."

"But what a strange thing!" I exclaimed. "For a legend to end with a question seems extraordinary."

"But not unique. I believe, however, that there are not many traditions leading to questions as their main point. This one does that. There may be some connection, too, with the fact that

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the Kabyles do not veil their women; though that is only another speculation, and the story doesn't directly touch upon it."

"What is the story?" I asked. "Would you mind telling us?"

"Not at all," Professor Lanjuinais replied. "It is not too long. In a general way it follows the contour of the occultist legend, especially in representing that governmental control of Atlantis gradually came into the hands of a secret society or sect to which admission was most difficult and involved years of trial, or neophytism. Of course the Kabyles speak of this governing organization as a tribe, — they call it the tribe of Wise People, which may well enough be taken to mean a society of educated persons, initiation taking place upon the completion of education. The Kabyle legend describes them as all-powerful and, until the great dispute arose between the two factions, wholly benevolent. Under their rule, everybody was contented in the whole land. There was no war; public opinion consisted of a general sense of brotherhood; and disease was conquered, for the Wise People could remedy all bodily defects. Also, they could direct the minds and inclinations of the populace, so that there was no such thing as sin. In a word, the 'Great Land in the West' was heaven as a *fait accompli* except for the lack of one item: the people lived to be very old, but they were not immortal. Death was the only fact the Wise People had not conquered; but, save for that, you had a most excellent heaven conducted perfectly by a band of angels, the Wise People; for even heaven itself must be conducted by somebody, one is led to suppose. The invariable circumstance about any organization is that it has officers."

I interposed. "But aren't there some religious organizations?"

"They must have at least a janitor," M. Lanjuinais returned. "And almost always a treasurer. At all events, the Wise People, who of course lived on mountain tops, presumably in fastnesses of learning, ruled this legendary paradise. I think the occultist tradition follows its own purposes in tracing the cause of the dispute to a selfish use of science; but I prefer the Kabyle story, which gives a radically different reason for war."

"The Kabyle version doesn't give the factions as White and Black, benevolent and malevolent?"

"It gives the factions as White and Black," he answered, "but not as benevolent and malevolent. White and Black have no

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moral symbolic significance in the Kabyle legend; they are simply color designations, as were the Blue and the Gray in your own Civil War. In that war there was a geographical difference between the two parties; in the White and Black war there was no such line of cleavage; and one of the curious things about it was that every family of the Wise People was divided against itself. In every family there was at least one White member and one Black member, which naturally made the war a bitter one."

"But what caused the war, M. Lanjuinais?"

"I am approaching that," he responded amiably. "Allow me to reach it by degrees. I told you there appeared to be a possible relation between the legend and the fact that the Kabyle women go unveiled; but this I wish merely to suggest and not to emphasize. You have seen these women on the mountain sides, some of them quite handsome in spite of the tatooing upon their faces; and you have observed a few of them in the villages of the valley, — apparent anachronisms among the veiled Mohammedan women. You have caught the glance of these Kabyle girls and women, — a glance a little hard, a little hostile, and, within it, a glint of something wild and driven. A very ancient look, one might call it; a look possibly beset by some historical fear against which there is still rebellion. One might say that a Kabyle woman's eyes are the eyes of a woman who has seen her grandmother beaten to death, but has not been tamed by the spectacle. There is still an antique horror in this glance, and an old, old heritage of defiance. Where did they get such a look? Well, of course one does not need to go back to Atlantis for it; but if one were in a whimsical mood he might trace it to the war between the Whites and the Blacks in the 'Great Land to the West within the Waters'. You see, the curious thing about this war was that all the women were upon one side and all the men upon the other. The women were the Whites and the men were the Blacks."

"Dear me!" I said. "So ancient as that! But what was the point at issue?"

"Whether or not the women should wear veils."

"I see. The women insisted upon casting the veils away, and the men . . ."

"It is not so simple," he interrupted. "In the earlier days, when the Great Land was entirely peaceful, the initiates in

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knowledge, the Wise People, were all men. At that time the women were merely of the populace, governed benevolently like the rest; but little by little the wives and daughters of the initiates began to steal glimpses of the sacred books and to penetrate the mysteries. In other words, they began to seek education; and of course many of the initiates themselves taught a little magic, — or imparted scientific information, — to their wives and daughters. In those days all the women wore veils; or, as one might express it, they were 'thoroughly feminine'. Gradually, as they acquired more education, and felt more equal to occasions, more able to stand on their own feet, they did not wish to be or seem quite so feminine: some of the bolder among them laid aside their veils and showed their faces openly. Naturally, this caused a little grumbling among the men; but more and more women grew bold, until finally it was thought old-fashioned to wear a veil. Then the women demanded complete initiation into the mysteries of the Wise People. 'We know all about it anyhow,' they said to the men. 'We are your equals in fact, so why deny us the mere acknowledgment of our equality?' There was more grumbling, of course; but the women were initiated, and after that none of them wore a veil. They divested themselves, as it were, of all femininity, and made good their equal footing. Of course some of the men still grumbled: their vanity was not soothed when the women sometimes surpassed them in certain branches of learning and even in special feats of reasoning; but in a general way the men were just, and after a time they accustomed themselves to the new equality. They perceived that it was a necessity if they were to be fair, — although it cannot be said that they ever really liked it, — and within a generation the Wise People consisted of as many women as men. The daughters of the members of the organization were taught as well as the sons, and were initiated with an equal standing. Then, when everything seemed to be settled upon an apparently permanent basis, a strange and unfortunate thing happened. Fashions forever move in cycles; some of the women returned to the fashion of wearing veils. Immediately those who adopted the veil began to be a powerful party within the organization of the Wise People where all were supposed to be equal. They elected all the officers and controlled the organization itself; whereupon seeing their success,

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all the other women at once resumed the veil and joined them."

I interrupted the narrative of M. Lanjuinais at this point. "Did the men then adopt veils for themselves? Does the Kabyle story mention such a point?"

"No," he replied. "Men are not adapted to veils and are not screened by them. The men among the Wise People could not have helped themselves by wearing veils. But of course they could not endure what the women were doing to them. The men had accepted equality, they could not accept the new inequality; though at first they tried by peaceful means to remedy the disadvantage at which they had been placed. They held a great meeting to discuss the matter. 'You cannot be our equals,' they said to the women, 'and at the same time wear your feminine veils. That is worse than being unfair; it is treachery.'

"But the women laughed. 'When we formerly wore veils,' they said, 'we possessed something that we abandoned when we went unveiled. At the time, we did not perceive our loss, and it has taken us more than a generation to discover it. Now, in again veiling ourselves, we are merely reclaiming our rights, — resuming our natural possession.'

"'No,' the men returned. 'You cannot justly retain this so-called possession of yours, because it is an advantage. Equality means that no one seizes an advantage, and for you to seize this one destroys the equality we have given you and leaves us your inferiors. Our ideal is equality, and to maintain it we will either take the veils away from you or cease to initiate you into the mysteries of our magic and reduce you to your former state of mere usefulness to us.'

"At that the women laughed louder. 'We do not need initiation from you. We possess the mysteries and can do our own initiating. The feminine veil, so alluring and exhaling such charm, is natural to us; it is a part of our long inheritance, and we could not permanently give it up even if we wished to do so, since it is our very instinct to wear it. If it is your destiny that our attainments and our veiling are to make you our inferiors, you might as well accept it. We accepted our destiny for a long, long time.'

"But the men were unable to be so philosophic as their opponents suggested; in fact, it is related that by this time they were in a condition of the deepest resentment. 'You shall not wear

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veils,' they said. 'You have abused our sense of justice and insulted our generosity. You shall not wear veils. We have got to know what you are thinking about!'

"Now when the men said they had to take away the veils so they would understand what the women thought, the women raised such a shout of mocking and indignant laughter that the fighting began then and there. Toward morning the survivors withdrew to opposing fastnesses and began their war with sand storms, which they sent against each other. The Kabyles say the Whites and Blacks used mountain ranges and thunder and lightning as familiar weapons; that they hurled earthquake and tornado upon each other; and that in their last battle they shook the sun so that it rocked in the sky; and the moon, which until then whirled noisily in the heavens like a spinning top, was struck dumb and still, so that it never turned again, and we have only the one face of it always toward us. Then, as the ocean came over the land in waves thousands of feet tall, all the Wise People perished; for the men were determined to the last not to be made inferior by an injustice, and the women, even though they would have made peace at any time, still protested that even if they were willing they could not give up the veil for it was their very nature itself. That is almost the end of the legend, but not the very end. As I told you, the end is a question; and when the story is told in the evening, in one of the Kabyle huts of stone on a mountain top, the narrator always concludes with the great question. After that everybody goes to sleep."

"Is there ever any answer to the question?" I asked.

"The Kabyle people think not, and probably they are right. I have suggested that there is an apparent bearing upon it in the fact that the Kabyle women are unveiled and have that ancient driven yet hostile look in their eyes. You see, the tradition implies that the Kabyles escaped from the Great Land. They left at the beginning of the war, before the final cataclysm; but they were only a part of the uninitiated populace of the continent and not members of the Wise People. You perceive how easily it might be misleading to follow such a clue for an answer to the question."

"But what *is* the question?"

"I supposed of course it was obvious," M. Lanjuinais returned. "'Who won?'"

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THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

A Compendium of Significant Facts and Figures

PRESBYTERIANISM was not an attempt to organize a new church, but to reform the Catholic Church of Christ along New Testament lines. Its chief leaders were John Calvin in Geneva, and John Knox in Scotland, and the movement led by Calvin linked itself with the earlier attempts at reform by John Huss in Bohemia and Peter Waldo in Italy. The Confession of Faith and Form of Government in use throughout the English-speaking churches were framed by the Assembly of Divines which met at Westminster in 1643.

Presbyterianism reached this country through colonists from Puritan Britain, who organized a church as early as 1640 at Southampton, Long Island. Later it was augmented by colonists from Scotland, North Ireland, The Netherlands, Huguenot France, and parts of Germany; more recently by those from Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia. The first Synod was formed in 1729, and the first General Assembly in 1789.

There are many branches of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. Among the largest are The Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., The Presbyterian Church in the U. S. (so-called Southern Presbyterian), The United Presbyterian Church, The Reformed Church in the U. S. (formerly known as Dutch Reformed), The Reformed Church in America (formerly known as German Reformed).

As one of the three principal systems of ecclesiastical polity known to the Christian Church, Presbyterianism occupies an intermediate position between Episcopacy and Congregationalism. In Episcopacy the supreme authority is a diocesan bishop; in Congregationalism it is the members of the congregation assembled in church meeting; in Presbyterianism it is a Presbytery or council composed of ministers and elders representing all the churches within a specified district. The Presbytery chooses its Moderator each year from among its ministerial members. His duty is to see that business is transacted according to Presbyterian principle and procedure. The Moderator has no special power or supremacy over his brethren, but is honored and obeyed as primus inter pares.

Appeals and complaints may be taken from the Presbytery to the Synod, which is a provincial council consisting of ministers and representative elders from all the congregations within a specified number of Presbyteries. In case settlement here is not final, further appeal is had to the General Assembly, representing the whole church.

Presbyteries vary in size and extent. A city Presbytery like New York covers only Manhattan and Staten Islands. The sparsely settled State of Nevada is a single Presbytery. The average Presbytery covers eight or ten counties and has thirty or forty churches and 6000 communicant members. The Synod corresponds roughly in area to a State, and contains a minimum of three Presbyteries. The General Assembly, called at least once a year, is the national body. At present there are in this country 299 Presbyteries, 46 Synods, 10,017 ordained ministers, 47,986 elders, 9649 churches, 3,181,801 communicants, and approximately 6,000,000 adherents. Throughout the world there are approximately 60,000,000 communicants and adherents.

The Present Moderator of the General Assembly for the United States is the Reverend Charles R. Erdman of Princeton Theological Seminary.

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WHY I AM A PRESBYTERIAN

HENRY SLOANE COFFIN

Confessions of Faith — III

I AM a Presbyterian by inheritance. My forebears, on both my father's and mother's side of the family, belonged in this part of the Church of Christ, and I was thus "foreordained". My training in home and church was along Presbyterian lines. I was given a thorough education in the contents of the Bible, committing many chapters and verses to memory, and I grew up with a genuine relish for the things associated with religion. I early learned by heart the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Divines, which is an excellent mental discipline in its logical reasoning and rhythmical English. Many of its formulations are obsolete, and I am not passing it on to another generation, but its purpose, to supply Christians with definite convictions and to make them think for themselves, is part of the inheritance worth striving to maintain.

When I came to prepare for the ministry, the Church in this country had been troubled by a heresy trial in which the less educated and more intolerant elements had attacked and driven out Professor Briggs. Partly from the Scottish traditions of my family, I began my preparation in Edinburgh, where Scotch Presbyterianism was then, as it still is, much more open-minded and modern than most of the theology taught in this country. The findings of science both in evolution and in historical criticism were taken for granted. The views of the Bible, now labeled "fundamentalist", were not held thirty years ago by any accredited leaders in the Scottish Kirk. It was assumed that, while religious experience was a continuous factor in human life, and generation after generation men repeated their fathers' discoveries of God, their interpretations of them varied with changing views of the universe. The Westminster Confession of Faith, which is a standard of the Churches of Scotland, as well as of the Presbyterian Church of this country, was viewed as an historic expression of the beliefs of Christians in the Seventeenth Century, which modern ministers were expected to subscribe only

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in the sense that they accorded with its main convictions and stood in the same devout succession.

I completed my course in Union Theological Seminary, which I found certainly not one whit less orthodox than the Scottish halls of divinity, and where a similar view of the Church and her creeds was inculcated. I presented myself for licensure in the Presbytery of New York, where the large majority impressed me as an open-minded and open-hearted company of Christian leaders, apparently sympathizing with the outlook on truth and life in which I had been trained.

I remain a Presbyterian, not because I believe that the Presbyterian Church is better than any other, but because I owe to it whatever religious inspiration I possess, and because I believe that in it for the present I, with my ancestry, training, and temperament, can most usefully serve the Kingdom of God.

And the Presbyterian Church has certain advantages as an instrument for furthering the cause of Christ in our land:

One is its historic constituency. Presbyterianism is the form which the Church at the Reformation assumed in France, Switzerland, The Netherlands, Scotland, Hungary, Bohemia, in large parts of Germany, and among the majority of Puritans in England and Wales. The elements in our population from these stocks form the large mass of the membership of the Presbyterian Church, and they are a sturdy, thoughtful, conscientious, and devout fellowship, who make strong churches and push the missionary enterprise vigorously at home and abroad. Few churches expect and receive more from their people.

A second is its breadth. Those who framed its constitution were not thinking of setting up a sect, but of providing an organization for the entire body of Christians, the Holy Catholic Church of Christ, within a given nation, and in fellowship with the Church throughout the world. Doubtless their performance came short of their avowed intention, but their aim is beyond question. No creedal tests are exacted of its communicants, and it welcomes to its membership everyone who is trying to live as a follower of Christ. Congregations who desire it employ the Apostles' Creed in public worship; but its acceptance is not required for Church membership. Indeed in most congregations the invitation to the Lord's Table is given to all who love Jesus Christ and are seeking

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to follow Him. Ministers and other office-bearers are required to accept the Scriptures as the supreme standard of faith and life and the Westminster Confession "as containing the system of doctrine set forth in the Holy Scriptures." Such subscription was not originally intended by the Westminster divines, and I hope to see the day when it will no longer be required.

A third is its adaptability. Each congregation is free to arrange its own form of worship and methods of work. Some Presbyterian churches are fairly ritualistic, others extremely informal; some have elaborate music, others sing Gospel hymns. The tradition in worship is one of simplicity, but there is nothing to prevent a congregation employing a liturgy or using symbolic forms, where such are found helpful. In many congregations historic prayers are in use as well as the prayers which the officiating minister offers in his own phrases. A church in a cosmopolitan centre, seeking to meet the needs of various types of people, must present the community with several differing kinds of worship, and this a Presbyterian church is at liberty to do. Nor is there any prescribed uniformity in method of work. In the city of New York, no communion offers greater contrasts in its activities than does ours in two such churches as the Labor Temple and the Fifth Avenue Church. Both are Presbyterian.

A fourth is the combination of local freedom with a unifying organization, placing behind every congregation the guidance and backing of the whole communion. Presbyterianism, as is well known, played no small part in the shaping of our national Constitution, and in the Church it provides for home rule and centralized leadership. In the Church, as in the nation, this is effected by adjustments and compromises which seem at times unsatisfactory to some of those interested, but the result is a large measure of liberty for each congregation and for each presbytery with a strengthening sense of the fellowship and oversight of the whole Church. Each minister is ordained by a presbytery, and the ministerial succession goes back in a continuous line through the ages to the apostles. But it is not this succession through the laying on of hands which is stressed, but the continuity of the Church of to-day with the Church of New Testament times by the possession of the apostolic Spirit of faith and hope and love. Presbyterianism has organized itself nation-

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ally, like other Churches which reshaped their constitutions at the Reformation, but it relates these national churches to one another in the Alliance of Reformed Churches, which represents some forty-eight million adherents throughout the world.

A fifth is its intellectual tradition of religion as an experience not merely to be felt, but also to be interpreted. It has always stressed a thorough Biblical education for its members, and takes pains to train younger and older people in its Sunday Schools and Bible classes. Not every Presbyterian is "mighty in the Scriptures"; but if he is not, he is aware that he does not come up to the standard of his Church. Its ideal of a sermon is one which both instructs and edifies. Presbyterians, when they go to church, wish to learn something and to come away with a clearer understanding of God's will for them. It is not by accident that the Presbyterian Church, perhaps more than any other, has come into public notice by its doctrinal discussions. It is the genius of our communion to attempt to explain its faith. This involves forming definite opinions, and men with opinions inevitably differ. So long as these doctrinal discussions are not carried into Church courts, with the attempt to oust those whose views are not shared by the majority, they are praiseworthy efforts to ascertain truth, and they enlighten the Church. When they turn into heresy trials, they cease to have any value as means of discovering truth, and become painful exhibitions of bigotry. Most heresy trials are hideous blunders.

A sixth is its practical contribution towards Church unity. Presbyterians do not talk so much about Church unity as do the members of some communions, but one rarely finds a movement where various churches are combining for evangelism or on the mission field, or in building up an interdenominational institution like the Y. M. C. A. or the Y. W. C. A., where Presbyterians are not whole-heartedly coöperating, and often leading. An element of ecclesiastical weakness is the amount its members give to causes outside its immediate work, — a weakness often deplored by those entrusted with the raising of the income of our various missionary and benevolent boards, who claim that our people are afraid to give to anything labeled Presbyterian lest they seem sectarian in their interest. But it is surely a laudable frailty on our part. We always cordially invite to the Lord's Table members of

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other churches, and we recognize the ordination and ministerial standing of the clergy of all evangelical churches. They are welcomed to preach in our pulpits, to share in the administration of the sacraments, and, if called and admitted to serve as pastors in our congregations, they are never re-ordained.

Presbyterians have much to be proud of in the work of their Church in our own country and in many lands. Those who have been reared under its teaching, even when they cease to be actively connected with its fellowship, speak of their "Presbyterian consciences", and the Presbyterian conscience is a robust and sensitive ethical monitor. Communities under Presbyterian influence are God-fearing, law-abiding, intelligent, and independent. Indeed if I am ever disgusted with the narrowness or the crass stupidity of some ecclesiastical assembly, — and we have our full quota of retrograde leaders, — I think of the goodly company of pastors and missionaries and Sunday School teachers and Church workers of many types, and tell myself that they are the real Church, and not the official utterances of some reactionary Assembly or the doings of some ecclesiastical politician.

But it is only fair to say that I am a Presbyterian in spite of certain tendencies which crop out in our Church from time to time. One is the notion that the Presbyterian Church is a denomination, and not an attempt to embody the Catholic Church of Christ, and a denomination which is held together by agreement in theological opinions. Historically we in this country derive our constitution from Commonwealth Britain and from Scotland where a national Church was contemplated, embracing in its membership every sincere Christian and admitting to its ministry every man deemed fit to be a clergyman in any Christian Church. But one hears a certain type of Presbyterian saying: "I consider so and so a useful minister of the Gospel, but I don't think he belongs in the Presbyterian Church." Such folk conceive of our communion as a sect within the Church, and not as an attempt to provide a fellowship for the whole Body of Christ. I take issue with that position both on historical grounds and as a matter of Christian principle. I have no interest in sectarianism; or rather I have no interest in it save to fight it to the death as opposed to the mind of Christ and to the Church of the New Testament. I believe that it is our duty to enlarge the scope of our services and work so

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that we render our communion homelike to every follower of Jesus, and to remove every restriction which impedes any minister of Christ from exercising his God-given calling within our Churches. To acknowledge that a man possesses the Spirit of God and is equipped to serve the Kingdom, but to hold him unfit to minister in our select theological club because he does not wholly share the views of the majority, seems to me perilously like blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. I am a Presbyterian in the historic sense of that word, — one who believes in a Presbyterian polity inclusive enough to comprehend all followers and ministers of Christ, who are willing to work and worship in its fellowship.

A second is the strict interpretation of the vow required of ministers and other office-bearers, in which they accept the Bible as "the Word of God, the only infallible rule of faith and practise," and receive the Westminster Confession of Faith "as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures." Those who are familiar with our history and know the various interpretations which have been given to this vow, can take it sincerely and yet be modernly minded Christians; but the language is archaic, is not understood by the public, and acts as a barrier to many who would be valuable ministers and leaders in the Church. At the present moment a so-called "fundamentalist" group has been trying to place a literalist construction upon this vow, and to insist that any statement to be found both in the Scriptures and in the Confession of Faith may be made obligatory by action of the General Assembly upon candidates for the ministry. Should this thoroughly unprotestant view prevail, the Church will inevitably be broken into two sections, as it has unhappily been several times in the past, and few men of university education will be found entering the ministry of the reactionary section. While this controversy has been going on in our theologically uncultured land, Scotland has taken an advance step, and its United Free Church has so modified the formula of subscription as to render it acceptable to most evangelical Christians. I find myself a Scotch Presbyterian *con amore*, and I cannot help wishing that our American Church may not long remain less progressive than the Scottish Kirk.

So I may say finally that I am a Presbyterian only temporarily. The name carries many hallowed memories and associations, but

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it seems to me to belong to the past rather than to the present. It connotes primarily a particular mode of Church government. Time was when it was thought that one might discover in the New Testament the creed, the polity, and the worship of the Church divinely prescribed for all ages. We now know that this is not the case. The New Testament contains various doctrinal interpretations of the faith, — half a dozen views of the atonement and several explanations of the origin of the Person of Christ. It contains various types of Church organization, which sprang up in accordance with the usage in different localities. There is no indication that Christ ever gave His Church either a creed or a constitution, and no hint that the forms of government adopted by groups of Christians in the first century were meant to continue indefinitely. All that Christ was interested in giving His followers was His Spirit. The Spirit would guide them into truth, and would lead them in organizing to fulfil their task. St Paul thought of the Church not as following the precedents of an accepted constitution, but as equipped and directed by the present Holy Spirit. Episcopacy, Congregationalism, Presbyterianism are names derived from modes of Church government. Each has its strengths and weaknesses, and each points back to germinal beginnings in the Church of the New Testament; but none is more apostolic or more of divine institution than the others. The Church of to-day and to-morrow may well try to combine the proved good points of all three in her organization.

As a matter of fact it is not easy to discover the distinctive characteristics of our existing Protestant communions. The advantages which I have ascribed to the Presbyterian Church will all doubtless be claimed by others for their own churches. For nearly twenty-two years, on the faculty of an inter-denominational theological seminary, I have tried to teach future ministers of all leading communions, — Baptist, Congregationalist, Disciples, Episcopalian, Lutheran, Methodist, as well as Presbyterian, — and I know that the work for which these men were preparing themselves is the same. Our denominational divisions do not stand to-day for differences in teaching or in the type of Christian life produced. There may be differences in emphasis, but these are trifling. There are radicals and reactionaries, high, low, and broad churchmen, in all communions, and the denomina-

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tional lines are not real frontiers. Ministers have more in common with the clergy of other churches who have had an education similar to their own than with fellow-ministers of their own church with a different training. Our people pass readily from a church of one communion to that of another. There are genuine differences, — the difference between the infallibilist type who believe in an inerrant book or an unerring pope, and the experiential type who believe in the progressive leadership of the Spirit within. But these types are found side by side in every Protestant communion and to some extent even in Roman Catholicism.

In attempting to meet the religious needs of our time it is quite impossible to think in denominational terms. A rural community cannot have an adequate school of religious education where its children are divided among several small churches. There is no distinctively Episcopal interpretation of the Gospel for international relations and no peculiarly Methodist message of the application of Christian principles to industry. The missionary problem, both in this country and throughout the world, cannot be satisfactorily answered save by the combination of all our Christian forces. The perpetuation of our meaningless divisions means inefficiency, waste, and the continued impoverishment of Christians by their separation from their rightful comrades in thought and worship and labor. Once granted that no existing church is specially gifted with true doctrine or correct orders or the only valid mode of administering some sacrament, and that all have valuable historical heritages and large present contributions to make to the united Church of Christ, it ought not to be impossible to arrive at some form of organization which would combine liberty and unity, conserving the values in our differences and making possible the gains of united life and service.

Already just across our northern border, Methodists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians are consolidated in the United Church of Canada. The time is ripe for a similar and even more inclusive organic union among the churches of the United States. I hope to live to see it, and I am ready to do my utmost for its accomplishment. Meanwhile I remain a Presbyterian, resolved to seek to end any barriers in our communion which render it less comprehensive than the United Church of Christ should be.

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UNIVERSAL SERVICE

DWIGHT FILLEY DAVIS
Secretary of War

THE new Secretary of War maintains that the proposed law for Universal Military Service is not, as its opponents have charged, either militaristic, undemocratic, or un-American. On the contrary it aims to make the essentially democratic method to which we have twice resorted under pressure of events a permanent part of our mobilization plans. By placing us upon a higher plane of preparedness, it must promote peace by giving pause to those who might seek to draw us into warfare.

DISCUSSION of mobilization, and plans for mobilization, are too often misinterpreted by those unfamiliar with such questions, as preparation for war. Insofar as American mobilization is concerned, this is a mistaken notion. Our mobilization is intended as a preparation against war. It is our hope that the fact of such preparation will prevent a war from being held, and that, if a war should be held, it will shorten its duration. As one of the means of preparation against war, the Army is interested in universal service. The basic principle of universal military service is that in time of war every individual has a transcendent obligation to the state and should be employed in the manner which will most effectively contribute to the defeat of the national enemy. This principle is as old as civilization. But in English-speaking countries, owing to their almost complete immunity for many centuries from danger of invasion, the principle had a tendency to fall into abeyance. It was for this reason that universal service could not be enforced during the critical period of the Revolutionary War, and was only enforced with great difficulty, and not very effectively, on both sides during our Civil War. Fortunately for this nation, the principle was accepted by the country during the World War. The happy results of our adoption of compulsory service in 1917 have become so evident that all are agreed that armies in the field in a major effort must be recruited by the principle of universal service.

It is, however, idle to deny that there was a considerable amount of popular discontent at alleged favoritism in the handling of man power during the World War. The claim was made

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that that portion of the available man power which was necessarily employed within the United States in the maintenance of our industrial power and in furnishing to troops in the field, directly or indirectly, the munitions and equipment needed by them, was given great advantages, in compensation and in living conditions, over the smaller portion of the available man power which was engaged in combat against the enemy under conditions of great hardship and of enormous danger to life and limb. Undeniably, there was such a favoritism. It was due to the fact that prior to the World War it had not been thoroughly appreciated by those in control in any country that the industrial revolution had effected such a change in the mechanical engines of warfare that there was no longer any real distinction between the combatant and the non-combatant portions of the population. To the average military man the organization of armies was a question of man power, but the organization of industry was a mere question of finance. We have learned better. We now know that industrial mobilization is as necessary as mobilization of personnel. We know that industrial mobilization involves, within its own field, an assembly of man power which must be directed with the same energy, foresight, and skill as the assembly of military personnel. We have learned that to maintain the morale of our forces in the field we must see that all individuals bear, according to their capacity, the burdens of the conflict, and perform in the common task of defeating the public enemy, a similar duty to the state. After many generations we must go back to the ancient principle of real universal service, which every barbarous tribe understood, — in time of war every one is a soldier.

In the modern political state, such a principle must be enforced by law. The law must give the statesman who is the President at the commencement of a national emergency, power to control and stabilize prices as well as power to provide for the raising of the personnel of armies and navies. The exact form which that legislation should take is a subject for legitimate controversy. Until these controversies shall have been settled, it will be impossible to prepare definite basic plans for meeting war with any assurance that these plans can be followed.

This statement may need elucidation. Very few persons realize what an involved document a mobilization plan is. This is true

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of even the simplest sort of plan of mobilization. When we come to the plan for exerting the entire national strength in time of major emergency, we have a document which involves thought and time on a scale not surpassed by the most abstruse works of science. The plans for mobilization of industry and for mobilization of military man power require close coördination. The expected rate of raising and training armies determines the date of demand for various classes of military supplies. Nothing can be gained by raising forces at a rate faster than they can be equipped. But how do we know how fast forces can be raised when we do not know what law will govern their recruiting, and how can we know how fast military supplies can be produced when we do not know the law under which they are to be procured? Hence the opening chapter of any plan contains laws which are to be presented to Congress on the outbreak of an emergency. It is reasonably certain that, if national public opinion favors an energetic prosecution of the war, laws similar to those proposed will be adopted. But it is impossible to be so certain as to the details of the law actually adopted. If these details differ materially from the details of the law proposed by the plan, it will be necessary to alter the plan. The various sections of the plan interlock with each other so completely that this practically means a rewriting of the entire document. And thus, owing to the absence of legislation upon which all are, in principle, agreed, we make certain that at some future date we or our posterity shall suffer, on even a larger scale, the heart-breaking delay of forty days which followed our declaration of war against Germany in 1917. Equally dangerous is the fact that our plans now are, and in the absence of that legislation must continue to be, tentative.

It is for this reason that the War Department is anxious that adequate legislation be promptly enacted. Instead of calling such legislation preparation for war, it should be considered as preparation against war. To adopt this program would cost nothing. But the knowledge that our country has the machinery to raise its armed forces immediately upon the outbreak of war might serve as a deterrent to any country with hostile intentions. We can gain much, we can lose nothing, by the enactment of this program. We gain if war can be warded off; we gain if, war being inevitable, delay with its consequent confusion is obviated.

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DEVON THE DELECTABLE

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Pen and Ink Drawings by the Author

DEVON I have known in many moods and all the seasons; but I never found her so delightful as when I went south one year to meet the Spring early and look for traces of my ancestors. I found lots of ancestors, and other things more enduring and lovely.

I went by bicycle, and I laid down three rules for journeying. First, avoid railroads as you would poison; then, ride into the wind and lean against it as it comes up pure and unbreathed from southern seas where Atlantis sank; and, lastly, keep the sound of the sea in the ears and the sight of the sea in the eyes.

So westward through the marshes of Sedgemoor by moonlight I rode, where good Somerset and Devon yeomen mingled their blood with ditch water and died for a shadow of a king, eerie fogs keeping me company like ghosts out of the older time. Then Taunton, where ill-starred maidens met Monmouth all in holiday white to give him the Bible that sold them into slavery in the New World when the Bloody Assizes lay on the land. After Taunton the Quantock Hills and beechwoods which bred the shadowy Ancient Mariner in the poet's brain. Then Porlock and the sea, hills on great hills, moors the Doones roved, winds that made me feel like wings, azure veils folded over the earth, lighthouse lamps twinkling at every dewfall, and always the sea, sea, sea. That was North Devon.

Guidebooks I had none; for they are the curse of travelers who go on a bicycle in search of beauty. They are best read when one is back home, the trip safely done, and one's mind has turned sunshine into everlasting crystals, and cottages into new psalms. So I have no memory of all the places or the exact order of them. Lynmouth I recall, and hanging woods, and a lighthouse that came right up into backyards to keep the houses company. There was a taste of *Lorna Doone* in such a desolation of rocks and tors as one sees in landscapes of the moon. Twisted thews of the world showing bare to the sky. Emerald streams flashed seaward

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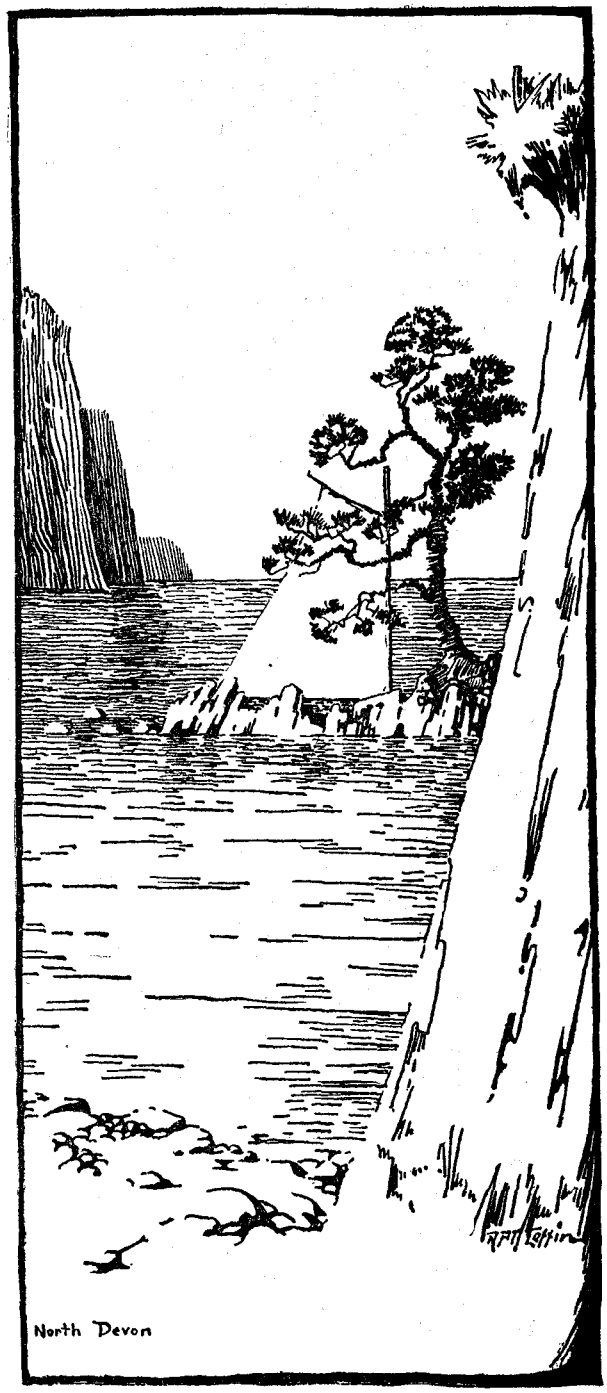
through bogs where the pixies live. There was such a hill as poets alone would dare dream of; Great Hangman's Hill and Little, as if the poor wretch who was hanged by his own stolen sheep athwart the spine of the hill, as folks say, had to go and get himself hanged on a smaller hill, too, to make the wages of sin sure! Clouds nested here; and I rode over pearly pavements with the patchwork of meads and orchards showing through rifts far below. The hill broke off at its highest and fell with dizzy horror straight to the bottom of the sea. The water under that cliff must be deeper than any in mid-ocean. Andes of granite showed forlorn heads far down here and there; but mostly the water was an indigo and incalculable as sin. Perhaps Tristram slept down there with the Iseult who was dearer than wife or life in some one of the cities that have sunk here on the last edge of the world.


North Devon

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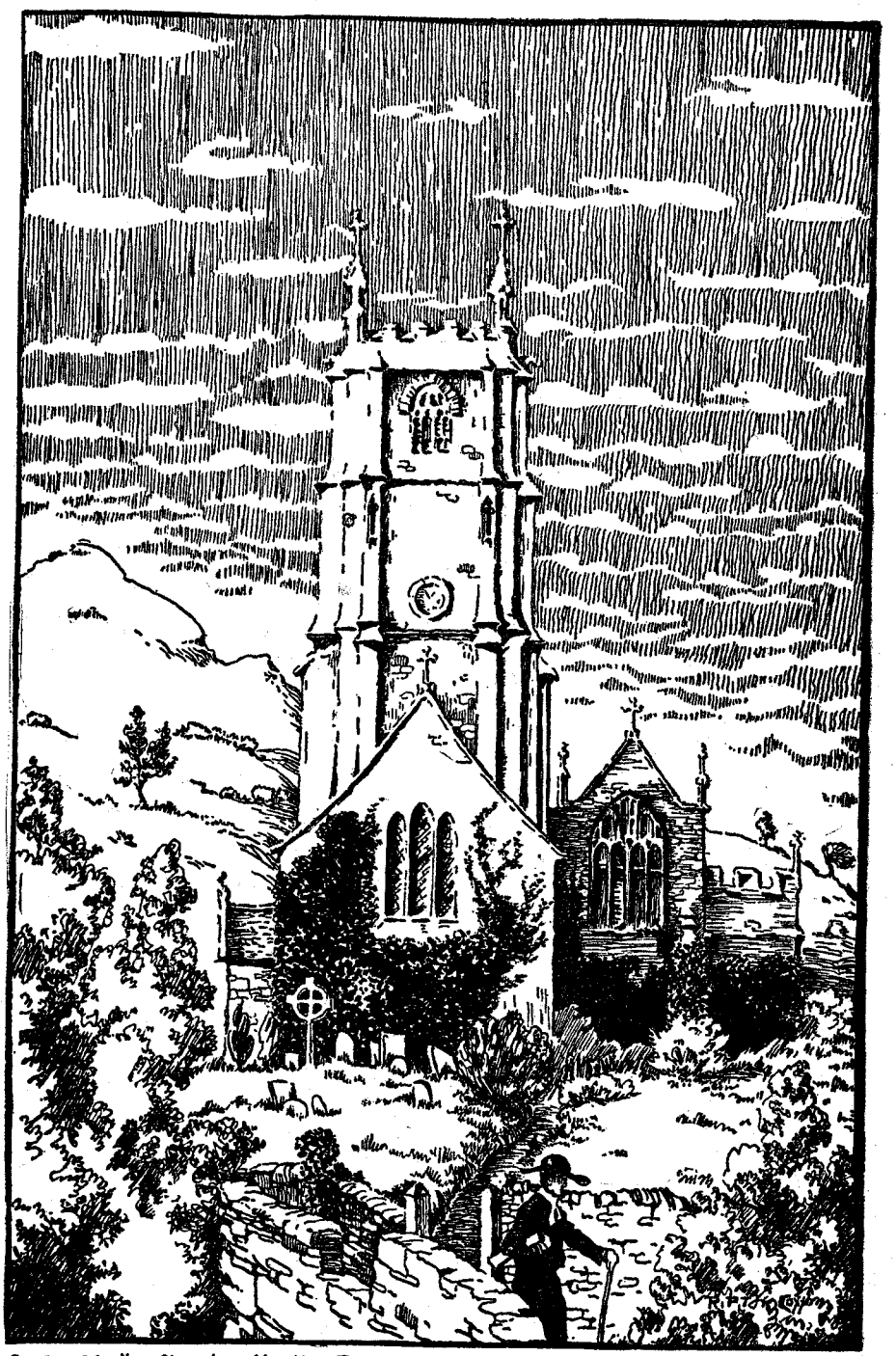

Combe Martin Church, North Devon.

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But the ribbon of road wound down from the clouds and places of loneliness and eagles, and I coasted into a New England comforter of ploughland, dairy lands speckled with cows, wheatfields warm green, oatfields cold, gingham patches where potatoes went mountaineering, drifted snows of orchards in bloom, fields hung out like clothes on a line, fields sweeping over hills and far away, fields the size of a petticoat, every color, every shape, places where homely beauty and men grew. The air turned liquid thyme. The winds went down; cottages came up, smoke of chimneys, and neighborly voices. A dog and barefoot boys tumbled into sight. Housewives knotted aprons in their hands and discoursed eloquence of pies. A school burst out. Roses grew unruly and caught at my cap over walls. Ale smells drifted out of an open inn door. The road fell into a cobbled street. A clock struck six. Combe Martin.

I remember the silver mines of Combe Martin. They went out of use about the time of the Third Edward. But they are always there, in the talk of Combe Martin people. Under the sea, most of them. But such silver as would make Solomon's verdigris with envy. And the wise men of the village go home from their dreams of silver over tankards and take the silver of herrings from the sea at their doorsteps and live fat and laugh merry. In Combe Martin you can see every detail of garden and backdoor economy, in spite of the inevitable high walls, for every backyard hangs like a tapestry on the hills behind the houses; the smoke from chimney pots goes up along the furrows. Neglect in the onion bed is village property instantly. No wonder the Combe Martin twilights are patchworked with seats of Combe Martin trousers bending to eleventh hour weeding under the evening star. It was in the inn built like a pack of cards upended that I bought a rabbit pie that the pixies on the moors above had had a finger in. It had moorland moonlight under its crust. I ate it whole at one sitting under the big stars with my feet in a gorse patch. It is the ideal way to eat meat pie; no dreams thereafter are troubled by one's grandmother.

Combe Martin has a church, a thing of fragile loveliness white against the walls of green that shut the village in. It must be easy to be holy in such a fair house of God, with great ambitions and princely greeds far away on the other side of the world.

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Combe Martin has a harbor, too. Or rather it had one in the balmy days of the Plantagenets, a deep one, eloquent of great ships, forested with masts and spars. But shifting sands have filled it in. The ships have kept pace with the shallowing sea. To-day they are pea-pod boats that one can anchor by leaving on their sides high and dry when one goes to supper. Tall Flanders hats and subtle wines of Bordeaux, chalices from Cadiz and oils of Cyprus have given place to mussels and whitings. The harvests change; but the sea remains a page in the book of Devon life.

From Combe Martin I went up into skyey silences again, above the larks even, on a cliff road hung over the sea. At one place a half-mile of the road had fallen into the depths. Not even a single reef marked its grave in the ocean that keeps secrets of Devon's kingly past in its bosom. Cries of curlews and flames of broom alone clothed the wastes. Once the road went down to a cove where an ancient, goodly square-rigger lay on its scuppers in the sleep of death. From Molucca and Java it had come home at last to lay its bones where it had been born, where the masters who had manned it lay in little churchyards and gave their manhood back to Devon's soil. I sketched a castle here, crumbling and green with ivy, until a passerby told me it had been built in 1830. So soon does Nature in Devon take things to her bosom. Indignantly I went aloft on the skyline again, shaking the dust of Watermouth from my feet.

Under my fore wheel a-sudden stretched a place of roofs. I descended a cleft and found Hele Bay. Etymologists may rave; but I am sure Greek mariners found and named that tiny port with the name of the sun which pours so into the narrow place that the air is solid honey. Here I caught up on sleep and ate myself unfit to ride for days on clotted cream. I helped scrape barnacles from boats. I explored enormous chimneys of rock where I heard an unseen sea raving in the dark; great gulfs came up with sinister suddenness almost to my feet; but my Maine coast blood kept me from being caught napping. Out of Hele I walked to tea places, Berrynarbor of the windy tower and carpets of crocuses below that overflowed the graves, the whole village, and went shining off into the woods; another village, whose name I have lost, and a mill where a whole family sat to meals around a disused millstone with the everlasting song of running water

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under the flagstones at their feet. There was a cottage buried under ivy where a man lived who made it his life's sweet business to collect Toby-jugs. He had twenty of those eighteenth century gentlemen in tri-cornered hats, who hold ale or milk in their bulging bellies, blinking with Shandean faces into the firelight. And here I have tried for years to get one perfect Toby! If ever that man is found dead and his house ransacked, you may know where to look for the guilty.

Right above my lodgings towered the rock where I sat after sundown to watch the lamps of many-roofed Ilfracombe come out, keeping time with the stars. Perilous and deep as sleep that place went down, azure and dim amethyst, to wed and mingle its being with the twilit waves. Ilfracombe is best seen thus at a distance. It is too conscious of its own picturesqueness, too big, and its crooked streets are webs for tourist flies. A railroad, though one-lunged, feeds thousands into it. It has its points, though; in the midst of dancing pavilions there is the little church on the spit where lamps lit for evensong used to guide mariners home. God's praise and men's workaday ways come close together in Devon.

Quitting Ilfracombe, on the elbow of Devon, I turned south and rode into a dream of high lands musical with the thin crowing of cock pheasants, gilded with gorse, checkered with clouds, fragrant of appleblossoms in sudden farmsteads where earthen jars bottled sunshine for early rhubarb, where bees hymned of honey about wicker hives, and cows turned marigolds into butter. Ingles of blackthorn, church vanes swimming, dales filled level with primroses and violets, smelling as the angels must smell. Pearls of sheep on all the hills. Afar the blazing blue sea going uphill, as the sea always does for one on high places, flowered with sails. Creaking carts. Braunton's children going to school, the girls' hair so tight in pigtails that their eyes went a-slanting, the boys with skim-milk eyes one sees by all seas, eyes that Drake and Raleigh must have had in their heads, wistful as fires in October. Saunton's old country gentlemen in coarse tweeds, with faces like frost-bitten cranberries. When old age comes upon me, ho for knickers and North Devon! I rode the full moon high into the sky across the sand barrens below Saunton. A mysterious world swept seaward skeletoned with ribs of old boats. The air ran

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silver; the sea went out till it was a jet edge to limitless moonfire and opal. There lay petrified forests under the sea beheld by sailors when winds are northwest, Lyonesse and diamonds in dead kings' crowns for Arthur's last tournament.

I got up with the larks and, leaving Barnstable with its curse of railroad, rode west again through radiant dawn along the flats to Appledore. A second dawn spread on every hand, for the appletrees were at high tide. If you want to smell what Beulah Land will be like, you must have the tang of the sea blowing through appleblossoms. If you can add dawn's dew and Devon, so much the sweeter for your nose! Over a bridge, and Bideford opened up its arms. It is a town fallen asleep, like so many in Devon, to a dream of ancient greatness when its men in pointed beards and starched ruffs walked the streets like princes with the flavor of far lands in their speech, pipes for new and strange incense in their mouths, and deviltry to set upon Spanish galleons in their hearts. Oak and bronze the Virgin Queen found the men of Devon. It is in Bideford that one may see inlaid Spanish cannon, mouth down in the sand. They washed in under the sea from the Armada ships that broke their noble hearts on Devon's iron rocks. If Bideford's quays lie idle now save for little boats, oak and bronze are here still and men who dare the sea. One has sails gleaming through his appletrees, masts above his cottage windows, dingy shops that smell of hemp and oakum and hold curios, shark's teeth, Javan beans, garnered from the world's ends, and inns full of the best tales of man, the stories of the sea. Bloody Corner is next, where the Danes died in droves, and Kingsley's town, Westward Ho. A dike of loose stones rounded by the mysterious commotions in the depths of the sea and cast up here as a building of the ages lies between this corner of Devon and the waves that come in, as even as Roman legions, from the far places of the sunset.

I was faced south again. Cliffs began once more to rear their heads. Behind them, islands of villages with spires all golden swam above a sunlit land. I remember the pew carvings of St Helen's at Abbotsham. Here mute Miltons had had their say. Uncultured, unskilled, each man, whose chief business in life was raising a big family, had snatched a pathetic bit of immortality from old Night; the carpenter had carved his square and

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Cottage, Peppercombe, North Devon

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hammer, the sailor his anchor, the pious man his Saviour's wounded hands and feet; some had drawn their own honest, homely faces for the ages to look upon. Poor humble souls! And yet how blessed life must have tasted to them, in their pews full of blooming children of their loins, when fragrances of their new mown hay mingled through open windows with prayers and psalms.

Alwington and its church that was half barnyard and farmstead that folded in the church had the glory of the Gospels upon it. The Christmas story mingled with bleatings of sheep! The vicar had the four seasons painted on his face. He took me in his dogcart up and down the running beauty of the hills he loved, the hills he had grown into. By his side I came to see the aureole about each byre and stack and tree. A cobbler sitting under roses pegged my shoes. Grizzled yeomen stopped their ploughs in the furrow to salute me as I passed. Blackbirds sang; earth and man had the savor of Spring. And on all the hills was peace.

I was come now to a place full of ancestors. Their graves paved the church floor; they held the green outside. Here slept those who across the years had given me this blessedness of being alive on a March morning in such a place. A tablet bore witness that the patrons of this church had borne my name since the days of King John. This village was bone of my bone, a beauty not dreamt of, but part and parcel of my being from centuries on centuries. One grandiloquent Caroline tomb took my eye. It had whole cohorts of sons and daughters below the joined hands of husband and wife, — and each son and daughter was alike as peas in a pod. The carver had been hard pressed by this couple's prodigality in offspring. He had had to crowd in two sons above the heads of the earlier; and two extra daughters lay swaddled below the rank of older girls. But I read a melancholy tale between the stone lines. The tomb had been raised by the sole surviving son. Devon paid a terrible toll for her loyalty to Charles the King in the Civil Wars. Here was Portledge, the house and acres of men of my name, some of them gentlemen of gilt heels and some plain squires, through reigns and changes for well on to a thousand years. A home surely! If families are blent sunshine and soil of their homesteads, Portledge's high trees were a holy part of me.

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The house itself Kingsley has described in the *Water Babies;* it is the one where poor Tom got lost in a network of flues stretching from the time of the Wars of the Roses to Victorian days. In its portraits I imagined I saw the chin I wear thrusting itself through the centuries. But I recall more vividly the kitchens, the oldest part of the place; here was the forge for such longevity. And when I smelled the gooseberry tarts coming to maturity in the ovens there, I knew the secret of our lasting so long! Aged outbuildings I recall, too, held up by bleached peartrees. Portledge, like Bideford, had its great guns rolled in from the grave of galleons of the Armada. Below the house avenues of pines with branches all grown to the east led down to the cliffs and the wind that comes in forever from the west. It was good to think how those trees look over the sea to my own on the Maine coast.

Peppercombe, to the south of Portledge, is a quaint name for a valley which goes deep to the very cornerstones of peace. To see the vesper smoke of its chimneys rise in azure columns against the larchwoods, its cottage walls shining like "precious pearl without a spot" under the mountain of the sea, — that is to know why men dream of beauty and die for it. The steep road climbs to Fairy Cross, where at the sign of *The Coach and Horses* brawny men, good at laying over furrows whether by sea or land, drink and talk of an evening in voices that are flowing amber. They are gentlefolk, though they go in patches, courteous and kindly, believing the best of all men and smiling at life. In them is the meeting place of the two wide fields of peace, the green and the blue, ploughland and the sea. They take their turn at working both; and their labor sits upon them like a benediction. Wise men they were who founded this village where blessed fairy folk had trodden the circle of their rites. The prim proprietress of the inn is gentle, too. On a later trip to Devon she, who pours out ale, loaned my wife and me her prayer-book to take to church. Let Puritans ponder that!

But the last place was the best. Clovelly is the topmost jewel in the crown of Devon coast. Guidebooks and notoriety have not dimmed its lustre; many feet have not brushed off its everlasting bloom. Tourists have to leave with nightfall, anyway; there are but two inns; and the *Red Lion* on the quay smells of fish. Postcards of Clovelly have gone around the earth; but its stairway of a

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Clovelly, North Devon

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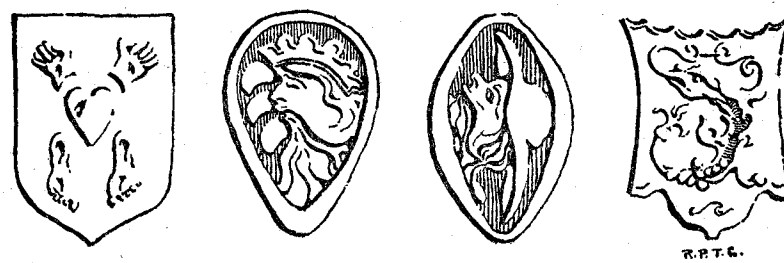
street is forever new. Turner has painted it with his vistas into eternity above its gleaming whiteness; but he has not done it justice. Artists of all waters still try to capture its charm — in vain.

The Hobby Drive, skirting the brink of five-hundred-foot cliffs, is a splendid approach to the place; one sees the cliff of shining cottages at all angles and no bigger than a handkerchief at one's feet. But the finest way to come to it is along the beach at low tide. I first came thus; only I came rather too late after low water for a calm last mile to my journey. I had thought from the heights of Peppercombe that the way was firm, small pebbles. But when I got down I discovered it was loose boulders that rolled treacherously underfoot. But I had made my bed, and I had to lie in it. The thought of what a turned ankle would mean sent gooseflesh down my spine when I raced the tide that was heaving in with startling suddenness; and those perpendicular cliffs lay heavy on my mind. I won the race; but the waves were lapping my knees when I burst, like a Triton, upon the fishermen of Clovelly. I guess I never reached another harbor so gladly. That may be partly why I like Clovelly so.

Clovelly ended my Odyssey. There was nothing to do but pack my bicycle aboard a train and whirl eastward. One loving Devon must not cross the Tamar, ever. For there begins Cornwall, and Cornishmen, if only you could see them outside their breeches, — so swear all Devonians, — wear tails.



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THOSE WHO RUN MAY READ

CARL VAN DOREN

DURING the forty years that this writer and THE FORUM *have lived, American literature has undergone a notable change. Both were born during what Mr. Van Doren aptly calls "the interregnum",—the literary doldrums between the "classic period" and the present. He traces the gradual rise of a new literature, puffy and sporadic at first, but culminating with the death and subsequent canonization of Mark Twain in a literary gale that has given us* Main Street, Jurgen, *and other novels.*

THE FORUM and I were born within a few months of one another, but I cannot claim to have begun reading as soon as it began to be read. Still, I could read as far back as my memory goes, and I did. For fifteen years, however, I had little enough to do with current fashions in literature. I lived in the country, in a house that was full of classics, and which thought and heard of few other books. There were, among American authors, the long row of Fenimore Cooper and the shorter row of Hawthorne and the unequal volumes of Mark Twain, whom the household exuberantly enjoyed without once asking whether he was a classic or not. Emerson's *Essays* was, I think, the earliest speculative book I bought with my own money, and I still recall the thrill of pride with which I found myself challenging his smooth doctrine of compensation. Henry James never came to my prairie, and William Dean Howells came but fitfully, and that as a novelist, not as a critic who was somehow transforming the literary mode. Of current writers I fed most eagerly, if I can trust my recollections of them, upon Hamlin Garland, whose stories gave me the first opportunity I had ever had to test the life I met in fiction with the life I knew, and upon Joel Chandler Harris, in whom I hope I then felt the superiority to most sectional writers which I now more maturely recognize. Yet for the most part I spent those fifteen years in becoming acquainted with the older native classics.

My later studies have persuaded me that I did not particularly waste my time. After all, that was an interregnum in American literature, between the rule of the mid-century and the rise of the new century which was to follow. Like other readers of the period, I thought that Longfellow was more interesting than Henry van Dyke or Edwin Markham, that Cooper was more exciting than

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Marion Crawford. And the other readers and I were right. We had as small reason to be tempted by the novelties of the American nineties as almost any Americans had had to be tempted by the novelties of their other decades since there was a national literature. I speak, of course, of the new authors who made the largest noise in the world. No one ever whispered to me during those years of Emily Dickinson or Stephen Crane. Poetry was being, it seemed, kept alive by James Whitcomb Riley; prose, by the writers of the short stories which filled the magazines with good deeds and tender sentiments. The established classics were as satisfying as anything we generally knew we had.

If I had learned to value Whitman earlier things might have been different. I was, however, in the plight of the majority of readers, to whom he was, if anything, only a vague figure caught sight of here or there among the figures of the innumerous group which hailed him. All I had a chance to learn of him during those fifteen years in the country came from an article in a magazine, I do not know by what critic nor in what magazine, which I one day found in my grandfather's house. My grandfather's taste was certainly not for modern poetry; he was the only man I ever heard of who had committed Joel Barlow's *Hasty Pudding* to memory, or at least sizable portions of it. But the magazine was in that house, I was struck by a picture of Whitman which accompanied it, and I read the article under a tree beside a splashing fountain. I wish I could dramatically date a great change from that day. As a matter of fact, I do not remember one word that I read. I remember merely the sunlight falling upon the glazed, yellowed paper and the water of the spray falling into the water of the pool. Whitman had to wait for me, as I now know he was waiting for the rest of his majority.

Not until, at fifteen, I left the country to live in a small town which had a bookstore and a public library, such as they were, did I become aware that American literature was still being energetically made. The event, which happened in 1900, cast me headlong into a new fashion, which was really the first vigorous outburst I had ever been contemporary with. The historical romances of the moment seem terribly faded now; when I re-read the best of them half a dozen years ago, I looked in vain for the high pages which I thought I remembered. *When Knighthood Was in Flower*,

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Prisoners of Hope, *To Have and to Hold*, *Hugh Wynne*, *Janice Meredith*, *Richard Carvel*, *The Crossing*, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, *Alice of Old Vincennes*, *Cardigan*, *The Choir Invisible*, — they had learning and fine intentions and generous impulses, but they were full of gestures which were only gestures. Seeking to be dramatic, they managed at best to be theatrical. Seeking to be historical, they were seldom more than legendary. How could they be anything else? They had been called forth by the mood of nationalism which was awakened by the war with Spain, a mood which, because it was founded upon no deep grievance and was attended by no serious peril, was bound to be more or less trivial. The national consciousness, flushed with an impulse to glorify the Republic, had to go scurrying back along the trail of its past till it could come to days which might justly be called heroic. But even when it found them, chiefly during the Revolution, it was not aroused to the pitch which enabled it to make them out heroic. It could only make them out romantic. The iron might enter the bodies of its heroes, but it never entered their souls.

Yet even at the moment when these romancers were filling the sky with their insubstantial clouds, a more substantial fashion was struggling to get a foothold on the earth. Biographers, no doubt vexed by so much legend-making, began to write about the "real" George Washington and the "real" Benjamin Franklin and the "real" Thomas Jefferson. Episodes not always creditable to the fathers were rooted out and exposed to their descendants. The downright Adamses, Brooks, and Charles Francis, and the greater Henry, proved not to have dared their iconoclasms to so little purpose as they must have imagined through the roiled years. Poetry still cuddled by the fireside, but fiction stepped out with biography and history. After two decades of cautious realism as argued and exhibited by Howells, the novel suddenly discovered a new candor, a new intensity. Stephen Crane was followed by Harold Frederic and Frank Norris and David Graham Phillips and Jack London and Upton Sinclair. Theodore Dreiser raised his brooding, questioning, undaunted head in *Sister Carrie*. Among them they gradually cut away the ropes by which the balloons of romance were tethered over the scene and let them drift away into oblivion. It is true that the implications of their work were not at once apparent. Certainly I did not see them.

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With the bulk of the public, I knew only the name of Crane and still less than that of Dreiser. What reached us was the "red blood" of Norris and London, and, later, the vivacious Bohemianism of O. Henry. But the general bearings of the movement were plain enough. To be commonplace was no longer quite so respectable; to be respectable was no longer quite so genteel; to be genteel was no longer quite so successful; to be successful was no longer quite so important.

Though I was moderately aware of the change of fashion from romance to naturalism during the first decade of the century, I was most of the time too much absorbed in various historical researches to keep any close watch upon my immediate contemporaries. Perhaps I confuse my own experience with that of reading Americans at large, but I believe we all tended, since the older tradition had faltered and the new one had not yet got conspicuously under way, to give ourselves up to the cultivation of academic standards. Then was the heyday of W. C. Brownell, of Paul Elmer More, of Irving Babbitt, then Stuart P. Sherman rapidly acquired the reputation of having a wise old head on strong young shoulders. In the best critical circles not only was wisdom esteemed more valuable than strength, but wisdom was too often somehow regarded as an enemy of strength. The inevitable consequence was that wisdom, thus conceived, grew icy and remote; or that it took its stand upon order and dignity and correctness, to the disregard of the more primitive elements which also go into the making of good literature.

I suspect that the death of Mark Twain, with the resultant discussions and interpretations, did as much as almost any single event to disturb the academicism which had become standard among critics and which was widening its influence into the laity. I remember, certainly, the preliminary stir which went on in my own mind while I was reading Howells's *My Mark Twain*, and perceiving, through that gentle commentary, how great a force, how savage an intelligence had assumed the comic mask. And this preliminary stir increased to tumult when I read the Paine biography. The sweep of Mark Twain's adventures, the audacity of his undertakings, the boldness of his speech, the passion, the indignation, the eloquence, the tenderness, the ignorance, all combined to throw into a shadow, not entirely deserved, the

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critical principles which if applied to him would unavoidably disparage him. Not being, though trained in academic principles, temperamentally loyal to my past, I said good-by to them, so far as I was able, before I had finished the three rich volumes. Something of the same sort unquestionably happened to many readers. From being told that Mark Twain had been like Scott in his struggle to pay off his debts, they got, illogically enough, the idea that the American was of a stature comparable to the Scot's, and they rejoiced in the knowledge that another writer whom they instinctively liked had turned out to be another classic. Then followed the posthumous works, the hitherto unauthorized *What Is Man?* and the hitherto unpublished *Mysterious Stranger* and the uproarious *Letters*. Though not a few who dived into these books must have been shocked and mystified, they nevertheless emerged with the realization that a bold strength and a fierce directness have their share in literary art no less than the suaver, stricter virtues. Moreover, Mark Twain became speedily a banner around whom the younger insurgents of the time could rally, pointing to the insurgency of that honored general as another justification of their own attacks upon cruelty and stupidity and complacency.

It may be only a coincidence that "The Masses" and "Poetry" were founded in the same year, 1912, as that in which the biography of Mark Twain was published, but at any rate the coincidence is a sign of a changing temper. Here were other witnesses to the argument, neglected during the academic period, that courage and poetry go together. "Poetry" devoted itself more or less expertly to rebellion against the traditional forms of American life at large. They gave an outlet to a great deal of discontent and they caught an audience for it. I cannot speak of the change with confident precision, for I had been in Europe during much of 1910 and part of 1911, and again I may be confusing a personal emotion with a general one; but I certainly felt on my return a freshness in the intellectual air which I had not felt before I went away. Young men began to talk about a revival of poetry. Young men admired the impudent gallantry of "The Masses". I remember with what a lift of spirit I came that year upon Edna St Vincent Millay's first peom, and how ardently I hoped that its title, "Renascence", might turn out to have been symbolical

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and prophetic. It did. Joyce Kilmer, who had been one of the few enthusiasts for Edwin Arlington Robinson, suddenly found every one agreeing with him. In rapid succession appeared *North of Boston* and *The Congo* and *Spoon River Anthology* and *The Man Against the Sky* and *Chicago Poems* and *Men, Women, and Ghosts* and *Renascence and Other Poems*. Never in the whole course of American literature, I think, had any four years produced such varied and brilliant poetry as was produced by the years 1913–1917.

Criticism trod upon the heels of poetry. There were the critics of "The Masses", untrammeled and provocative, and of "The New Republic", for the few gay years before it began to wear the mantle of civic responsibility. H. L. Mencken, heretofore sitting below the salt with "The Smart Set", clamored his way jovially and satanically into public notice. I have heard that "The New Republic" was blamed in many quarters for admitting him to its pages, where he sounded like thunder in a drawing-room. I know "The Nation" was blamed a little later for inviting him to serve as a contributing editor, though he was obviously more at home in that learned, nipping company. Burton Rascoe wrote "Notes for an Epitaph", in which he buried Mencken under the evidences of his mounting respectability. But, though there are individuals and groups who call themselves "post-Mencken", the influence of the play-boy has waxed, not waned. He has taught three-fourths of the contributors to "The American Mercury" to swing his bludgeon, with about the effect he would conceivably have if he shifted the thing to his left hand. He has endowed the country's journalists with an insolent vocabulary. He has given American criticism a slashing vigor it has never had since Poe. He has had a mighty hand in throning all his favorites and casting down those whom he condemns. Having once sweat lustily to prove that this is in England the Age of Shaw, he will in all probability live to realize that this in America is the Age of Mencken.

And upon the heels of criticism trod a newer fiction, as honest as the precedent naturalism, and gayer. *Jurgen* and *Main Street* were its avatars, but *Winesburg, Ohio* and *Java Head* and *My Ántonia* and *Moon-Calf* and *Miss Lulu Bett* and *This Side of Paradise*, and, on the stage, *The Emperor Jones*, were unmistak-

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ably of the breed. In a sense, most of this fiction was criticism under various disguises. *Jurgen* laughed at the dulness of the human universe, and *Main Street* laughed at the dulness of the American village. What critics as diverse as Henry Adams and Mencken had been putting into arguments, James Branch Cabell and Sinclair Lewis put into dramas. Their heroes were both at war with the complacent life, and both started unexpected echoes. I was one of the earliest and lengthiest of the reviewers of *Main Street*, but though I admired the book I did not dream that it would prick so many partisans. I did not guess that throughout the country there were so many spirits who were enough in revolt against a standardized existence to be able to side with rebels who denied the necessity of it. But there were such spirits, hundreds of thousands of them, and they made the prosperity of a school of novelists and a few dramatists who questioned almost every tenet of manners which Americans had held dear.

Of all these later fashions, of poetry, of criticism, of fiction, each has lost something of its vogue. The half-dozen best poets have sounded their notes, and no others have taken their places. Criticism has increased the number of its divisions of opinions. Fiction has for several years offered no novelty so overwhelming as *Main Street* or *Jurgen* or *The Emperor Jones*. It is evident that the revolution is more or less accomplished. Those who have profited by it, and who may without hindrance speak with a freedom which their robust predecessors had to fight for, wisely decline to fight the older battles over again. In the arts, indeed, there are always battles. Now and then, however, when a field has conclusively been won, there comes a season of temporary peace in which the victors, or their successors, may gather up the fruits of the conflict. Then is the time to be stubborn for craftsmanship, to insist that even vivid documents are no longer all that is needed. Such a season seems to me to have arrived in America. As I analyze the present fashion, it is primarily a strife to create lovely and permanent things, taking for granted that literature has been liberated to choose whatever themes it likes and whatever forms it is attracted to, yet likewise taking it for granted that a bold theme or a daring form is not an end in itself, only a shorter cut to beauty.

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Sunnyside, the last home of Washington Irving

WASHINGTON IRVING

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM

Forum Americana Series — III

Drawings by E. H. Suydam

TWO generations of Americans have grown up since the death of Washington Irving, and it is probable that a large number of these younger citizens have little knowledge of the work done by this particular American author. During the last year there has, however, been a renewed interest in the writings and the personality of Irving. A committee has recently been organized which has charged itself with the duty of arranging for a memorial monument to Irving near his beautiful home in Irvington. It may be in order, therefore, to recall to the readers of to-day something of the character of the man and of the nature and influence of his literary work.

Irving was born in William Street, New York, on the third of April, 1783. This was the year in which the colonies finally achieved the independence for which they had for seven years been fighting, and Irving may, therefore, be properly described as the first author produced within the new republic.

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The writer recalls that he visited Sunnyside with his father a year or two before the death of Irving and heard him narrate, doubtless not for the first time, how, when he was a youngster a year old, his nurse had held him up in her arms while Washington was passing on horseback in order that the General might place his hand on the head of the child who bore his name. "My nurse told me afterwards," said Irving, "that the General lifted me up in his arms, placed me on the pommel of his saddle, and bestowed upon me a formal blessing." I looked with awe at the head that had been touched by the first president, but was somewhat puzzled by the old gentleman's word: "You have seen the head that has been blessed by Washington, but you will not see the spot that the General touched." I was afraid to ask the old gentleman for an explanation, but on speaking to my father of the matter as we were going back, I had the rejoinder, "You goose, Haven, do you not know that Mr. Irving wears a wig?"

Washington Irving was the youngest of eleven children. His father was a sturdy Scotch merchant who had come to this country from the north of Scotland in 1763. The Irving, or Irvine, or de Irwin family, had been of importance as far back as the time of Robert Bruce, and the ancestral castle of the family, bearing the name of Drum, still stands on the banks of the river Dee, a few miles from Aberdeen. In 1860, the Castle was still occupied by a representative of the old Irving family. Irving's father, William, became a successful merchant in New York, but the prosperity of his business was undermined by the war of 1812–15.

In 1804, Irving, who had just attained his majority, made his first journey to Europe. His father had died some years earlier, and the direction of the business and of the family affairs was in the hands of the elder brother William. The delicate state of Washington's health had caused anxiety to his brothers, and the trip was made at their instance. "It is with delight," writes his brother William after Washington's departure, "that we share the world with you, and one of the greatest sources of happiness is that fortune is putting it into our power to add to the comfort and enjoyment of one so very near to us all."

The journey seems to have fairly reëstablished Washington's

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health. After a voyage of forty-two days, he landed in Bordeaux, and from there journeyed to Paris. From Naples, crossing to Palermo, he went by stage to Messina, and he was there in 1805 when the vessels of Nelson passed through the straits in their search for the combined French and Spanish fleet under Villeneuve, a search which culminated in the great victory at Trafalgar. Irving's letters to his brother, written from Messina, refer to the ship-shape appearance of Nelson's fleet. The organization, as indicated by the precise distance maintained by the vessels and their prompt obedience to signals, seemed to him to be perfect. Irving's nautical experience was very slight, but he always was interested in matters connected with shipping.

Irving was a good traveler. He was well informed in regard to his own country and was equipped, through his reading, for observing conditions in countries abroad. He was a man of ready sympathy and came easily into friendly relations with the people he met, whether these were peasants or scholars. He brought back with him, therefore, much larger results from his journeys than can be secured by the uninformed and unsympathetic globe trotter.

Irving was admitted to the bar in November, 1806, having previously served as attorney's clerk, first with Brockholst Livingston, and later with Josiah Ogden Hoffman. The law failed, however, to exercise for him any fascination, and his practise did not become important. He had the opportunity of being associated as a junior with the counsel charged with the defense of Aaron Burr in the famous trial held in Richmond in 1807. I remember the twinkle in the old gentleman's eye when he said in reply to some question about his legal experiences, "I was one of the counsel for Burr, and Burr was acquitted." It was apparent, however, from the letters written from Richmond at the time that the young man's hours had been chiefly given to the society of the charming young ladies of the town and that he had not been called upon for any important service in Court.

Irving filled gracefully the rôle of a young man about town. He was *persona grata* in social circles with both sexes. He was associated with a group of youngsters, the names of some of whom later came into note. Among these can be mentioned

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James K. Paulding, Irving Brevoort, and Gouverneur Kemble. Kemble owned an old family mansion in what was then the pretty village of Newark. The house was inhabited only by the caretaker, but Kemble arranged to have his bachelor friends sojourn there for week-ends. A full description of these week-end parties in Cockloft Hall is given in *Salmagundi*, the first volume with which Irving's name is associated. The volume *Salmagundi* came into existence as a result of the social gatherings of these young roistering blades, who were probably by no means so fierce in their roisterings as they described themselves. The sketches were the work of William Irving, Washington Irving, and James K. Paulding. They came into print as a serial, issued at irregular intervals, in 1807–8, under the title of *Salmagundi*. These papers, issued later in book form, possess, in addition to their interest as humorous literature, historical value as pictures of social life in New York during the first decade of the nineteenth century.

In 1808, Irving became engaged to Matilda Hoffman, daughter of his chief. From the correspondence of Irving's friends, we may realize that Matilda was a girl of rare charm and attractiveness, an impression that is confirmed by a miniature that was preserved. Matilda died in 1809, at the time when Washington was still busy with his great humorous history of New York. The shock of the death interrupted his work in literature and in law, and he banished himself for some months in the mountains. At the end of that time, he pulled himself together and finished the *Knickerbocker*. The memory of Matilda remained with the loyal gentleman until his last hours, and while always a sympathetic admirer of the other sex, he never again seems to have been drawn to a single individual. In Irving's last illness, he had the miniature of Matilda by the side of his bed, and when he died it was placed upon his breast.

The famous *History of New York* was published in 1809. The mystery surrounding the disappearance of old Diedrich Knickerbocker, to whom the authorship had been assigned, was preserved for a number of years. When acknowledgment of the authorship of the book was finally made by Irving, it was difficult for his fellow New Yorkers to believe that this attractive "man about town" and not very successful lawyer could have produced a

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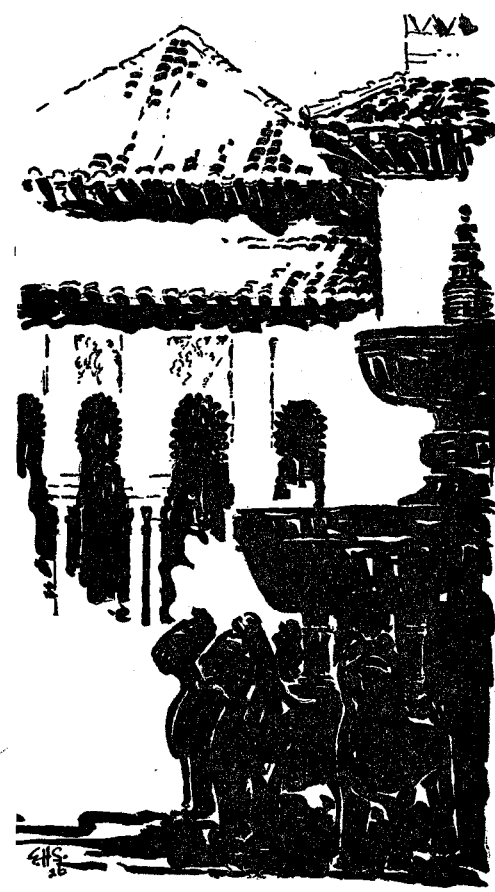
work giving evidence of such maturity of thought and literary power. The society in which the young lawyer had secured an excellent position was still largely made up of the old Dutch families. In the "veracious chronicle" of "Mr. Knickerbocker" free use was made of the names of these historic families, and it is related that not a few of the young author's Dutch friends found it difficult to accord forgiveness for the liberty that had been taken with their honorable ancestors in making them the heroes of such rollicking episodes.

In 1848, at the time of the publication of the first illustrated edition of the *Knickerbocker*, the criticism of the representatives of these families was renewed. This edition contained, in an extended folded frontispiece, a view of Peter Stuyvesant's army entering New Amsterdam after a successful foray in New Sweden, later known as New Jersey. The representations of the old families of New Amsterdam and of the Hudson River Valley were drawn by the artist Heath in a style that was more spirited than complimentary, and the names of these families are recorded under the different figures in the procession. It was difficult for their great-grandchildren to forgive either Irving or his publisher for this frivolity.



Fountain of the Lions, Courtyard of the Alhambra

In 1814, Irving enjoyed for a few months the excitement of military service. He was appointed a colonel on the staff of Gov-

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ernor Tompkins, and during the campaign of 1814 he was charged with responsibilities in connection with the defense of the northern line of New York.

In 1810, Irving had been taken into partnership by his two brothers, Peter and Ebenezer, who were continuing as merchants and importers the business founded by their father, and on the declaration of peace in 1814 he was sent by his firm to serve as its representative in Liverpool. If the business of that year had proved successful, it is possible that Irving might for the rest of his life have remained absorbed in commercial undertakings, but in 1817 the firm was overtaken by disaster, and the young lawyer-merchant (never much of a lawyer and by no means important as a merchant) found himself adrift in England with small funds and with no assured occupation or prospects. Irving had already come into friendly relations with a number of the leading authors of the day, a group which included Scott, Moore, Southey, and Jeffrey. Scott had in fact sought him out very promptly, having years earlier been fascinated by the originality and humor shown in the *History of New York*.

After a couple of years of desultory traveling and writing, Irving completed a series of papers which were published in New York in 1819–20, and in London in 1820, under the title of *The Sketch-Book*, and it is by this volume that he is to-day best known among readers on both sides of the Atlantic. The book has been translated into almost every European tongue, and for many years it served, and it still serves, in France, in Germany, and in Italy, as a model of English style and as a textbook from which students are taught their English. In this latter rôle, it took, to a considerable extent, the place of "The Spectator" by Addison. Two years later, Murray who had published the second edition of *The Sketch-Book* brought into print *Bracebridge Hall*, and through these two volumes Irving promptly secured repute in literary circles not only in Great Britain, but on the continent. The books constitute a curious link between the literatures of the two countries. By far the larger portion of the material in each is devoted to English subjects. In *The Sketch-Book*, we have charming descriptions of rural life and vivid pictures also of corners of old-time London. In *Bracebridge*, the author brings his reader into the hall of an English squire of the early nineteenth century

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and secures for him a personal association with typical characters of English country life. Squire Bracebridge is, of course, a lineal descendant of Sir Roger de Coverley, but the Squire described by Irving has somewhat more glow and humanity. In addition, however, to these vivid pictures of English life, the two volumes contain papers which could only have been written by an American and in fact only by Washington Irving. In *The Sketch-Book* we find those two charming sketches of the Hudson River Valley, *Sleepy Hollow* and *Rip Van Winkle*, and with the English sketches in *Bracebridge Hall* Irving gives a characteristic American study, *Dolph Heyliger*, a fresh romance of Irving's beloved Hudson River.

Irving was able, through these books and through his sojourns for a series of years in England, to render distinctive service to both countries. At the close of the war in 1815, there was hard feeling on both sides of the Atlantic. The Americans felt that their English kinsfolk were domineering and were antagonistic to the prosperity and even to the continued existence of the Republic. In England the opinion was general that the Yankees were an uncultivated, half-baked, impudent lot of upstarts, that they probably would not succeed in maintaining their national existence, and in any case that England wanted to have very little to do with them. The presence in England during a series of years of a refined cultivated American gentleman, who had intimate knowledge of English life and sympathetic interest in English thought and in the English people, and whose literary capacity brought him into close relations with the leading English authors of the day, must in itself have been evidence that the new Republic was not entirely uncivilized. If it could produce one charming gentleman and able author, there were possibilities that the community contained other citizens who were not altogether objectionable.

Irving was in fact the first of the intelligent sympathetic American travelers who began the task of making a link of friendly relations between the great English-speaking peoples on the two sides of the Atlantic.

In 1826, after a year or two spent in traveling in France, Germany, and Italy, Irving was appointed by Alexander Everett, at that time Minister to Spain, attaché to the Legation at

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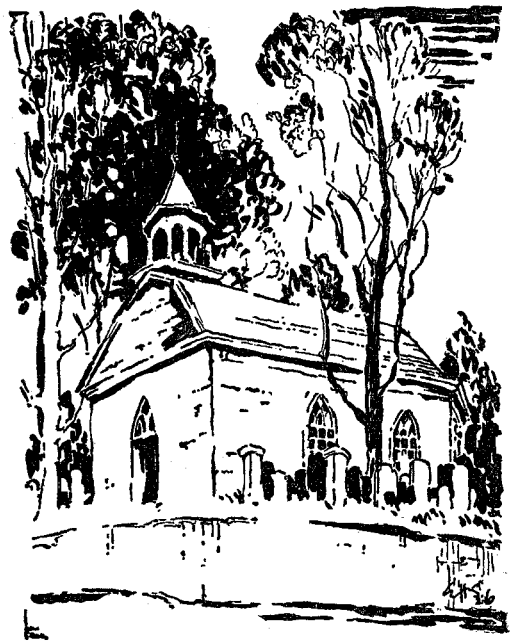

Old Dutch Church, Sleepy Hollow

Madrid, and this first sojourn in Spain had an important influence in shaping the direction of Irving's future literary work.

John Murray, Murray the second, the publisher of Byron, had made a satisfactory success with Irving's earlier works and had been liberal in his relations with his author. Irving secured from *The Sketch-Book* about £3,000, and from *Bracebridge Hall* a somewhat larger amount. *The Companions of Columbus* brought to the author about £3,500. Irving continued absorbed and fascinated with his examination of the Spanish chronicles. He made long sojourns in Granada, living for a great part of the time within the precincts of Alhambra, and later he spent a year or more in Seville. He occupied himself in collecting material for the completion of *The Conquest of Granada*, published in 1829, and for *The Legends of the Alhambra*, published in 1832. *The Alhambra* came to be known as *The Spanish Sketch-Book*.

In 1828, Irving declined an offer to write an article for "The Quarterly Review", of which his friend Murray was the publisher, on the ground, as he wrote, "that the Review [then under the editorship of Gifford] has been so persistently hostile to our country that I cannot draw a pen in its service." This episode may count as a fair rejoinder to certain of the home critics who were then accusing Irving (as half a century later Lowell was, in like manner, accused) of having become so much absorbed in his English sympathies as to have lost his patriotism.

In 1832 Irving returned to New York, having been absent from his country for seventeen years. His fellow citizens welcomed him, not a little to his own discomfiture, with a banquet given at the

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City Hall, where the orator of the evening addressed him as the "Dutch Herodotus". Later in the year, he made a journey through the territory of the southwest, an account of which he published under the title of "A Tour on the Prairies". His description of St Louis as a frontier post, and of the great wilderness extending to the west of the Mississippi, makes to-day interesting reading. Returning from his journey by way of New Orleans, he visited Columbia, South Carolina, where he was the guest of Governor Hamilton. The Governor, who had just transmitted to the legislature the edict of nullification, insisted that the author must repeat his visit to the State. "Certainly," responded the guest, "I will come with the first troops." President Jackson had just called out the militia in order to enforce upon South Carolina the authority of the national government.

In 1834, Irving declined the Democratic nomination for Congress, and in 1838 he put to one side the Tammany nomination for Mayor of New York and also an offer from President Van Buren to make him Secretary of the Navy.

In 1842, Irving accepted from President Tyler the appointment of Minister to Spain. The suggestion had come to the President from Daniel Webster, at that time Secretary of State. On Irving's return to New York in 1848, he met with a serious disappointment. His books were out of print, at least in the United States, and his Philadelphia publishers assured him that as there was no longer any public demand for his writings it would be an unprofitable venture to put new editions into the market. They took the ground that the public taste had changed and that a new style of authorship was now in vogue. This report was a serious shock to Irving not only on the ground of the blow to his confidence in himself as an author, but because his savings were inconsiderable, and he needed the continued income that he had hoped to secure from his pen. His personal wants were few, but he had always used his resources generously among a large circle of relatives, and having neither wife nor child, he had made a home at Sunnyside for his aged brother Ebenezer, and at one time for no less than five nieces. In the year 1856, in which I visited at Sunnyside, his brother Ebenezer and three nieces made up his family circle.

Irving took a desk in the office of his brother John Treat Irving,

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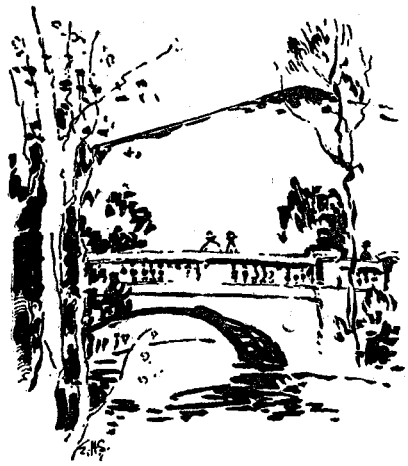
and to John he now spoke of the necessity of resuming the practise of law. He was at this time sixty-five years of age, and as it was forty years since he had touched a law book, it is hardly likely that he could have made himself of much value as a counselor.

One morning, early in 1848, Washington came into John's office in a cheerful frame of mind. He tossed a letter over to his brother, saying: "John, here is a fool of a publisher willing to give me $2,000 a year to go on scribbling." "The fool of a publisher" was my father, George P. Putnam, who had recently returned from London where he had for eight years been engaged in the attempt to interest the English public in buying American books.

It may be mentioned here that between the years 1848 and 1859, the date of Irving's death, my father was able to pay no less than $250,000 for returns from writings that the Philadelphia publisher had thought were no longer wanted by the public. A large portion of this amount came from the author's last production, — *The Life of Washington.*

In December, 1852, Irving wrote to his American publisher a letter of thanks, which is noteworthy as an expression both of the sense of fairness and of the modest nature of the man. He recalled that Mr. Putnam had been willing to risk the further investment required for reprinting Irving's earlier books, although publishers of experience had declared that their public was no longer interested in Irving's writings. That this expression of friendship was not a mere empty courtesy Irving had the opportunity a few years later of making clear.



Washington Irving Memorial Bridge, Sleepy Hollow

In 1857, partly because of the general financial disasters of the year, but more directly as a result of the mismanagement of his financial partner, Mr. Putnam was obliged to make an assignment of his business. Irving received propositions from a number of other

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publishers for the transfer of his books, the commercial value of which was now fairly assured. From several of these propositions, he could have secured more satisfactory returns than were coming to him under the arrangement that had been in force. He declined all the suggestions, however, writing to his publisher to the effect that as long as a Putnam remained in the publishing business he proposed to retain for his books the Putnam imprint. Such an episode is interesting in the long and somewhat troubled history of the relations of authors with publishers, and it may be considered as equally creditable to both parties.

My father's home during the '50's was in North Yonkers, and from time to time on a Sunday afternoon he utilized his one-horse shay for a visit to his friend and author at Sunnyside, and on these visits I was often his companion. I remember on one Sunday afternoon, it must have been in 1858, we found Irving sitting behind his modest open table desk. The notes for *The Life of Washington* (he was then working on the fourth volume) were on the table, kept down by pebbles which the old gentleman had secured from the garden walk. The study was on the first floor, and one or two of the French windows had been opened for air. A mischievous breeze fluttered in, displacing some of the stones and blowing the notes about the floor. As father and I picked up the notes, my father said: "Mr. Irving, this is not a suitable table for the work of a historian. You must let me send you one of those new pigeon-holed desks in which your papers can be arranged properly, and perhaps you will let me take the old table in exchange." Irving grunted something which my father chose to accept as an assent, and in the course of the following week the pigeon-hole desk went up to Sunnyside and the wagon brought back the old table. This table, with a silver plate inserted, recording the books that had been written upon it, is still in the possession of the family.

On the following Sunday we again visited Sunnyside, and I assumed that my father would be receiving the thanks of his author. As we entered the study, we found the old gentleman in a temper which was for his sweet nature most unusual. "Putnam," he growled, "I have put my notes in those confounded pigeon-holes and I can't find a note. *The Life of Washington* will now never be finished, and it is all your fault." "Why, Mr. Irving,"

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said my father, "you have not labeled the pigeon-holes; of course the notes ought not to be distributed without means of finding them. Now you take Haven out for a walk, and before you go, call the girls downstairs and we will arrange the notes together." The "girls" of that day were the three nieces of his old brother Ebenezer. They were well over middle age, but Washington had never used for them any other term than girls.

The final, and in some respects the greatest of Irving's productions, *The Life of Washington*, was completed by the author on his seventy-sixth birthday, in 1859, and a month or two later he had the pleasure of holding in his hands the printed volume. His death came on the 29th of November of the same year. His body was laid to rest in the beautiful little graveyard of the Sleepy Hollow Church.

Irving occupied an exceptional position among the literary workers of his country. It was his good fortune to begin his writing at a time when the patriotic sentiment of the nation was taking shape, and when the citizens were giving their thought to the constructive work that was being done by their selected leaders in framing the foundations of the new state. It was given to Irving to make clear to his countrymen that Americans were competent not merely to organize a state, but to produce literature. He was a clear-headed and devoted patriot, but he was able to free himself from the local feeling of antagonism toward the ancient enemy Great Britain, and from the prejudice against other nations, always based upon ignorance, that is too often confused with patriotism.

Irving's early memories and his early writings had to do with the events and with the productions of colonial days. Addison and Goldsmith are the two English writers with whose works his productions, or at least those relating to English subjects, have been most frequently compared. His biography of Goldsmith shows the keenest personal sympathy with the sweetness of nature and the literary ideals of his subject. Irving's works came, therefore, to be a connecting link between the literature of England (or the English-inspired literature of the colonies) and the literary creations that were entitled to the name American, and they expressed the character, the method of thought, the ideals, and the aspiration of English folk on this side of the Atlantic.

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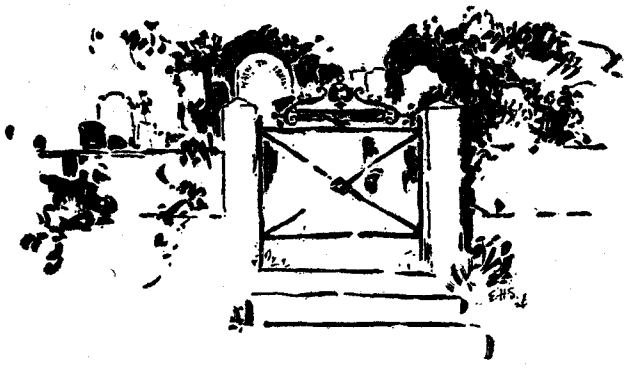
The Life of Washington constituted a fitting culmination to the literary labors of its author. Irving possessed one qualification which is lacking in the make-up of not a few conscientious and able historians. His strain of romance and his power of imagination enabled him to picture to himself and to make vivid for his reader the scenes described and the nature, the purpose, and the manner of thought of each character introduced. The reader is brought into personal association with the force and dignity of the great leader; with the assumption, the vanity, the exaggerated opinion of his powers and ability of Charles Lee; with the sturdy patriotism, the simple-hearted nature, persistence, and pluck of the pioneer fighter Israel Putnam; with the skill, leadership, and unselfishness of Philip Schuyler; with the pettiness and bumptiousness of Gates; with the grace, fascination, and loyalty of Lafayette; and with the varied attainments and brilliant qualities of that wonderful youth Alexander Hamilton. We are not reading simple descriptions, we are looking at living pictures. The historic narrative has the quality of a vitascope.

In those charmingly distinctive stories, the *Sleepy Hollow*, the *Rip Van Winkle*, and the *Dolph Heyliger*, Irving had utilized his beloved Hudson as the pathway of his imagination. In his account of the career of Washington, an account which includes a fairly complete history of the Revolution, the valley of the Hudson had to be studied from a different point of view. Irving realized the importance of the valley in connection with the plans and the management of the several campaigns. The river no longer gave suggestion for legend and story, but became the scene of military operations upon the outcome of which depended the success of the several campaigns and the final existence of the Republic itself.



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FORUM DEFINITIONS

An Editorial Announcement

MOST men agree that the greatest source of moral and social fog is loose thinking; yet what man has ever been heard to admit that he was a loose thinker? Familiarity with words breeds contempt for their individuality; we marshal them not according to their worth, but according to their size and weight, and send them forth to do battle with other phalanxes of words recruited on the same principle. The waste is terrific; and both sides are humbled. The fruits of rhetorical victory are distributed only after the battle has ceased and the wounded parties sit down to define their issue, which they might have done at the outset. That is another way of saying that we humans behave like schoolboys who have to bloody each others' noses before they can make friends.

In 1917 there was, for example, a lot of talk about "Americanism". On most tongues that word meant virtually anything that favored the Allied cause. On the same tongues to-day it doubtless means anything that keeps us out of the Allies' clutches. Or does it?

THE FORUM proposes to find out once and for all, if it can, with the help of its nimble-witted readers, just what "Americanism" does mean. Also what is meant by several other "self-evident" terms! Terms which we scoop up in handfuls and fling at the heads of our opponents, the better to prove whatever cause may be ours. Arguments are so often "won" by the man who gets off a high-sounding word first! What a handy weapon, for instance, was that dear old obsolescent term "Pro-German", — all you had to do, to settle *any* discussion, was to be the first to say it and drop your fist on the table with a bang.

Another champion quick-change artist, still capable of turning up in almost any disguise that may suit your purpose, is "Radicalism", — indeed the whole "ism" tribe is suspiciously versatile.

As for "Immoral", it would take an Einstein to calculate the refraction that occurs in its progress from the lips of Mr. Sumner to the ears of a thousand attentive listeners. The chances are that it is meaning, at that particular moment, precisely a thousand and one things.

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Words are like rifles; any one can shoot them off, and even if you miss the target, as you probably will unless you're a Professor of Logic, your bullet will hit *some* meaning. President Coolidge not long ago shot off that very serviceable old stand-by "Tolerance" and brought down a low-flying bird on which it is safe to say that Mr. Darrow or Mr. Mencken or Mr. Van Loon, scanning their illimitable horizons, wouldn't even have wasted a cartridge.

Editors of magazines are not only irrevocably addicted to the shooting off of words; they are continuously and mercilessly exposed to verbal sharpshooters, — if not to plain verbal assault and battery. And many a highly charged manuscript goes back to its author simply because the latter had written about one quantity and called it by the wrong name all the way through. Many a potential FORUM debate fails of admission to our hospitable columns because two inspired and mortally adverse orators are saying the same thing and don't know it. Very positive people pride themselves on weighing their words, but they place such ponderous words on such delicate scales that Justice is defeated by "Logic", for she can't be expected to balance hundredweights with ten-gram units.

If you think that Editors are over-finical, try an experiment at your own easy-going dinner table. Invite your wife and your Sophomore son and your sixteen-year-old daughter and your distinguished guest to analyze the resounding opinion you have just handed down from the head of the table, — that "Civilization is on its last legs" or that "a cynic is a man who doesn't believe in God." You, of course, being a clear thinker, know exactly what *you* mean by "civilization", "cynic", and "God", and being the benign and important personage you are, you take it for granted that the amiable creatures at your table know what you mean, for they've never questioned your conclusions. But in the interests of exactitude, just ask them to write down on paper, without consulting each other, without your prompting aid, their definition of each of the three terms. And see!

No doubt in the case of your own tranquil family no serious casualties will ensue, for they will soon feel the expediency of yielding to your superior instinct for the *mot juste*. But in the family of States and Nations mental untidiness takes on a more sinister aspect. It causes blunders of the greatest magnitude; it is

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symbolized in the millions of mangled bodies that Progress has had to go stumbling over. (Incidentally, "Progress"; does it mean to you what it means to us?)

THE FORUM is dedicated to the task of clearing away fog, and there are at least a dozen words in daily use, practically indispensable words, concerning which there is altogether too much haziness. Will you not help to establish their contours?

This preamble is by way of stating that the Editors are prepared to publish the results of a friendly Definition Contest which will be carried on through at least twelve consecutive issues of the magazine. The mechanics of the contest will be as follows:

Each month, beginning with the present issue, a subject will be proposed by the Editors. Any one, — man, woman, or child; white, black, or yellow; citizen or alien, — is invited to send in his definition of the term announced. The definition should be as brief and epigrammatic as possible, and definitions exceeding *one hundred words* will probably go straight into the waste paper basket. The only definitions ever remembered are short ones.

All definitions submitted must be typewritten. And though no copies will be returned to the sender, whether postage be enclosed or not, the manuscripts should bear the name and address of the author, inasmuch as payment will be made at the rate of five dollars for each definition selected for publication. These will of necessity be limited in number. Probably ten or fifteen will be the maximum number of definitions printed of any given term.

Naturally it would be unthinkable, not to say boring, to attempt publication of all the definitions submitted. In making a selection, the Editors will try to include every divergent connotation which seems significant, provided it fulfils the usual requirements as to style, sincerity, and clearness. In other words, the Editors will in no sense be passing judgment upon the truth of the definition, but merely upon its quality, which is an inevitable editorial function. Care will be taken to avoid duplications, and in cases where there are many definitions of a certain type, that specimen which seems to be the most effectively or felicitously presented will be published to represent that particular group. This being so, a good majority definition may in certain cases be obliged to yield place to a striking minority one in order that the whole range be covered. No personal prejudices on the

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part of the committee will be allowed to influence selection.

Final decision as to the *best* definition will be left to the great mass of FORUM readers, who will have an opportunity to vote for their favorites. Each month, along with the published definitions, there will be a coupon upon which any reader may record his vote, expressing his preference (first place, second place, and third place) for the printed definitions which he considers most apposite. In a subsequent issue the most popular definition will be reprinted, along with the name of the author.

Each person may submit as many definitions as he wishes, though nobody will be allowed more than one vote. Members of the editorial staff will be excluded from the contest, and they will constitute a board from whose decisions there will be no appeal. The Editors are frankly as curious to see what the contest will bring forth as they assume the readers of THE FORUM will be.

Owing to the fact that the contents of a monthly magazine must be assembled weeks before the magazine actually reaches the subscribers and the news-stands, the term to be defined will have to be announced two months in advance of the issue which will contain the definitions of that particular term. The definitions of the word announced in this issue will not appear before the June issue of THE FORUM. The definitions of the word announced in April will appear in July, and so on. The results of the balloting will be published in subsequent issues.

And now the ground is cleared for the announcement of the first term to be defined. It is our rough and ready old friend —

AMERICANISM

What, pray, does it mean? Here is an occasion not only to match your skill with many contestants worth the exertion, but also to do the reading and thinking public a genuine service. It is quite possible that as soon as you try to define the word you will for the first time discover what it really stands for.

Definitions of "Americanism" must be in THE FORUM office by midnight of April 1, 1926. If received later, they cannot be considered for competition or publication. It will greatly facilitate the work of the committee if you will send them in as early as possible. All definitions should be addressed as follows: "Definition Editor, THE FORUM, 247 Park Avenue, New York City."

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THE NEXT FORTY YEARS

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

THE position of THE FORUM on its fortieth birthday is like that of a canoe battling upstream in the current of national life. It seems to be gaining on the rapids faster than ever before. Somewhere ahead, before the fiftieth anniversary comes upon us, there may be a lake of smoother paddling where we can afford to brood upon the waters. Such a happy state of assurance THE FORUM has attained only once before in its history in the "golden nineties", under the masterful editorship of Walter Hines Page.

THE FORUM of to-day has, if possible, less bias, less a tendency to moralize than forty years ago. It is even more controversial. In this issue we announce THE FORUM as no longer a magazine of discussion merely, but a magazine of controversy. Truth to-day has more facets than ever before, and each assemblage of facts is open not to two but to many interpretations and theories, any one of which, to an impartial mind, may be as near the truth or as far from it as any other. Better let all the disputants be heard, even though occasionally we admit the devil's advocate. In doing this, of course, we incur the displeasure of the timid and conciliatory. We are said to be stirring up passions and troubling the public nerves. Instead, we hope we are helping to clear away low-hanging fogs and to dispel the fears that come from uncertainty and misunderstanding. Let the timid keep away from THE FORUM. Let the all-wise and cocksure give us a wide berth.

This is an era of definition. After a century of unthinking hospitality America has recently closed her gates abruptly to the tide of immigration. We Americans are taking count of stock. We are girding up our loins for a new day. We are heeding the sign "Stop! Look! Listen!" in our national life. A new American consciousness is dawning in this post-war period which THE FORUM proposes to play its part in interpreting.

Apply this principle of definition to the American vocabulary. Words that have been our slogans in the past have become associated more with passions than with ideas. "Americanism", "nationalism", "democracy", "success", "low-brow" and

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"high-brow" mean to some of us about as much as jabberwocky to little Alice.

"Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas," she said, "only I don't exactly know what they are." To dispel uncertainty and confusion, to refine the metal of a few important words, THE FORUM has inaugurated in this Anniversary Number a Definition Contest. Let us put the coinage of the American vocabulary on a gold rather than a nickel basis.

Compare the texture of the first volume of THE FORUM with that of to-day and you may find the style of the essays of 1886 more even and mellow and rhetorical. American prose has suffered a series of earthquakes designed to give it virility and variety, if not poise. The articles are shorter now, more "snippety" if you insist, befitting a more crowded age; brevity is the spice of whatever wit the pages of THE FORUM may offer. The magazine holds conservatively to the single column, the book page. But poetry and fiction are added to the table of contents, and illustrations. For we are loath to give up the American art of the illustrator,— woodcut, etching, drawing,— despite the competition of photography.

The comparison made on another page of the national problems discussed in the first and the current number of THE FORUM shows a similarity little short of incredible. All the way from church to bread-and-butter the issues placed before the readers of 1886 no doubt seemed so acute that they believed they must be settled before the end of that particular year of grace. Yet here we are still discussing labor unions, spiritualism, the Roman Catholic Church, and even Florida.

There are differences, nevertheless, slip-backs, and steps ahead-a-little which indicate how strong the current will run during the next forty years. First and most important, the great slip-back, the most violent recession in human progress that has taken place since Barbarism beat down Rome. Even the Renaissance did not boost mankind more feet uphill than the World War has shoved us back. Anyone who has tried to glide uphill the first time on skis can make his own simile. In the haughty eighties we children regarded war as a barbarous business which a more enlightened world had outgrown, no longer possible except among still primitive peoples. Science and invention piled new tools in our

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arms, until suddenly we found, even while we repeated the creeds of peace in our churches, that nightmare had become reality in midday; we realized that the creeds were still empty formulas; that we were still children, helpless and savage children, destroying our flimsy civilization, and mowing each other down by myriads with the novel implements that reluctant nature had yielded into our unskilled hands.

The Editor has just returned from Europe from a winter pilgrimage to countries revisited after five years. An audience with the Pope, an hour with George Bernard Shaw, a family wedding in old Swedish Upsala, the opening of the Reichstag, are a few of the unforgettable impressions left on his mind; courageous France now querulous and complaining, Italy by contrast buoyantly cheering America as her people contributed their first payment to the American debt, conversations with two hundred British authors and publicists, plucky and determined but dismayed at the future of Britain. Locarno was casting its spell of hope over Europe, but Russia was still out of the picture. As to America and our peak of prosperity, a British writer in a forthcoming number of THE FORUM will maintain that we of all nations have lost most from the war, lost in the stagnation of our ideas and our ideals.

Even the casual traveler through Germany to-day senses a change in the five years in the direction of hope. Where no porter was in evidence then to take the bags, or if he had appeared he could not have been trusted, now he comes forward quietly and offers to deliver your bags at the next train without worrying you about checks or parcel rooms. There is poise and purpose about the movement of the crowds in contrast to the nervousness of five years ago. Of all European countries Sweden perhaps offers the most assurance of progress and stability; at work, well-fed, well-clothed, with time out for art and science. Providence works in mysterious ways and in Italy has chosen dictatorial methods abhorrent to American ways of thinking to set the Italian people again on the highway of progress. The same theory of government does not suit every nation; some day, who knows, we shall look with less consternation on the ways of His Satanic Proletarianship in Russia. As for France, some say she too needs a dictator; hardly that; neither Mussolini's ways nor Lenin's ways are French

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ways. But France does need a steady hand, a consistent policy, an application of her famous talent for definition, of facing the facts squarely, and getting down to brass tacks to bring the underlying well-being of her people to bear upon the stability of her national economic structure. Great Britain also will muddle her way through. Her unemployment problem will eventually be solved by a combination of five factors: revival of international trade, emigration, agriculture, education of the unskilled into the skilled laborer, and a solution of the coal mess with which Britain's best brains are wrestling. Meanwhile at Locarno a second peace has been proclaimed over Europe, and an expert on foreign affairs is writing for THE FORUM a paper entitled "The United States of Europe".

In the machinery of national government it is unlikely that the changes of the next forty years in the United States will be considerable. The framers of our Constitution builded better than they knew. America, as President Coolidge believes, will become more American. But in our popular conception of internationalism distinct changes are imminent. The world has contracted and we have expanded. It will be difficult to hold aloof from the courts and conferences of assembled nations. Whether or not we believe that there will be wars and more wars to end wars, we must admit that never before in history has there been such a ferment as just now to discover ways and means of suppressing the institution of war. The discussion of War and Peace in THE FORUM during the past year has indicated that mankind by nature and natural conditions is willy-nilly still subject to war to provide room for population and sustenance as well as to indulge in our inherent biologic urges. But may there not be a way out sooner than these scientists indicate? We can cage the leopard without waiting for him to change his spots. Can we not curb human passions even before the psychology of good-will takes root in the inner consciousness of man?

To return to THE FORUM of forty years ago and now, we do note some differences in the subjects under discussion that indicate definite progress. Material advance, such as the Panama Canal and the Federal Reserve Banks, is self-evident. Two Federal amendments have changed the tense of two popular subjects of debate. As to the in-lawing of women and the out-lawing of

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alcohol, it is no longer a question of "Ought it to Be?" but "Ought it to Have Been?" Perhaps the next forty years will rule this debate, even in the past tense, off our calendar. Business morals have vastly improved, and there are fewer offenses against the gentleman's code in affairs to be debated. Civil liberties have improved. We have not abolished lynching, but it is less frequent, and the mob seems less cruel. We are grown somewhat more tolerant, and no longer lock men in deeper and dirtier cells for thinking strange thoughts than for committing violent acts. In social-industrial sciences we have not advanced surprisingly, nor are we likely to. We discuss capital and labor in almost the identical terms of the eighties, and labor unions which have become second-nature to Europe are as yet unrecognized by some American industries. Necessity the mother of invention does not get a chance in this land of raw materials, and we will continue to import our social innovations from Europe.

The fate of prophets is notorious, yet THE FORUM is bold, and we are rash enough to outdistance even Mercury and pose as the American Merlin. For science it is easy to predict strides undreamed of in the next forty years, and THE FORUM will keep its readers alert in advance. How much more glibly than our fathers do we gossip about eon and atom. We humans shrink at our utter nothingness when we hear from the astronomers that the very heavens of which our own solar system is less than a millionth part is nothing but one galaxy floating about space like a huddled string of beads and that we can already catch the gleam of other galaxies beyond. As to life and intelligent beings, what are the possibilities of Mars and Venus to those of the myriad planets that no telescope can see? We grow a bit more bold, however, when we are told we have a long time before our earth comes a cropper. And we actually become inflated with pride when we find that human skill can detect the millionth part of an atom. Meanwhile the pranks of more domestic sciences, the movies and the radio, will offer comedy and burlesque lest our minds crack with too much contemplation of the infinite and the infinitesimal. And by-the-by, there is that coming debate on who shall own the radio waves.

There is another sobering thought: religion. The Anniversary Confessions of various creeds now appearing in THE FORUM con-

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stitute another attempt at definition, to get out of the nebulous state and see just where we stand together or beg to differ. Stockholm last summer was the scene of a vast Ecumenical Congress of Protestant and Orthodox, and Rome the focus of a Holy Year that marks a renaissance of Roman Catholicism in scholarship and converts throughout the world. In these days there is being launched in very friendly emulation of the Jewish and the Catholic encyclopedias, a great American Encyclopedia of Christianity heralded to be a compendium of the facts and theories of Christendom interpreted in the light of a free, tolerant, and unprejudiced western scholarship. Christendom as well as iconoclasm is on the march, and it is marching in harmony. Conferences on life and work have begun, conferences on faith and order will follow, federalization will come, but not in our time, and unity before the third millennium. Though the practical theologian cannot do so, let the poets cry, as did Selma Lagerlöf at Stockholm, Unity! Unity! Unity!

And finally there is art, the beautiful handmaiden of all progress. Is our predicted American Renaissance a delusion or a definite promise? The so-called "lesser arts", jazz and advertising, and what are the others? show a certain barbaric originality. Our landscape and religious mural painters exhibit not so much originality as brilliant technique. Our skyscrapers, once derided by the art critic, begin to manifest signs both of uniqueness and of real beauty: another subject for a coming FORUM debate! In this issue Carl Van Doren shows that the iconoclasm of forty years apexing in Sinclair Lewis and in Mencken has opened the windows of our stuffy literature and put at our disposal new materials for a poetry, novel, and drama that need neither to deceive nor to deride but can begin to dream new dreams in confidence and security. Perhaps when the fervor of the Coolidge age of prosperity has abated and we have time to collect our ideas, or take time, when quality appears to be almost as profitable as quantity, we will begin to riot with Beauty. The closing of the Immigration door is an insurance for a new and compact national consciousness. Who knows but we will melt and fuse into some distinguished expression of our national purpose as noble as our health and our energy. In our day the American Renaissance, perhaps; no harm to hope and to pray.

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BIG MUSIC

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Original Woodcuts by Allen Lewis

All over the country there is the tradition of a super-lumber Jack, who performs amazing feats. He is best known as Paul Bunyan, the name by which he goes in the lumber camps of New England and the Northwest, but in the mountains of West Virginia he is called Tony Beaver, and has his lumber camp in a mythical spot known as "up Eel River", where every impossible thing may happen.

DOGGONE IT! I wish that ole Tony Beaver would quit being so all-fired reckless! Why the next thing you know that feller'll turn the world bottom side up jest fer to see how would she look thataway.

Ain't you all heard tell of Tony Beaver? Why he's that myrac'-lous feller belongs here in the lumber camps of West Virginia. He's got him a log camp up Eel River, and it's the truth, the things what happens thar sure is all outer the common. Eel River's right hard place to locate too. You won't find it on none of the maps, and yer mighty apt not to git thar at all lessen Tony sends that thar path of his'n out to fetch you. That path sure is a mighty handy little trick. Tony he happened on it one day when he was coming along through the woods. First off it looked to be jest a common enough little trail going along 'bout its business, not paying no 'tention to nobody, with moss and ferns hanging on to it, and little gray rocks poked up through it. But the minute Tony set foot on it, Whoopee! The blamed thing squirmed right out from under him, and pitched him over in the bresh.

"Hey! Doggone you! What in the thunder air you up to!" Tony bawls at it mighty mad, fer whar Tony Beaver sets his foot, thar he aims to have it stay. With that he jumps back ergin on the path with both feet good and hard. But ergin she humped up and bucked him off.

Well, Sirs! Tony set back thar in the bresh and studied that

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"She's busted!" he hollers. And with that he commenced to dance and to fiddle fit to kill heself

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frisky little trick fer quite a spell, and when he done that he seen it wan't struck down to the ground like most trails, but was kinder loose and free. So then he went to one end of it, and ripping it away from the ground, rolled it up, and tuck it back to camp jest like it was with the moss and ferns and little gray rocks swinging on to it. Thar he tamed the critter, and now when he wants a person to visit him, he jest sends that little path out with two of the hands. The stranger steps onto it, and one hand walks in front onrolling the path, and the tother comes erlong behind rolling it up. And that's the onliest way I know of a person kin git to Eel River.

Well, now, I can't take you all to Tony's camp, but if you'll spread yer years, I'll pour a tale into 'em erbout how the big music busted in. Well, Sirs! Tony sure was fooling with something powerful dangerous *that* time! Yit the whole thing commenced with nothing more'n a little drop er dew. Jest pure common dew, like what a person kin see any nice summer morning laying over the leaves and grass, and swinging onto the spider webs.

Tony he was 'way off in the woods one day all to heself jest at sunup, when all to once he ketched a wink from a dew drop laying thar on a bunch of green moss. And seeing as he was all alone, Tony he winked back at the critter.

Well, Sirs! the minute he done that, it seemed like somep'n inside him jumped up and hollered, "Dew drop! Dew drop! Look at it, you great big two-fisted Jim-bruiser, you ain't never seen a dew drop afore! Look at it! Look at it!"

Tony he did. He jest looked and looked at that dew drop with all the looks he had. It was all filled with frosty light, and yit it had a rainbow in it too, and furst the sun would twinkle it on the one side, and then it would twinkle it on the tother. And all the time it kep' setting thar so round and pretty, like it was the whole creation, and knowed a heap more'n it was aiming to tell. That kinder made Tony mad.

"Hey! You doggoned sassy little cuss!" he bawls at it. "Don't you know I could bust yer head off with one finger?"

But the little critter didn't sass him back nor nothing. It jest kep' right on twinkling thar to itself, and the more Tony looked

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at it, the more awe-struck he got, fer he seen he was looking right into the very heart of creation itself.

By now all the little birds had done chirped the sun up right high, and Tony tuck a great skeer that his little dew drop would melt. So all in a hurry he commenced plucking up leaves and moss to kiver it over. He worked like he couldn't work fast enough, and when he had it all safe, he was dripping wet, and panting like he'd run a mile, — for you know a feller's bound to sweat if he aims to beat the sun.

Then, having got sorter acquainted with one dew drop, Tony commenced to see all of 'em like it was fer the furst time. 'Feared like, everywhar he'd look the sun was winkling, and twinkling dew drops at him. Tony set thar in a maze, jest fa'rly carried away with the sight, and seemed like he could hear every last one of them sparklers hollerin' out at him, "Brother! Brother!"

By now the sun commenced to lap them dew drops up off'n the leaves and spider webs, and all of 'em went like they was glad to go, hopping away into the sun like they was jumping into their daddy's lap.

About then a right peculiar thing come to pass. Thar was a little feller in camp what all the hands called Fiddling Jimmy, 'count of him allus playing tunes on his fiddle, and now as Tony set thar kinder dazed, watching them dew drops hop off into the sun all so round and pretty, it seemed like he heard that little fiddler playing a tune somewhar right close. That tune it come nigher and nigher, 'til d'rectly Tony thought he was riding erway on it, like he was riding a saw log down stream. But when the last little dew drop had hopped away to, — well to wharever it is they does go, — he found heself still setting thar with his mouth gapping open.

"Well, I will be dogged!" he says, "An' that's what happens every morning, and me never knowing it afore!"

Then he peeked down at the twinkle of dew he'd saved, and right that minute he knowed he'd ketched thar a drop outer the heart of all the world, and that what was in it was the sap in him too, and in all the varmints and critters, and rocks, and rivers, and green things in all creation.

And when Tony bumped ergainst that big thought he goose-fleshed up all over, fer he seen he was thinking too wide, and in

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another pair of seconds he'd slip right out over the edge and be whar, — well it's the truth, I don't know whar he would be! And Tony didn't know neither, but he give a powerful jump back in his mind from all that wide kinder thinking, and it seemed like he couldn't git back whar other humans was fast enough. He stuffed his little dew drop into the bosom of his shirt, and lit out fer camp so fast he fa'rly burnt the trail up behind him.

Well, when Tony hit camp, and smelled sweat and sawdust, and heard the good human sound of all the hands working and cussing together, it eased up that cold feeling down the spine of his back, and he ketched his breath, looking around fer a good place to hide his dew drop.

He'd jest got it all kivered up nice under the roots of a white pine when he turns about and seen that little hand by the name of Fiddling Jimmy leaning up ergainst a sapling looking at him.

Now thar was somep'n right peculiar about that little feller. He was mighty clear and wide betwixt the eyes, and had a look like he knowed a heap more'n he could tell with his tongue, so he had to try to git it out by fiddling.

Tony seen right off that the little feller sensed he'd been fooling with somep'n powerful dangerous, so he lighted into him furst.

"Hey!" he bawls, "what in the thunder was you doing fiddling when every other hand was on the job?"

"Me?" says the tother looking s'prised.

"Yes, *you!* I heard you fiddling out in the woods this morning jest at sunup."

"*Jest at sunup!*" Jimmy hollers, looking powerful interested, and kinder awe-struck too. "Aw no, Tony, that wan't me. You know what it was."

"I'll be dogged if I do!" Tony answers him back.

"It was the *big music*," the tother says, letting the words out right soft and respectful like.

"THE BIG MUSIC!" Tony says his mouth gapping open, and the goose-flesh walking up the spine of his back ergin.

"Look ahere, Tony, you better tell me all erbout it," the Fiddler says mighty earnest and solemn.

And looking at him Tony seen he'd better. So he hands it all out to him, how he got acquainted with his dew drop, and how all at once he seen dew drops and everything else different from

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what he ever had seen 'em afore, and then how the music come so close it seemed like he was riding erway on it.

"Tony, you'd better mind how you go looking and looking at dew drops, and hearing music jest at sunup," the Fiddler warns him, "or the furst thing you know you'll look a hole spang through to the tother side, and *then* the big music'll bust in on us sure 'nough!"

"Well, I wouldn't keer if the big music *was* to come!" Tony hollers out looking powerful mad and dangerous. "Things has got mighty hide-bound and mean-spirited round this here camp, and thar's a heap of spite going on. Maybe if the big music busts in it'll kinder sweep things cl'ar ergin. An' anyhow," he lets fly at the Fiddler, "it ain't for you to talk! You been fiddling holes all round this camp ever since you struck it. Why look ahere!" he bawls jabbing his finger into the air. "Here's a place right this minute, whar you fiddled 'My Old Kaintucky Home' what's so thin a person kin nigh run his whole hand through it. And what with you all the time playing 'Dixie' and 'The West Virginia Hills', and all them other tunes, you got the whole place punched as full of holes as a porous plaster, and why we ain't had the big music in on us afore this is a wonder to me!"

"Well, if she comes, she comes! An' I don't keer!" the Fiddler says cutting a kind of a pigeon-wing.

"I don't keer neither!" Tony hollers out, all fired up. "And by the breath of the gray rocks, I'll turn that thar dew drop loose to-morrow jest at sunup!"

"*Jest at sunup!* Great Day in the Morning!" Jimmy busts out, his eyes dancing, and him dancing with 'em.

Well, now you all kin easy see what sorter dangerous doings Tony and the little fiddler was up to that time. They didn't say nothing to nobody, but the next morning jest at daybreak, Tony tuck that powerful big cow's horn of his'n that's a whole sight bigger'n any natcheral born cow ever did have, and standing out thar on a gray rock he blowed sech er blast it fetched every feller tumbling outer the bunk house on the jump.

"Fellers," says Tony looking mighty strange an' tall in the gray light, "it's glimmering fer dawn, and I want you all to take a right good look at this little dew drop, and keep on looking at it when the sun hits it, fer it's my belief that not a one of you great

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big two-fisted Jim-bruisers ever really seen a dew drop afore." With that he showed 'em the little critter still laying thar on its green moss, all so round and pretty.

Well, that sure was mighty reckless talk, and right that minute ole Preacher Moses Mutters, what's allus sech a calamity hunter, tuck a powerful skeer.

"Oh, my *lands*, Tony!" he screeches out, "You'll have us in every kinder trouble d'rectly! Do pray take keer!"

"Man!" says Tony, flashing a criss-cross look at the ole feller that twisted him into a corkscrew, "who ever seen *me* take keer?"

And it's the truth, not a hand thar had ever seen Tony take it.

Well, all hands done like Tony told 'em, and jest looked and looked at that little dew drop. And the more they looked, the more still and awe-struck they got.

Fiddling Jimmy had tuck a stand on a high cliff er rock at the head er the holler, and he kep' a looking and a looking off into the dawn, holding his fiddle, and kinder stretching up on tip-toe like he was listening for somep'n. Right about then a yeller strand of sunlight come wavering down the mountain and hit that little dew drop, and the little feller commenced to burn with a spark o' fire, and while they was a-looking at it so awe-struck like, it burned brighter and brighter, 'til it burned itself right up into the sun and was gone. When that happened every feller thar felt the stillness inside of him kinder bust wide open, and he knowed he was right on the edge of somep'n powerful big.

Jest that minute Fiddling Jimmy, off on his rock, let loose with a powerful yell. "She's busted! She's busted!" he hollers. "*Great Day in the Morning!* The big music's busted through!" And with that he commenced to dance and to fiddle fit to kill heself.

"Oh, my lands! Somep'n terrible is coming!" ole Brother Mutters screeches out, flinging both arms round a right stout pine tree to kinder anchor heself to the ground.

By now all the fellers could hear the strangest kinder music coming from 'way off yonder somewhares, and it looked like Jimmy's fiddling up thar on his rock was kinder blazing a trail for that tother music to come in by.

Well, *Sirs!* the next thing that come to pass, was a whole panel of rail fencing floating over the ridge and down the holler, like it was riding a river a person couldn't see. And *whoop-ee!* In another

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pair of seconds that panel busted itself all to pieces, and every last one o' them gray rails up-ended and commenced to dance, whirling around and bowing to one another, back and forth and hither and yon!

"O my lands! O my lands! Jest *look* at that now!" pore ole Brother Mutters bellers out, taking a strangle holt of his pine tree, with his hair all bristling up, and his eyes hanging out of his head.

The next thing that come was a fat old lady of a haystack dancing over the ridge and down the holler, bowing and kicking up, and carrying on like she was a two year old. And you better b'lieve every hand thar made tracks to git outer *her* way in a hurry! Next thar come the prettiest little pair of young maple saplings, skipping and dancing with they branches on they hips, and cake-walking along together jest as sassy as you please.

That was jest the beginning! In another pair of seconds the full tide of the big music busted in on them, pouring down the holler in a kind of a torrent, like a river in flood. Every kind of a tune a person ever did hear, and every kind of a critter and varmint and growing thing dancing to the tunes, all of 'em wove together in the wildest sort of a jamboree. Thar was 'possums and rabbits and groundhogs, 'til you couldn't rest, and thar was b'ars and wild cats in plenty too, and strange critters what never had been seen in these mountains afore. And thar was trees and bushes and saw-logs and rocks, all jumbled and dancing together, and tunes — Who-ee! Every tune what ever was! A feller could see 'em as well as hear 'em, every color of the rainbow weaving in and out amongst all them dancing critters. Every varmint and critter thar blowing along by them tunes was dancing and laughing fit to kill theyselves. A old she-b'ar with her cubs come rolling and bounding in, doing a kind of a break-down along a little pink strand of a tune, and laughing so hard she jest natcherly had to clap her paws to her sides to hold 'em in place.

All a feller had to do was jest to jump into a tune and let it carry him on away. For when the *big* music comes it ain't like little musics, you don't dance *to* it, *it* dances you. And you'd *better* dance! For if you try to hold out erginst it, it sure will treat you mighty rough like it done pore ole Brother Mutters.

Well, all the hands in the Eel River crew, they jest let they-

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selves go to it, and one tune after another picked 'em up and swirled 'em off. And all the time Fiddling Jimmy was up thar on his rock dancing and fiddling and singing like he was plum *de*-stracted.

The fellers they all tuck partners if they could find 'em, but if they couldn't they jest flapped they arms and danced by theyselves. The Sullivan feller picked him out a right stout saw-log, and danced so hard with it that the chips flew outer the log like pop-corn hopping outer a hot griddle. That little Eyetalian hand, he found a monkey along of all the stream of foreign critters that the music fotched in. They two sure was glad to see one another, and stepped off together to the strangest kind of a wild dance ever was seen up Eel River.

But *Whoop-ee!* I wished you all could of seen Big Henry, what's one of Tony's stoutest hands, doing the polka with that old lady haystack what come over the ridge at the start! Big Henry was sorter bashful at the beginning, but once they got acquainted, they cert'ny was dancers from Dancerville! That haystack for all she was right up in years, sure was a light stepper. And courtesy — Great Day! She'd draw off from Big Henry and bob right down to the ground and up ergin, and never drap a straw! Big Henry cert'ny was taken with her, and the last the fellers seen of the two together they was going on down the stream of music with Big Henry's arm around the lady's waist, — as fer that is as it would go, — and him talking matrimony to her to the tune of "I seen my lover go round the bend."

Tony Beaver he jest danced with every last thing and critter that come by. Furst off he tuck up with a big gray rock what come footing it down the ridge early in the game. "Hey, Brother! Fall to it!" Tony sings out, and they ketched aholt of one another some way, and had a high old time together. But it's the truth, that rock was so all-fired heavy every step it tuck it went down waist deep in the music, and splashed the tunes and songs up all over everybody like they was showers of rain. And having the music splashed over 'em like that jest sent every feller off dancing harder'n ever.

Well, Tony he danced with his rock a spell, and then he broke loose from it and tuck a whirl around with a whole string of little young squirrels, what come by all sorter strung together, frisking

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they tails and jumping and barking and cracking out jokes like they was cracking nuts. Then Tony he tuck up with a field mouse and a hoppy toad, what was riding around together on the tune of "A frog he would a-wooing go". And then he danced a spell with a dogwood tree what had all busted out in full bloom ergin, though its right time of flowering was over and done with nigh a month back. It sure was a pretty sight to see that tree all kivered over with its white blooms, as graceful as a young bride, with its branches waving and twinkling to the tunes.Tony he had it for a partner for a right smart spell, and after that he danced with any and every thing that comes by, and between whiles he'd kick up high and low, and whirl round all to heself.

It sure was one of the *biggest* sights a feller ever did see, all them hands and critters dancing and laughing thar together, with the pink tunes and blue ones and red and yeller, whirling 'em all about; and Fiddling Jimmy up thar on his rock, fiddling and singing, and jest carried away in a kind of glorification.

It was a funny thing what kind of a tune the different critters would pick out to be danced by. It's like I say, when the big music comes it dances you, you don't dance to it, but every feller's free to pick his own tune. Take that string of thorn bushes now, the pretty little round kind that a person kin see most any time growing in a old run-out field: they come dancing in to the tune of "Here we go 'round the mulberry bush". All they little leaves was winkling and twinkling and clapping theyselves together, and all of 'em was giggling out the prettiest little green giggles a person ever did hear.

It was all right for them bushes to pick a little song like that, but it sure was a funny thing to see them powerful big steers of Tony's jest natcherly carried away by the tune of "Bye Baby Bunting". When it come by in all that tangle of music, them beasts they jest got right up on they behind legs and slung they tails over they arms and jest let it walse 'em away for mile upon mile. Them critters is so powerful and large that when they dances they tromples down trees and kicks great cliffs of rock outer the mountain side, and I bet "Bye Baby Bunting" never had no sech a swath cut to *it* afore. But Pshaw! They tells me a person can't never say *what* they'll do when the big music busts in.

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And it's like I say, when it comes you better mind and dance, or you're mighty apt to see the same rough time ole Brother Moses Mutters seen. That ole preacher, pore feller! He sure did set a great store by his soul, and he was allus powerful oneasy for fear it mought git lost, and if it *was* lost what in the H —— Excuse me! What in the *thunder* would he have to travel on when he hit the next world?

So when he seen them rails dancing over the ridge, and heard the big music coming, he knowed they was in for somep'n all outer plum with his kinder religion, and he ketched aholt of that pine tree like I said to sorter anchor heself down, for he knowed dancing was a sin and powerful onhealthy for the soul. But Pshaw! I tell you, you *got* to dance when the big music hits you! And try as he mought that pore ole feller jest *couldn't* keep both foots to the ground at oncet. Furst one little tune and then another'd come tickling round, and hist his leg up in time to it, and 'fore he could holler out, "*Aw my soul!*" and git that foot jammed down nice and pious to the ground ergin, here'd be the tother up in the air shaking a dance step to every jig that come by. It sure was a right pitiful sight to see that pore old feller hanging on tight to his pine tree, trying so hard to save his soul, while furst one leg and then the tother was danced out from under him, and waving up in the air like a cat shaking its foots when it steps in water.

And then d'rectly his pine tree failed him too! Whoop-*ee!* When the full tide of that music come down the holler, that tree give a great heave and a bound, and busting its roots loose, it jumped up outer the ground, and commenced to toss its branches and to dance with the rest of 'em, swirling pore ole Brother Mutters round and round with it, high and low.

Well, *Sirs!* That old pine it muster lost *its* soul long since, for it sure did take to dancing natcheral! And you better b'lieve it was a strange sight to see that tree dancing for all it was wurth, with that pore ole preacher feller dangling on to its trunk, his coat tails spread out right straight behind him, and him groaning and moaning over his soul. He didn't want to dance with the tree, but oncet he'd got aholt of it, he was skeered to let loose. And looked like the tree didn't want to dance with him nother, for it jest turned itself loose and did every kind of a scan'lous worldly

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step a person ever heard tell of, fox-trotting and cheek-dancing with the ole feller 'til you couldn't rest. And every now and ergin if the preacher wan't mighty spry the tree'd tromp down right hard on his toes, — and you all know a pine tree ain't got no light tread.

But after a spell the tree, it got plum out*done* with sech a flat-footed, mean-spirited partner, and it give a great bound and a kick and slung Brother Mutters up to a high ledge of rock way above all that tide of music. After that the pine tree hucked branches with a red oak, and the two of 'em went on down stream together kicking out jigs and cutting pigeon-wings and dancing so hard that the sap sweated out in great beads all over 'em.

Ole Brother Mutters, he lay up thar on his ledge all tousled to pieces, yammering and moaning and panting out, "Oh my soul! *It's lost! It's lost!*" and peeking down over the edge at all that swirl of music and dancing down thar below, like he was looking to see whar his soul had went. And the hands and critters what was dancing thar, they got pretty nigh tickled to death over the old feller and his soul, and 'fore they hardly knowed it, they was all dancing out a game, acting like they was hunting for the preacher's soul. They made up a little song, "Has anybody seen Brother Mutters's soul?" It went off real nice to the tune of "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" 'Course Tony Beaver, *he* had to start the thing. Him and the gray rock he was dancing with then, walsed over to Big Henry and his haystack, splashing the music up every which away as they come, and bows and sings out, "Has anybody seen Brother Mutters's soul?" Big Henry and his partner, they danced it on to that string of little young squirrels, Big Henry he bowed to the squirrels, and the haystack she bobbed a courtesy to 'em, and both together they sings, "Has anybody seen Brother Mutters's soul?" The squirrels they jurked they tails and frisked and barked it out all up and down the line, 'til d'rectly the whole shooting match, hands and critters, trees, rocks, and varmints, was all doing the ladies chain to the tune of "Has anybody seen Brother Mutters's soul?" all of 'em skipping and laughing fit to bust they heads off. It sure was scan'lous, but they tells *me* that when the big music is dancing you around, the thing that'll tickle you most is to have anybody think they *kin* lose they souls.

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And all the time Fiddling Jimmy stood up thar on his rock, with all that stream of music and dancing critters splashing and bobbing and whirling past him. One little tune after another'd come lapping up round his ankles, asking him to come on with it, but he jest kep' on whar he was, fiddling and dancing all to heself, and waiting. And then, by and by, a wonderful big tune come rolling in, that was bigger and grander than any of them rough hands up Eel River ever had heard afore. It was all blue in the middle whar the soft notes was, and pink up high, and way down gray in the low notes. It come in to a long thundering march, mighty solemn and beautiful, like the skies had opened and stood back to let it come through, and like it was rolling outer the heart of all creation. Fiddling Jimmy, he tuck one look at that big tune, and hollers out, "*Here I am!*" mighty high and joyful, like they'd been alooking for one another since the world commenced, and with that he jumped right out into the heart of it. The tune it never broke its stride, but it ketched the little fiddler up, and went on rolling away all so grand and beautiful. And all them other little tunes, they drawed up on both sides and all the dancers with them, making a kinder rainbow lane of sound, as you mought say, for that big tune and the fiddler to pass down.

And then —? Well, that was all. The minute that big tune passed away, all the rest of the big music sorter gathered itself together and blowed off to —Well, to wharever it had come from. The sound and the sight of it all died away; the hole whar it had busted through closed up right tight; all the critters and varmints scuttled away into the woods, the trees jumped back into the ground, and in the shake of a lamb's tail thar wan't nuthing to show fer it all but jest a few gray rocks laying around outer place, a little dogwood sapling in full bloom a month outer season, a parcel of husky hands all outer breath, and ole Brother Moses Mutters still lamenting up thar on his ledge. Fiddling Jimmy they never did see no more.

But every hand thar felt mighty limber and free. All the meaness and spite work was clean swep' away, for they'd seen a dew drop for the furst time, and they'd danced to the big music, and they was all kinder stretched up above they common selves.

And if any hand here don't b'lieve this tale, all he has to do is to go up Eel River, and they'll show him thar a crinkled place on

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the face of one of the high cliffs what marks the spot whar the big music busted through. And up thar they'll tell you too that when that music comes you'd better mind and dance to it, or you'll git treated like it done Brother Moses Mutters. That old feller, pore soul! His coat tails was all tore to strings, his whiskers was raveled out, and it's the *truth*, he ain't had a sprig of hair on his head from that day to this — No, Sir! *Not one sprig!*

He jest looked and looked at that dew drop with all the looks he had

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

OUR MAGNIFICENT GESTURE

THOSE of us who were twenty or worse in 1918 have, or ought to have, a very vivid memory of a new hope among the nations of the world. Even Germany, barring dispossessed Junkers, hailed the defeat as promise of a new and better day. Our allies were almost delirious with joy. The "war to end war" had been fought and won. America, "with nothing to gain," had thrown herself in on "the side of righteousness;" we were "the saviours of the world."

That nine-tenths of this expansive flourish was sentimental we soon learned. The language of self-sacrifice was "good business" during the war. As the years passed, it became increasingly evident that nations, even those lately allied, were in the main out for themselves, that the solemn warning of John McCrae —

"If ye break faith with us who die" —

was but the sign of foolish sentiment, to be lightly regarded by a practical and busy world.

Now all this is common knowledge, rehearsed over and over again, with various emotional bias, in letters to the papers, in magazine articles, and in books large and small. It would be an unpardonable platitude to rehearse it again were it not for the oddly incongruous gestures which America has been persistently making. Almost daily we affront Europe with strains of lofty idealism, — while we present the bill.

It is true, sadly true, that we have been disillusioned about Europe. Some of our late allies, who certainly owed a little to us for the successful outcome of the war, and who obviously owed a great deal of hard cash to us for the materials of war, have seemed rather slow about acknowledging their debts and slower yet about taking honest steps to meet them. Here we have given them easy terms, scandalously easy terms, yet they have the audacity to resent our telling them just what is the right way for them to behave. Grant all that to rabid American nationalists.

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But is it not also true, sadly true, that Europe is conceivably *disillusioned about us?* That never seems to occur to some of the brethren. Somehow Europeans don't seem to appreciate our monotonous repetition that "we won the war."

An article in the London "Sphere" for October 3, 1925, quotes Mr. Frank H. Simonds, in stating the American position, as saying in newspapers which are "read by several millions between the Atlantic and the Pacific": "'We feel that we have been defrauded by Europe. . . . We believe, as a people, that we saved Europe at vast expense, and that Europe not only refuses to pay a reasonable part of the cost of our effort but, in addition, declines to be permanently saved.'" "There's the rub," comments Mr. Alan Bott, the writer of the "Sphere" article. "The unjustified moral superiority annoys most. It is hard enough to pay in money as well as lives for having borne the greater burden. It is thoroughly unpleasant to be told while paying that we are settling up for having been saved at vast expense, when it is clear as daylight that the vast expense was far outbalanced by vast profit."

A pedestrian can't avoid the chuckle here that they might have known the Yankees would get them "coming and going." Every European statesman who contemplates doing business with Yankees ought to spend a year practising on Cape Cod. But a chuckle in this case is not an answer.

Nor is it an adequate answer to point out that Mr. Simonds does not represent America, officially or unofficially, or that Mr. Alan Bott may not accurately voice official opinion on the other side. Little could have been more admirable, on our part, than the patience and fairness of Secretary Mellon and his colleagues, and little could have been worthier, on England's part, than the readiness of her representatives to accept their obligations without quibble. Nor is it an answer to point out that our settlement with Great Britain amounts in fact to cancelation of 18 per cent of the debt, with Belgium to 46 per cent, and with Italy to 75 per cent. It is not the collection of the debt, in itself, that causes the rub; at least that phase does not irritate the British. It is the simultaneous tone of moral superiority.

From the European point of view, furthermore, it makes little difference that the people who are making the gesture are not the

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same as those who are patiently collecting the debt. A vainglorious people, vociferous in a vainglorious press, will sooner or later force the government's hand. At least we should look for such a result abroad, if we took the trouble at all to distinguish people and press from government; why may Europeans not fairly turn our own reasoning back on us, — especially as they are told that we have a representative government?

The point is that a writer in a widely read English journal believes that what Mr. Simonds says is a fair indication to our attitude, "*as a people.*" What is more, the "Sphere" article is probably right. An alarming number of Americans believe that we won the war, that we ought to be paid in full, and that Europe doesn't really want to be saved. When such Senators as Reed of Missouri, Hiram Johnson, Norris, McKellar, and Harrison attack the government's leniency in the Italian settlement, it ought to be obvious that there is probably a political move afoot, to set the "Farmer Vote" against "Wall Street", but the impression on Europeans is likely to be a confirmation of what they already resent.

As for winning the war, — so we did, in the sense that a fresh half-back wins a football game in the last quarter after the others have borne the brunt for three quarters. But suppose we had won it in a major sense, suppose we had sacrificed blood and treasure for four and a half years, as France and England did, it is difficult for a mind out of a flivver to see why that is an argument for parading our virtues. If we are going to put the whole matter on a practical business basis, why not drop the magnificent gesture? — the more especially as we won the war only in a minor sense.

As for the debt settlement, international finance appears to be a strangely intricate matter. Mere pedestrians, domestic bankers, even most Senators are not qualified to say what is wise. But assume that the debts must be settled by some other scheme than that of complete cancelation, if they are to be wisely settled for all parties concerned, — I suspect that we shall get nowhere permanently so long as the chief factor is *political.* At all events, we, "as a people," only make *rapprochement* impossible when we continue our magnificent gestures, pretending that we saved Europe and insisting in our press on telling her so. If

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there's really any practical common-sense in the matter, any business, this boasting would seem to be bad business.

The remaining charge in the "Sphere's" indictment is that we believe Europe doesn't want to be saved. I wonder if Mr. Bott or Mr. Simonds, publicist, realizes how little, "as a people," we know about Europe. It is common knowledge, — ask any "four-minute" speaker of war days, — that one reason we were so slow getting into the war was the fact that our people, by and large, did not take in what was going on. Our policy of "splendid isolation," for all its virtues, produced and is still producing splendid ignorance.

Of course Europe wants to be saved. Locarno is the latest, strongest evidence to that effect. But even Locarno is only a beginning. Europe is still facing a complicated, an almost desperate situation. It is a situation, furthermore, which cannot be solved by rule of thumb, or by debt settlements, or by sentimental gestures. It will take all the skill and patience of European statesmen and all the courageous modesty of fortunate on-lookers during a long period. What it needs from our press and our publicists is the sympathetic understanding already shown in reconstruction work by some individuals and organizations. If we can't advise without boasting, we had better shut up.

Assume, however, that there is no heart in the matter, that it is a cold-blooded business proposition, that the solemn warning of John McCrae was sentimental rubbish. Assume, further, that in a business proposition "good-will" is a negligible factor. Assume even, if you like, that the Allies were just as much to blame as the Central Powers, assume that Europe ought to be left to "stew in her own juice," — aren't we now old enough, grown up enough, "as a people," to refrain from preaching while we collect the bill?

Or, — if these assumptions are false, — isn't there a really magnificent gesture which we might still make?

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POETRY
EDITED BY WALTER S. HINCHMAN

Usually our groupings of poetry have considered form, as in the case of sonnet, ballad, free verse; or type, as in the case of narrative and humor. In October, however, we printed a group with reference to unity of subject,—in that instance life and immortality. In this issue we have placed together poems which deal with another subject equally absorbing to poets,—the quest of beauty.

TO THE POET, THAT HE SING

SO thou spin beauty out of all thy grief,
And capture in the fabric of a song
Earth's evanescent wonder, and the ache
Of our mortality for this dear, brief
And fleeting loveliness of the world,—
A leaf
Wind-lifted and wind-whirled,
Wind borne along;
Ay, so thou sing, not for thy pain's relief,
But for high Beauty's sake
To whom all sorrow and all joy belong,
What if thy small heart break?

For is not this the uttermost reward
That living can afford;
To add in reverence one little jot
Of joy where joy was not,—
Knowing fierce travail, and the excellent
Peace of accomplishment,
Out of our suffering to bring to birth
Beauty in beauty's dearth?
Be this thy healing, with all pain forgot:
That on thee too is Life's compulsion laid,
That may not be gainsaid.

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Lo, thou whom joy rejected now art come
As joy's ambassador
To be a gift of song to all the dumb;
Eyes that have never trembled to the light
In thee receive their sight,
Knowing through thee
A full reality
Where were but dreams before.
Unto all souls in narrow prison pent,
The sluggard spirit and the slow of heart
With whom the world holds difficult intercourse,
Life shall grow eloquent;
These, hesitant within new-opened doors,
After a little, shall venture to go free.

Unto the broken-hearted shalt thou bring
For sorrow's comforting
No facile word or easy light caress;
Hast thou not known the weight of their distress,
O thou who couldst not sing?
Surely, ah surely thou hast borne their grief!
So only shalt thou ever dare to say,
Yearning for their relief:
"What thing is this ye serve,
That doth no better offering deserve
Than these your tears?
Lo, I am come to wipe your tears away!"

— *Helen McGregor Noyes*

WHAT THEN

AND if, impelled by lesser things
Than the austerity of art,
I should forego this heart that sings,
Give up the franchise and the wings,
The thought that stabs, the word that stings —
What then, and then, my heart?

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Should I obtain an easier praise,
A warmer clash of drachmas — good!
And if I should, in awkward ways,
Remember fevered yesterdays,
The gaunt blacks and the smothered grays —
O heart, and if I should. . . .

What then, and then, O heart, my heart?
What should it recompense to hear
Contemporary trumpets start
Like smoke and like a smoke depart,
If the clean agony of art
Must also disappear?

— *Joseph Auslander*

ENGLISH CEMETERY

ROME

THIS death that creeps upon us unaware
Minute by minute, hour after hour,
Distilling in the chalice of each flower
A gradual poison, tenuous as air;
This doom that countervails each move to power,
Each heavenward leap, each architectural dare,
Till our discovering agonies can bear
Battle no longer, and like cravens, cower, —

I ask of this vast, permanent betrayal
No pause or quarter. Death's a lonely truth
Against which all the valiancies of youth,
Needlessly hazardous, may not avail.
I only ask, mid slaughter without ruth
And all else lost, that Beauty may not fail!

— *Gustav Davidson*

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HEAVENLY ALCHEMY

I HAVE seen beauty dreaming on the hills,
When Spring's shrill festival of winds and showers
Drives through the valley, and equinoctial hours
Balance the light that warms with frost that kills;
Yet do the revelers by the flooding rills
Bedeck themselves with fragile, starry flowers,
And hang the orchards as for bridal bowers
Where from the branches fluttering music spills.
Beauty is born of beauty. Youthful Spring
More gentle grows; his followers disband.
And awkward lovers, in their wandering,
Gazing upon the loveliness everywhere,
See Spring and Beauty walking hand in hand
And, in their turn, themselves become more fair.

— *Anne Hinchman*

INDISPENSABLES

WE can play thrift with sables, silk, and lace —
Coerce the palate to the loaf unspread —
Pampering the hunger that asks other bread.
Ill-housed, hard-couched, still lift a rapt glad face
To stars incredible, cumulus with a grace
Of primrose, amethyst, and sudden red.
Show us a dew-drenched rose and we are fed.
By cowslip gold the actual coin is base.
O we can pose as strict economist,
Forego a finer lodge, more splendid car,
If we behold June's annual avatar,
Worship in woods with thrush for soloist,
Keep with white trillium the April tryst,
Nor miss the surf's pale passion on the bar!

— *Julia Boynton Green*

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FORTY YEARS OF EDUCATION

FORTY years ago, in the first volume of THE FORUM, *eleven distinguished educators told of the influences which formed their habits of mind and their theories of education. These elder seers have passed from the stage; their names are to-day household words. To celebrate our fortieth birthday,* THE FORUM *has invited, from a wide possible choice, a group of modern leaders of education representing scattered localities or diverse points of view to look back over the past four decades and indicate some of the problems facing American teachers to-day as a result of the many changes in conditions and opinions that have come about during this period. Some of the contributors to this symposium prefer the past, some prefer the present; all agree that there are new problems which must be faced in a new spirit. The author of* Our Enemy the Child, *who has written with insight and authority upon the subject of modern education, has edited the symposium and contributes an interpretative introduction.*

FOREWORD

AGNES DE LIMA

MISS PIERCE was writing on the board as the visitor entered: "th. . oy. . .ph. . .ing. . .ous. . .c. . . ."

As she wrote, the children chorused the sounds after her. It was nearing the end of the morning session, and everyone was a trifle frayed. The room was rather a small place for so many people to be in, even if all they had to do was to sit quietly for hours at a time. There were seats for forty-two, but a half dozen more children were crowded along one side on chairs. Miss Pierce, a worn and wispy person, tried hard not to notice the shuffling of feet and furtive rustling of paper.

"Suppose we review our old friend, the 'cede' family," she said with an attempt at briskness, as the visitor sat down on the proffered chair. "What is the one word, Jonathan, in the whole English language that ends in *s*-e-d-e?"

Jonathan, whose lank frame was crumpled inertly in the slit between bench and desk, struggled to his feet. "S . . . s . ." he shook his head blankly. "Super . . ." whispered someone from the rear.

"I said Jonathan," glared Miss Pierce.

"Super-sede," affirmed Jonathan huskily, and collapsed again into inertia.

"Next, William, write on the board, the only three words ending in 'c-e-e-d'. No, write the prefixes first."

William dutifully wrote, "suc", "pro", "ex", bracketing them with a large "ceed".

"And, Rose, how does the rest of the family spell its name?"

"C-e-d-e," Rose smiled wanly.

"Good, now who knows the three words having 'e' before 'ing' . . . Walter?"

With a little prodding, Walter managed the list, "singe-ing, tinge-ing, dye-ing."

Thus the lesson ran on, with its dreary questioning and parroted answers. All morning long, the children had sat there in their neat little rows answering equally dreary questions on other irrelevant subjects. Irrelevant, that is, to them and to their real interests, but a logical part no doubt of the preordained course of study. . . .

Nor was this course of study an outgrown affair of forty years ago, of the bad old dark days of education, so vividly experienced by the writers in the series which follows. These notes were taken in a classroom in a New York public school no longer ago than last winter, a school indeed serving as the "model" for a training school for teachers. A whole new generation of teachers therefore is going forth trained to the notion that thus can children be "educated".

Yet, the old order is changing — a little. Bold innovators are experimenting in the field, and training schools are

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taking grudging note of it in their courses. Children, so runs the new philosophy, are not empty vessels to be crammed with facts, but personalities to be developed. The school is not to be concerned with the child's mind alone, but with his physical well-being and emotional health as well. Prevailing methods not only do damage to intellectual power by destroying initiative and stifling thought, but they manufacture physical defects and sow the seeds for future emotional disorders.

These truths are becoming widely established through the certain methods of laboratory research. As they gain wider credence, the schools gradually abandon first one and then another of their cherished traditions. Desks screwed to the floor are slowly giving way before movable chairs and tables, children themselves may move about, and even converse with one another. In the more radical centres the course of study is abandoned entirely, and the curriculum is "made on the spot", by teachers and pupils in conference, out of activities or "projects" having meaning and vitality. Meagre books and copy paper are supplemented by a rich variety of materials, — paints, clay, blocks, lumber, typewriters, stage sets, electrical appliances, — anything and everything which may invite a child to further independent inquiry and which he can put to creative use. Whole school systems, — such as Gary, Indiana, and Winnetka, Illinois, — are committed to these newer tendencies, work-study-play schools are in nearly a hundred cities, many others are experimenting with the Dalton plan, or the "project" method. Too many schools still observe the empty formalism and grinding discipline so well described by President Morgan, but an increasing number are acknowledging the rightness of a creed like that of Mr. Smith, and are putting it to fruitful practise.

MY BOY'S EDUCATION AND MINE

JOHN JAMES TIGERT

United States Commissioner of Education

FOR a career as an instructor in the classics, in philosophy, in history, or in law, I should say that my education afforded me unusual preparation. Yet I feel that such measure of success and happiness as I have derived from it was more or less adventitious. Personally, I regret that I did not have the opportunity, now provided in practically all good public schools, to pursue some training in the manual arts. Of course, we had a little drawing and a few things of that kind, but I never dreamed that work with material things, the acquisition of hand skill and coördination of mental processes with motor expression, constituted a proper part of real education.

I have a boy who is now in the seventh grade in the public schools. For some time he has been bringing home various creations which he has turned out in the woodshop. I was never more proud than when he brought me a penholder, the first thing he had ever made with his hands. There were machine marks upon it, and other evidences of imperfections in workmanship, and yet that penholder embodied for me in a very personal and direct form an opportunity which the school is furnishing to-day and which I was denied. This boy is beginning junior high school. There he will find vocational guidance and courses of an exploratory nature, which will enable him to discover the field in which he is more likely to attain success. His development will not be a fortuitous circumstance such as mine was. I can say with a fair assurance of truth that this boy to-day knows more in the seventh grade about mechanics and electricity in their practical applications than I knew when I arrived at college.

In the typical organization of my time, education was measured exactly in terms of so many years, — eight years for an elementary education, four years for a secondary education, and four years for a college education. It never seemed to occur to anyone that some might require a longer time, that others might require less, and that still others would benefit by an escape from this rigid system.

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Not long ago my boy announced that he had skipped a grade. The thought of such a thing would have created consternation in the mind of the average teacher thirty years ago. Likewise, I can remember that there were children who failed, and who somehow seemed to feel that the courses were not adapted to their needs. The mere suggestion of such a possibility aroused only contempt among those who had the schools in charge.

As I contemplate the history of education and remember that the old traditional curriculum, which I pursued with utmost faith, was developed very largely from methods and ideals established before the time of Christ, and later adapted for the training of the clergy and the gentry in feudal Europe in the days before the industrial revolution, I confess I am at a loss to understand how the system persisted so long.

There have been no more useful institutions in America than the private academies and Latin schools so familiar to the contributors of our former symposium, but these institutions, like the colleges of New England, are to play a proportionately less important rôle in American education. Not that I wish to imply that these institutions will not continue to flourish and render even greater service than they have in the past, but incomparably the greatest influence in the future will be wielded by the public high schools and State universities and colleges.

One hundred years ago there was no public school of secondary grade in this country. Now there are approximately 18,000. In 1922, enrolments in public high schools amounted to 2,873,000 pupils. The statistics now in preparation by the Bureau of Education indicate that the next report will show about three and one-half million children in the public high schools. The amazing growth of these institutions can be appreciated when we remember that thirty years ago there were only about 200,000 pupils in these schools. Likewise, while the attendance of private colleges and universities increased 113 per cent in the first eighteen years of the twentieth century, the attendance at State colleges and universities increased 309 per cent, or almost three times as fast. Privately endowed institutions are rapidly enlarging their endowments, and some of them have forty or fifty and even sixty million dollars in their productive endowments, but it would require more than $300,000,000 in permanent endowment to yield an annual income equal to that received by some of our State institutions.

In 1917, an Act of Congress provided for Federal aid for vocational education in the States. Before the end of the year, every one of the forty-eight States had accepted the terms of the Vocational Education Act. At the end of June, 1924, there had been expended in that fiscal year, under State plans approved by the Federal Board, a total of $18,842,799.26. At the present time for every dollar of Federal money expended on vocational education, there is expended under State plans nearly three dollars of State and local money. Enrolment in Federally aided vocational schools for 1924 aggregated 652,994 pupils, — in round numbers 86,000 of these were in agricultural schools; 154,000 in trade and industrial schools; 256,000 in part-time and general continuation schools; and 157,000 in home economic schools. The increase during the year in enrolment amounted to 116,465, or nearly twenty-two per cent. These are just a few of the figures and facts which point to one of the significant trends in modern education.

Beyond the vocational school we find the agricultural and mechanical college. The first of these institutions was established in Michigan shortly before the Civil War. To-day every State in the Union has a similar institution, and agriculture and the mechanic arts have been established as an important part of our higher educational system. These institutions were greatly stimulated by grants of land and cash subsidies by the Federal government. In the past decade the property of these colleges has doubled, and their income quadrupled. As my boy proceeds with his education, he will find an opportunity for culture beyond anything that was open to his father, and likewise there will be at his disposal a machinery for vocational guidance unknown in my youth. If his interest and talents lead him in that direction he will be offered possibilities for vocational training which were never suggested to me.

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EDUCATIONAL ALCHEMY

ERNEST CARROLL MOORE
Director of the Southern Branch, University of California

THE school which I attended was a lean, starved school. It taught the three R's, but it was not sanitary. It did not care for the health of its children. Its teachers heard lessons but did not discuss them. They did not encourage the reading of books or the singing of songs or the drawing of drawings or the making of anything.

There was one teacher, a young man from a neighboring farm, who had contracted tuberculosis. He instructed us and instructed us well until death took him. I shall never cease to be grateful to him for suggesting further study of the kind which he himself had attempted but, alas, could not carry on, so when I had finished the arithmetic which indicated the measure of district school endeavor I took the first money I had been able to earn and bought a Latin Grammar and a Geometry and started to the nearest Academy. I spent five years upon Latin and six upon Greek. I had a classical education, not a draft from the wisdom spring of the western world but a gymnastic exercise intended, I was told, to develop the powers of the mind. I have lived in what President Eliot has called "the most prodigious period of change through which the world has ever passed." But so far as quality is concerned, education was at its nadir in the first years of that period. It was founded upon a philosophy so false that the most superficial examination would have swept it away; but those were the days of ignorance when the faculty psychology was slowly dying and educators were themselves so indifferently educated that most of them had not discovered the new age in which they were living. The children of my time were the victims of their apathy. We were not taught literature or history or science; we were not put into contact with our world. The tide of a new life was running all about us; we were not allowed to become aware of it, for the schools stood like islands resisting that stream of change.

The men of my day were firm adherents of the dogma of formal discipline, but their great assumption that acquiring Greek, Latin, and mathematics enables one in some mysterious way to acquire more than these things has since then been subjected to experimental verification and is now known to be false. No reform has ever been effected in education that means so much as the attempt to drive the baneful doctrine of formal discipline from the schools.

IN THE DAYS OF DISCIPLINE

ARTHUR ERNEST MORGAN
President Antioch College

LET me plead guilty to treason before saying it, but contrary to all self-laudatory history, the general cultural standards of the pioneers between Ohio and the Rockies were low. Into that raw society, battling for physical existence, and governed in its spiritual aspirations by crude orthodoxy, came the public school.

Most of the teachers in our town were young women of New England blood. They were intensely conscientious and decently prepared for their work. The outstanding item in their creed was *discipline*. They were bound to overcome the slovenliness of pioneer life. Sit straight, look ahead, no whispering, and above all, *never* be late to school. The last Friday afternoon in the month was a holiday for every room where there had not been a tardiness or an absence. Sick children would be taken to school to answer the roll and keep a perfect score, and then be taken away again. I have a little silk flag on which is printed the fact that for nine months of the school year I attended

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school twice a day without absence or tardiness. Almost the outstanding impression of those early years is a sense of extreme loathing of that discipline. In the fourth grade, where I spent two years under the same teacher, this discipline almost reached perfection. The morning began with gospel hymns and a census of hand washing, teeth cleaning, and bathing, and then followed a day of perfect order. I could not help wriggling and turning about at times, and in punishment spent many, many hours standing on my weary feet in the cloak room.

Looking out of my bedroom window at night, I could see the school building looming in the dark across the street, and it carried into my dreams. Invariably my terror was the same. I would be cowering in the dark hall of the schoolhouse, and a shape would be slowly creeping up to stab me with a knife.

Gladly would I have walked miles to find a human being as a teacher, and at last in the fifth and sixth grades that relief came. A man who had failed as a superintendent of schools, then as high school principal and high school teacher, came to us as a temporary substitute, and stayed two years. Then, being a failure as a disciplinarian, and discouraged with life, he retired to a run-down farm, and I last saw him driving to town with a tumble-down wagon and a team of skinny horses. But he was human. Those were happy years for me, and I stood well at the head of my classes, for he had a mind stored with varied and interesting knowledge which we could get from him by friendly questioning.

With the seventh grade came a disciplinarian who was more nearly perfect than the first. Much of my time that year I spent standing in the corner, and it was a regular part of my prayer every night that I might die before morning. I failed of promotion to the eighth grade, but was allowed as a special dispensation to try for a month. The eighth grade teacher suffered from a sick headache. Day after day she would sit with her head on her hands, and discipline would go to pot. By midyears I had finished some eighth grade subjects, and was doing work in the high school.

High school began with discipline again, but the principal was a woman of quality. She soon changed her policy toward me, and turned me loose to follow my own devices, whereupon the tragedy of my school life was over, except for the grind of Latin and Algebra.

THE PASSING OF GREAT COLLEGE TEACHERS

FRANK ELLSWORTH SPAULDING

Head of Education Department, Yale Graduate School

JUST forty years ago I succeeded in passing the examinations for admission to Amherst College. There were great teachers there then. At the head of the list stood Charles E. Garman: but there were others. Each had his own special subject, in which, with few exceptions, each incidentally enjoyed some little reputation as a scholar and as an authority. But as publicists and research specialists, few of them were widely known. The fundamental ambition and the unwavering devotion of each and every one were centred first, last, and all the time on the teaching of young men. Garman, the greatest of them all, never wrote a book, and when he died, eighteen years ago, he left behind no publications. Garman and the Garmans have passed. The great college teachers of a generation ago have passed not merely as individuals, subject to the inexorable laws of nature, but as a type.

In four decades the number of college students has increased more than tenfold; faculty membership has increased in even greater ratio; but the number of great college teachers has dwindled to a fraction of its former proportions. Why? Simply from lack of demand. Startling, and quite possibly absurd, as this simple statement sounds, it is literally true.

The young college instructor starting out on his career in 1926 cannot, indeed, afford to be a failure as a teacher; but it is equally true that he cannot professionally

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afford to take the steps and the attitude that will make him a great teacher of college youth. Like his students, he must do well enough to "get by"; but, also like many of his students, the instructor of to-day believes that advancement in his career will not depend primarily upon distinguished success in those things for which some people rather innocently suppose that colleges are maintained. That he is right is demonstrated with almost every appointment and promotion that is made in college and university faculties. In such appointments and promotions the primary question is not how successful the man is as a teacher, but what has he done in research in his subject, what has he published?

The problem presented to the college instructor to-day, considered purely as a problem in teaching, is undoubtedly a far more difficult one than that of a generation ago, when the student body was more highly selected and more homogeneous. Is it, however, more difficult than the teaching problem presented to hundreds of thousands of teachers in our public schools? I doubt it. The much bewailed heterogeneousness of the modern college group of students is as nothing compared with that of the group confronting most public school teachers in all our great cities.

The simplest analysis of a few facts reveals clearly and convincingly the reasons why the faculties of our foremost colleges rate so low in the art of teaching in comparison with any good group of public school teachers. These reasons are just three. The latter group have devoted much time, at least a year or two, to the systematic and intensive study of the art of teaching; they are continually studying that art; and they are making efficiency in teaching their primary, absorbing professional objective. The average college instructor has done and is doing none of these things.

The development of American education in the last half-century presents no more marked and significant characteristics than these two, the great improvement in teaching in the public schools and the lamentable deterioration in teaching in the colleges. To the improvement in public school teaching must be credited in large measure the approximation to genuine universal education. It is the improved public schools that are causing the currents of universal education to rise ever higher until they are beginning to submerge the colleges. The latter have never exerted any positive constructive influence upon the movement for really universal education, have never expressed any genuine sympathy with this movement, except theoretically and on levels far below them. Small wonder that they gasp for breath as they find themselves submerging.

THE VITALITY OF THE EARLY HOME

ROBERT ERNEST VINSON

President Western Reserve University

FOR the three decades following the Civil War, the whole South was forced backward into pioneering again. The whole political and social structure had collapsed. It had to be rebuilt, and the materials for this new construction were not promising. Many indeed refused to face the task. Lethargy seized some. Others argued that if they must be pioneers, it would be in a new land of their own choosing. "So they went west where they could be free from restraints."

The little remnant of men and women thus left were widely scattered and, in all but land, very poor. They were unaccustomed to labor. Children were coming along, as children have a way of doing. And these children were in danger of having the very roots of their traditional culture corrupted by the enforced companionship with those of a civilization little if at all removed from barbarism. It was all about them. The home influences of a higher order must be very high to counteract this constant pressure. Outside of it the provision made for the oncoming generation was meagre enough, the little one-room, one-teacher school at the neighborhood corner where all the cousins assembled, from the tots learning their

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a b c's to the boys and girls getting ready for college, the grammar and high schools in the larger town, and the college, the freshest of the fresh-water variety. Candor compels me to say that I do not recall one day spent in school or college where the equipment was good or even passably good as judged by the standards then current in more favored parts of the country, not to mention the standards of 1926.

Neither were there Sunday Schools, but in this case for the simple reason that none were needed — or wanted. There was a feeling of genuine pity for the children who were compelled to receive their religious instruction outside of the home and at the hands of other than their divinely ordained instructors. So the Bible, the catechisms, and the confessions of Faith were taught week by week and discussed reverently but with a freedom of opinion somewhat surprising in those days of strict construction. One does not need to strain the enchantment by claiming that this process was altogether enjoyable for the young people concerned, but for some reason, perhaps the simple genuineness of the whole process, the effort was not without its reward. It developed certain habits of mind and ideals of character and conduct which can be traced to no other source.

This same self-contained character of the home in religious matters carried over also into the realm of the so-called secular education. The school was looked upon as a useful adjunct to the home, but not a substitute for it. One could no more delegate his child's education to others than he could his religious training. Such responsibility was definite and inescapable. Of course when college came, the children had caught up with the parents, so far as formal education went, but the stimulating spirit and companionship were still there, and one had by that time begun to sense the struggle and sacrifice of those earlier years, to sympathize with limitations which had not been self-imposed, and to feel something of the joy of sharing the larger advantages secured at such great cost.

The modern contrast to this is both evident and puzzling. Schools are so well equipped, teachers are so well trained, courses of study are so numerous and diversified, and methods are so constantly changing and withal always so new and different that the whole situation is nearly the reverse of that which I have pictured. Then the school was the adjunct to the home. Now it is the substitute for it, or at any rate, the two are not properly balanced. An enduring civilization could be built upon such homes as the one referred to, with or without schools, but it is to be doubted if it can be built upon an altogether institutionalized education, no matter how excellent, if such homes be lacking.

THE JUNIOR COLLEGE

DAVID STARR JORDAN

President Emeritus Leland Stanford University

JUDGED by current academic standards, my own education was very irregular. To me, however, it was very satisfactory. While our schools are better than in my boyhood, I know of no way of giving my sons as good an education as I was able to pick up, because, as compared with them, I was compelled to have a much more personal hand in it.

I was born in 1851, on a farm in the Genesee Valley above Rochester. I was big and strong, fond of some kinds of farm work while I detested others. There is value in doing what you don't like, and still greater value in doing what you enjoy. I did not go to school until I was nine years old; the first book I drew out that year from the village library was a little work on Botany; next followed one on Astronomy. From 1860 to 1868 I roamed over Wyoming County, collecting and identifying its trees and flowers, writing their scientific names on the white walls of my bedroom. This expert knowledge enabled me to pay my way through college and it formed the basis of my thesis for the degree of Master of Science, "The Wild Flowers of Wyoming".

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With the flowers I studied the stars, which greeted me in evenings of corn husking. I made a series of charts showing all the constellations visible in summer and fall, tracing the outlines as laid down in Burritt's *Geography of the Heavens*. This led down to terrestrial geography. I made a township map of Wyoming County, then similar maps of all the sixty counties of New York; after this, maps of all the States with their counties and rivers, finally extending the process to all the world.

I do not remember when I could not read. Father and mother were both teachers until they bought the farm. On it they kept a private school for some time. I used to sit and pick out sentences when my mother was reading Greeley in the "Tribune". Later, after some lessons in French, I read aloud to her, translating as I went along, the tales of *Télémaque* and *Corinne*.

In the village school I was allowed to make a catalogue of the kings of the world, beginning with those in Palestine, as a substitute for the conventional copy book. I also took up Latin with an enthusiastic teacher, Orlin Cotton, to whom, by the way, I owed much. In this period, a neighbor began reading aloud to his family (inviting me to the circle) a new novel called *David Copperfield*. This was my first introduction to real fiction, though later I came to prefer the more virile stories of Thackeray.

In our town was a "Female Seminary", an offshoot of Mount Holyoke, at which my elder sister had been educated. Being a "youth of promise" and young enough to be harmless, I was admitted to classes in Composition, French, and Mathematics in the Seminary for about two years. Meanwhile our excellent pastor, John Lord Jenkins, took me, with some of my teachers, on geological rambles.

Then, in competition, I won a State scholarship at Cornell, where I entered as a pioneer student. Cornell was new; its President was full of ideas; and the sciences, with modern history, were as integral to his scheme as the classics or the history of Greece. At that time it was the only institution where beginners could get instruction in the natural sciences, without an inferiority complex.

President White believed in what we came to call "the Democracy of Education"; the right of each type of mind to be trained for the best that is in it. White believed that students should do their own thinking unhampered by political or religious traditions. Cutting the University loose from the control of any church was then looked upon largely as an innovation, and the word "godless" was freely flung at us because we humbly tried to worship a larger god than the one they found in the "village churches shut in by horse-sheds".

The enrolment of too many students to be cared for properly is regarded by some institutions as a dangerous burden, and by others as a matter for boasting. Overcrowding is a great obstacle to personal relations, such as we of the pioneer class had with our teachers at Cornell. It leads to careless teaching and especially the substitution of "information instead of contact." The value of higher education, even the possibility of it, lies in close relation to sources. The student should seek his own evidence and frame his own inductions. To teach any subject to huge classes, through informing lectures, is a waste of time of both teacher and student.

The lecture has two main values in education, and these are both of great moment. First, to bring together and coördinate the results of actual study, and second, to give inspiration for further research. Lectures should never be allowed to take the place of study. In the higher classes, attendance on lectures ought not to be required. While a certain amount of required discipline may be salutary in the preparatory years, the real university years have no place for it. It should not welcome the "reluctant student". If on coming of age a young man is not interested in his own education, there is no reason why any scholar should worry over it. As I had occasion to say some fifty years ago: "You cannot fasten a five thousand dollar education to a fifty cent boy."

For the last seventeen years, I have urged the development, in California, of the Junior College, to which the freshman and the sophomore classes may be relegated. University work begins most naturally with our third, or junior year. It should not be wholly put off for the bachelor's degree. To attempt to begin

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advanced, research, or professional work, as "post-graduate", explains the partial failure which has afflicted universities that have tried it. The bachelor's degree, as at present understood, breaks in the wrong place, too early for "completing an education" and too late for approaching professional life. The proposition made by me in 1908 was readily accepted in California, in which State there are now fifty Junior Colleges and some five hundred high schools and nearly twenty-five thousand students enrolled in the colleges. In 1890, with half the present population, there were fifteen high schools, and less than a thousand students in college.

Universities under private control must find their special place amidst the "gigantism" of the State universities by stimulating and developing research and by undertaking intellectual advances, more or less beyond the scope of the State schools. These are bound to consider more and more closely the needs and wishes of the masses to whom they owe their support. The private institution should be the first to abandon purely elementary instruction, to take "the reluctant student" to the edge of the campus and drop him off, and devote itself to finding and developing the youth of special talents.

WORKERS' EDUCATION

J. B. S. HARDMAN

National Director of Education, Amalgamated Clothing Workers

TO begin with, workers' education is not adult education. It is more than that. It is wider in scope, different, and more complicated. A university may offer extension courses in labor subjects and attract a large and almost purely working class audience. That would not be workers' education, however. Workers' unions may engage the teachers and pay the rent for the hall where labor courses are given, and even if such courses be attended by working men and women, it may still not be a venture in workers' education. Not quite. Why? Because primarily the workers see in education not only what others see in it, but also a powerful means toward the end which most concerns them. That end is a change in the conditions of social living.

The labor movement proceeds from a general criticism of the present economic and social order. As part of the labor movement, workers' education attacks the intellectual front of the existing social system, the prevailing educational and cultural philosophy, and its workaday practise. It charges the entire educational procedure with being essentially undemocratic and subversive to the interests of society as a whole. Education, labor charges, serves the upper layer of the social structure. The artificial separation between education for labor and education for leisure is the basis for labor's attack on education.

The labor movement is essentially and unavoidably democratic. Labor sees in democracy the avenue of approach to a greater measure of participation in all values of life. Because of this thoroughly pragmatic attitude toward democracy as the one means of getting at tangible results, labor has been free of all reverence for the metaphysics of democracy. A thorough democratization of all processes of life, the economic, the cultural, and scientific, has been the aim of the labor movement.

The educational mills, seeking to materialize the ideas of the upholders of the present industrial régime, turn out the kind of mentality which leads toward the perpetuation of the régime and of the mechanistic civilization in which it has culminated. This is as it should be. It is good logic that each prevailing order should seek to preserve itself. But labor is not in agreement with the prevailing industrial order. Whether conservative or radical, whether unwilling or ready to force a change, labor finds fault with things as they are. Labor wants "things" changed, and the labor ideal of education is one of education for social reconstruction and readjustment. The concomitant of the labor movement, workers' education, demands the type of education which trains such habits of mind in the workers as will help them to secure the desired changes in the social order.

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AN EDUCATIONAL CREDO

EUGENE RANDOLPH SMITH

Headmaster Beaver Country Day School

I BELIEVE that there are certain sound principles, founded on biology and psychology, that should be the bases of all educational work. Perhaps the most fundamental of these basic principles is that any scheme of education that considers less than the entire being is predestined to failure. Complete preparation and power include physical qualifications, the possession of "skills", mental preparedness, constructive social, moral, and spiritual attitudes, and emotional balance.

The second fundamental principle is that self-activity is necessary to effective growth. No athlete ever trained by watching someone else exercise. Neither can a pupil grow mentally through observing a teacher's ability in making translations or juggling with mathematical formulæ. A corollary of the need of self-activity is the need of interest, for interested, purposeful activity is the only kind that has real value. Therefore I believe thoroughly that school work should be interesting to the pupils. It should have the same interest that a man's work has to him if he has found the right vocation.

Another corollary to self-activity is reasonable freedom, with children working in conditions more nearly like those in which adults work, instead of moving in platoons with all sorts of artificial restrictions. With this greater freedom should come contacts with out-of-school life in a way to vivify and objectify academic activities. The school that is a vitalized, enriched workshop with each child an active contributor cannot be far wrong.

The third principle is that, as no two human beings are alike, the school or college should study their differences, and should help each individual to work out his fullest possibilities. This includes, of course, a physical study, the use of intelligence tests of various kinds, and very careful and continued investigation of mental, social, moral, and emotional characteristics and habits.

I have also many beliefs of a less basic nature, some of which are details under the large principles. For example, I am deeply impressed with the importance of mastery of one's own language, both as a means of getting information and of giving it. Too many people are handicapped by inability to organize their thoughts while speaking before an audience, or to put them on paper in definite form.

I am probably not an extremist in believing that much school work is of comparatively little value unless the child is attempting to do original thinking in regard to it. My belief in the value of social science is particularly strong, and I am equally impressed with the need of general knowledge of natural science. It seems to me that as man's progress depends so largely on his mastery of environment and his acquiring the art of coöperating with his fellow men, no one should come to maturity without a reasonably good basis for understanding and thinking in those two fields. I am equally certain that the right use of leisure and the enrichment of life depend on understanding and love for the arts, and I am sure that that love comes not from being driven through routine work in them, but from encouragement in appreciation of them and expression through them. I have no thesis against the classical subjects, — certainly not against the study of modern languages, — yet I often wonder whether the world would not be much further along if the Tower of Babel had never been built, and our children had therefore been left free to concentrate on the arts of living instead of, as is now too often the case, being forced to spend so much time on foreign languages. I am also firmly convinced that the athletics that bring in all the pupils of an institution, and bring them in consistently day in and day out, are the ones that are going to prove a constructive force for the future, rather than those that emphasize all-star teams with the unbalancing of values that often follows. I could continue to outline personal conclusions, but these are probably enough to show to what degree I might be counted a radical!

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Chimes

A Novel in Six Instalments — V

Robert Herrick

Chapter Five

I

WHEN Jessica Mallory looked out from the platform of the immense auditorium into the sea of white faces that filled every corner of the big building and heard the clamor of those outside trying to force their way into the "pacifist" meeting, she had a flutter of emotion long unfamiliar. It had been some years since she had addressed any large meeting, and then only decorous academic gatherings whose reach of emotion covered boredom and intellectual interest. Never such a seething mass of men and women! She reflected with a characteristic detached irony that here before her eyes, as in a vast laboratory, was the raw matter of her recent studies in war psychology, also that the simple truths which she intended to present to them as a result of those studies would be like snow scattered on a hurricane sea. As she told Beckwith, when he had urged her not merely to assist this anti-war protest with her money and her name but also to appear on the platform, — "Stand up and be counted with the other yellow dogs, pro-German and pacifist," he put it, — she felt that the project of a big meeting was an empty gesture.

"You will convince nobody," she said, "and you will give more powder to the war people." Yet she had agreed, after Senator Ryder had prudently refused to speak and other well known people had withdrawn from the unpopular movement, to mount the platform with the little band of pacifists and radicals that Beckwith had collected and "be counted." Something grim within her Puritan stock responded to the challenge, — a substitute as she said to Beckwith for the militarism now so rife in the world. She too could fight, in a losing cause, the perpetual fight of reason against unreason! As she composed herself in her chair in the front row she glanced at the little band on the platform and smiled at the inequality between them and the hungry mob beneath and up above in the great auditorium. So few against so many!

"Kind of noisy, ain't they?" the man next her remarked. His bony, livid face leered out disdainfully at the crowd. He was a radical, a "labor" lawyer, of unsavory repute among the conservative citizens of Eureka. Jessica divined that his presence on the platform was due as much to a thirst for notoriety as to ardor for the cause of peace. The war had been championed by the "respectables", his usual foes. Beyond the lawyer sat Beckwith, looking worn and troubled. Jessica knew that the publicity caused by his activity in the present affair was intensely distasteful to him. "I accepted the chairmanship," he told her, "because if I didn't the thing would get into sinister hands, and I could keep it to its legitimate end, — a protest against our being rushed into the war by a hired press." Beckwith, of course, knew what would be said of him at the university, that he was "pro-German" (already a hateful epithet) and guilty of involving the university in an almost unpatriotic cause. To which he answered, "We are not at war — quite yet!"

Beckwith's ardor for lost causes, for struggling weakness, for unpopular people and movements was almost as inexplicable to Jessica, keen psychologist that she was, as was Edgar Mallory's easy conformity. To one, whatever "leading people" did or thought must be right, while to the other it must be wrong! That peculiar spring of tenderness for the oppressed, for the under dog, which was Beckwith's moving force, was entirely unintelligible to her. She could be roused by injustice, once, many years ago before she realized that injustice, so-called, was but one of the component factors of life, and she could fight as now for reason against unreason, but not like Beckwith for the little, the weak, the downtrodden. The sub-

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merged did not appeal to her. Beyond Beckwith sat Marion Eave, the head of the university settlement, who had won a national position from her wise, unsentimental championship of social causes, which she was now bravely risking in behalf of pacifism. "Lady" Eave, as she was called by her feminine admirers, sat with closed eyes, gray-haired, bent, tired. How many abortive efforts to lift humanity had she not spent herself upon! She had said to Jessica Mallory, "One is compelled to be an opportunist, to lend a hand to this or that movement as human interest gives the chance." So she had lent her reputation to this forlorn effort to keep the country out of the war. What a faith — in something!

Behind the speakers sat a small group from the Labor Council, a few of Beckwith's students who had come in anticipation of a scrap, Walter Snow, smiling and cheerful as usual, and stray persons who liked to sit on platforms even in unpopular gatherings.

The great organ which was always out of tune was rumbling forth patriotic airs, and a resolute group of men and women immediately beneath the stage were trying desperately to keep in step through "My coun-try, 'tis of The-e-e" while the tramp of newcomers in the aisles kept up. The clamor about the doors became so bad that Beckwith rose and went outside. After a time he returned and whispered to Morarty, a well known labor leader, who picked up his hat and coat and disappeared into the wings. Beckwith leaning across Mrs. Eave whispered, "Must have some one to keep them quiet outside — overflow meeting in the park." There was a gleam in his tired blue eyes. He had expected that the protest would fizz out in a half-filled hall, and instead the meeting promised to be huge, unwieldy. Jessica smiled, realizing that even with lost causes numbers were heartening. Presently Beckwith stepped to the front of the stage and raised his arm for quiet.

It was obvious that not all in the hall had come in the sacred cause of peace. There were cat calls, whistles, and jeers from the outset.

"The Kaiser's secret agent," some one shouted from the balcony. Another, "Put him out!" And so for a few deafening minutes the sea of people agitated itself until after a row in the balcony stopped by a policeman a voice sang out, "Let the professor speak!"

Beckwith seized his opening.

"Thank you! I did not know that I should have to take refuge in my cloth," he said pleasantly, and plunged into a statement of the purpose of the anti-war meeting. The United States had not yet been dragged into the gulf of war, — "because of rats like you", — Beckwith nodded and went on. Both sides were exerting every energy to get the country into the war, openly and secretly. There were sinister influences at work throughout the nation, and it was time before it was too late for sober reasonable folk, if there were any left, to demand a hearing and ask why and how their country should be led into the war. "What are our war aims?" Beckwith demanded. "Let the president put before the country the facts — "

"Everyone knows them!" a red-faced, close-cropped man interposed insolently from below the platform.

"I do not know them!" Beckwith retorted. "Suppose, Mr. Penniman, that you come up here on the platform and tell this audience why your newspaper has suddenly changed its tune and begun to urge America into the war."

Penniman, one of the owners of the Eureka "Thunderer", a young man who had recently become a trustee of the university, rose and stepped into the aisle.

"I don't have to get on any platform to tell the professor that," he shouted. "I am an American, I believe in my country, I — "

The storm broke from every quarter. Cries of "Pro-German — coward — traitor, put 'em out, the Wobblies," filled the air. At its height it seemed as if a riot would end the meeting, as if the waves of faces would overflow to the platform and sweep the speakers into the wings. Beckwith remarked hoarsely, "Penniman has packed the place with his Vigilants!" (An organization for running down "German plots" that had already begun to terrorize the city.) The police either made feeble efforts to quiet the disorder or looked on smiling. It was not until the settlement worker, Marion Eave, had risen and stood patiently waiting to be heard that the sea began to subside into

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something like calm. For the moment the passions of the audience had been assuaged; many there recognized the worn face of the settlement worker for whom they had a latent respect and were willing to hear.

She spoke quite simply, quietly, of the conditions in Europe from which she had just returned; the misery, the infinite misery of the little people in all the belligerent countries, the horrors of a modern war behind the front. "You don't get those," she said, "even in the most vivid despatches. You have to go into the people's homes, see the lines of black-clothed women applying for help, the huddle of fatherless children in the refuges. I've seen all that, and that is why I am asking myself, 'Is it necessary to add to this mountain of human woe?' If it is necessary no honest man or woman would avoid the issue, but many of us cannot persuade ourselves that it is necessary for our great country to add its weight on either side to this load of misery. We do not believe that anything can be accomplished by more fighting."

There was comparative silence when the next speaker rose, the radical lawyer Simon Drought, but the calm produced by the settlement workers' dispassionate speech did not continue long. Drought was keen, ironical, contemptuous. He spoke of the money made in the United States out of the war, the debts contracted by European governments. "Those same fellers want to make more money as well as get back what they have loaned to England and France — that's natural enough — I would myself if I were in their boat. But I don't want our sons to fight for their money," and so on, — words that were received enthusiastically by the majority in the hall. When he got to an exposition of the way in which public opinion in favor of the war was being created, the opposition led by Penniman became noisy again.

"Why," Drought said slipping a wet tongue over his dry lips, his hands thrust deep into his trouser's pockets, "our friend Penniman here who is trying to make things lively to-night with his Vigilants could tell you, no doubt, just how England is selling us this war! Talk about the Kaiser —"

He got no farther. The meeting was again in wild uproar, the majority trying to throw out the members of the Vigilants, who seemed to have the support of the police. Beckwith leaned over to Jessica Mallory.

"Stand up," he said, "just stand!"

She rose obediently, a sense of the ridiculousness of the whole situation steadying her nerves. She stood there, singularly girlish, slight, between the small group on the stage and the glare and blare of the audience. She had intended to speak on the psychology of war, using some of the familiar data of her new book on which she had been working the past year. As she stood calmly, placidly, as in a lecture hall an idea came to her. Seizing a moment when the noise fell perceptibly, she spoke. Her voice came out with surprising clearness, each word distinctly enunciated.

"Children," she said and waited. In the next pause she shot out in a lower, more conversational tone, "For you know you act more like bad children than anything else! Like noisy, quarrelsome children. You should be put on bread and water." She waited, pleasantly smiling until the audience, startled into silence, was ready to give attention. "Observing your conduct in the mass here this evening, while the speakers were trying to reach your minds, I realized better than I ever had before just why the peoples of the world still fight. It's that child mind which you show most when you get together. It's that child mind which skilful people are playing on to get all of us into this bloody nonsense going on in Europe. Try for a few minutes to-night to lay aside your childishness and figure out just what it will mean to a hundred and ten millions of us if we go on the loose and add our force to the unreason of the world."

She talked on easily, slowly, of the psychological laws involved, of suggestion, imitation, — of war psychology, finding illustrations in the cries and actions of the meeting. Soon she heard a laugh, a detached, unconscious laugh.

"Ah," she remarked, "the first note of reason. Thanks!"

She sat down abruptly when she had finished and received some scattering applause. Beckwith, taking advantage of the calm, read the prepared resolutions calling upon the government to declare the aims

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of war. "They all know over there what they are fighting for — they have the booty divided already in their secret treaties. Let us understand what we are fighting for — let us go into this thing like men, not children, with our minds clear about what we are doing!"

Bedlam broke loose once more, fights occurring in the aisles until Beckwith declared the "resolutions" carried, and the little group on the stage scattered hurriedly into the wings. Jessica, much amused at the belligerent temper of this pacifist meeting, floated out along with Beckwith into the street, which was one black surging mass. If the emotion inside the hall had seemed childish, futile, outside the churning mass of humanity was more like moving matter than something with conscious will.

"Come on," Beckwith shouted into her ear, "Drought is speaking in the Park!"

At the end of the side street, the strip of park was black with massed thousands, struggling to get nearer the raised pedestal of a civil war general that decorated one end of the Park. There Drought, holding his soft hat in one hand and waving it back and forth to emphasize his words, was haranguing all within sound of his shrill voice. The thin lips in his livid face were distorted with the effort to make the surging mass hear.

"Friends," he yelled, "they call us traitors, pacifists, cowards. I'd rather be a pacifist than any . . ." and there followed a stream of obscene profanity which was greeted uproariously by those in the mob near enough to hear. Jessica absorbed in the spectacle of Drought's passion, — a bitter, vindictive hate although voiced in behalf of peace, — became separated from Beckwith, who presently took the lawyer's place beneath the bronze figure of the civil war general and began to speak. He had lost his hat in the crush, his loose silk tie was torn from its place and waved in the air. Head very erect, shoulders braced, he too looked like a warrior, not unlike the stern-faced man in bronze above him.

"They tell us that this war is a crusade for the right, but the statesmen on both sides keep on trading lands and peoples yet to be conquered. The only crusade I will fight in is one for peace. They tell us that this country wants to go to war with Germany. Look around you! If every citizen in this country could — " the rest was drowned in a roar as a platoon of mounted police sent to dispel the crowd came slowly down the avenue. The last words heard by Jessica far away as from a fading scene were, "They have to call out the police to keep us quiet!"

The stream of hurrying people fleeing before the mounted police swept Jessica Mallory towards the railroad station where she arrived with flushed cheeks and beating heart. "I wonder if I, too, am getting the disease," she said to herself. "It's contagious, a real germ, the germ of hate, I believe. Beckwith has it too, working in him — only he hates hatred and injustice and war. And I hate unreason!" Then she dozed off in the suburban car filled with peaceable lethargic men and women, reading the last war extra with its broad band of display type, "Defeat of the Italians — Débâcle". She woke automatically at her station and descended with others into the quiet side street. "I wonder if it could get them as it has the others," she mused. "Of course! They are just the same sort of people who were howling at that meeting." Then her mind turned to Edgar who had cabled that he was on his way home, having been abroad on a Red Cross mission to Bulgaria. It was lucky that his arrival had been delayed. Although she had given the reporters her professional name, Dr. Jessica Stowe Mallory, no doubt Penniman had recognized her on the platform and would see that she got all the publicity possible from her connection with the pacifist meeting. Hitherto, she had avoided anything that might give her husband annoyance through publicity of her views, but to-night she felt indifferent.

"He'll have to stand it," she said wearily, as she turned up the path to her home. "We can't think alike about so many things!"

The previous summer she had insisted on taking the children out to the cabin in the Colorado mountains that she had bought for a retreat, to keep them away from the mounting war fever, especially in the East where the two older children were at school. Young Edgar, barely fifteen, talked wistfully of the boys in St Stevens who had left school already to enter the ambulance corps and "see the war".

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Jessica realized with a pang that in this first great public crisis her children felt much more with their father than with her. "Mother is queer," they said among themselves, sensitive as the young always are to any divergence from the norm of action or belief.

Mallory on his way to Eureka read the lurid account in the "Thunderer" of the pacifist meeting, which had ended in street riots and the dispersal of the mob by the police. "The leader of this pacifist and pro-German group," so the account ran, "was Norman Beckwith, the well known socialist professor at the University, and among the speakers was Dr. Mallory, wife of the former Dean," and then in true newspaper irrelevancy followed a personal account of the Stowe family and her marriage, ending, "Dean Mallory is at present in Europe on a Red Cross mission to Bulgaria, under the auspices of the Larson Foundation —"

When husband and wife met at the breakfast table they greeted each other amiably, calmly, as was their wont, as if they had not been separated for six months.

"How was the crossing?" Jessica asked.

"Comfortable enough — after we got out of the submarine zone. The Sheimers were on board, coming out here."

"So he wrote me," Jessica replied equably.

"I believe he is a German agent!" Mallory exclaimed.

"Oh, don't get that mania!" Jessica said wearily. "You know his wife's people live here. Very likely she wants to see them and get away from the war for a while. I should think she might!" After a moment she added, "I cabled them to visit me."

Mallory gave his wife a long, searching look. "That is going pretty far, Jessica," he said in a low voice. "We shall be in the war, if what I hear in Washington is true, before the month is out, and you have asked a German spy —"

"See here, Edgar! We are not in the war yet, and you don't know that Rudolph is a German agent."

"He has all the marks of it," Mallory fumed.

"You never liked him," Jessica continued equably, "and if I had known you were coming back so soon I should not have asked them here. Anyway they may not find it convenient." She rose to leave the room for her morning hours of work as was her custom.

"Jessica!"

Something unaccustomed in her husband's tone arrested her, a note of appeal, almost of pathos, in his usually matter-of-fact voice.

"What?"

"Can't we get together on this?" he said, stressing slightly the "this", indicating how momentous to him the present crisis appeared. He made the unwonted demonstration of putting his hands on her shoulders and drawing her slightly to him.

"Why on this more than on other things?" she asked crisply. Nevertheless, she made no effort to withdraw from his tentative embrace and smiled slightly into his sober, eager face.

"Because it is so — fundamental!"

"To you, not to me, Edgar. I don't see the war as fundamental to anything, merely a demonstration of perverse unreason. I let you take the war your way and don't interfere, and you must let me take it my way — and not interfere. With the children, either," she added more seriously. "They are not to be inoculated with the disease if I can help it."

"You can't!" Mallory said firmly.

"Perhaps not, but I shall do what I can to keep its suggestions out of their lives."

"There are some things, Jessica, beyond reason, deeper than reason. That you have never discovered."

"Fighting isn't one of them," and with that retort the two parted.

It was the first and the last open discussion of the war which they had. As Jessica sat down to the proof of "War Psychology" she reflected on the breakfast table conversation, trying as was her wont after any experience or human contact to relegate its meaning to some category of her own thought. "Edgar believes in the state, in patriotism, in war, and all that," she mused. "I don't. Furthermore, he wants his own tribe to believe with him, to act with him, to feel with him. That is the solidarity of the family he talks about so much. And I suppose that his egoism receives a blow when he discovers that he hasn't imposed on the tribe, on his immediate dependents, his own beliefs and convictions — just as

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in religion. Because we married and shared our lives to a certain extent, have the children, he feels that we should share our beliefs and ideas. I wonder how much of it is mere pride on his part in not having the world know how we don't agree about such things?" And with that query unanswered Jessica turned to her proof.

That evening Beckwith came in with Walter Snow to talk over the pacifist meeting and settle some accounts. Mallory's presence obviously caused a restraint that amused Jessica, who let the others talk. Snow gave a hilarious account of the turbulent meeting.

"They all wanted to fight," he roared, "the pacifists worse than the others, and they weren't happy until they got out into the street and had a free-for-all with the police to finish it off! Oh, you ought to have been there, Edgar!"

"Hum!" Mallory commented glumly, and to Beckwith he said abruptly, "What possible good could it do, Norman?"

"Not much — but it was worth doing!"

Beckwith's face still bore traces of the strain of the previous night. There had been a disturbance in his lecture hall that afternoon caused by outsiders who had come there to make trouble. He had received threatening letters and felt that he was followed by men, probably agents of the Vigilants, spying on his movements.

"I can't see that," Mallory observed coldly, "and you ought not to involve the university in such a controversy."

"Why not?" Beckwith snapped. "You and Doolittle and a lot more are involving the university in the war as fast as you can, aren't you?"

"See here," Jessica interposed, "if you men are going to wrangle over the war you can go somewhere else. Out there!" —and she pointed to the campus where an unusual crowd had gathered around a big bonfire.

"I wonder what they are celebrating to-night," Mallory said. "Let's go over and see."

"It's an anti-pacifist demonstration," Snow laughed. "I heard they were going to hang you, Beckie!"

"I want to see that!" Beckwith said heartily.

While Jessica hunted for wraps the men stood watching the fire and the crowd across the street. Jessica coming back into the room perceived that the old friends who had seemed so antagonistic a few moments ago had forgotten their differences and were joking with each other over the scene below. "Children," she thought sardonically. "There's war for you!"

The vacant oval in the centre of the Eureka campus, reserved according to the building plan for a Gothic chapel, was the scene of student celebrations organized in haste after a football victory or other athletic event. To-night a huge pyre had been built of packing cases and broken chairs, and around this was gathered a rapidly swelling circle of students and many who were not students. Strung upon an electric light pole on the edge of the oval was a scarecrow figure clad in cap and gown and labeled, "The Pacifist Pro-German Professor."

"There you are, old man!" Snow gurgled genially, pointing to the effigy.

"They might have given you a better likeness," Mallory jeered.

"I wonder where they got my cap and gown," Beckwith observed placidly.

"That moth-eaten old rag?" said Jessica. "It was time it was burned!"

"Quite likely I'll not need another!" Beckwith said.

While they stood on the outer circle of the oval commenting on the effigy, a short, thickset man harangued the crowd, gesticulating fiercely, pointing to the suspended figure to emphasize his remarks. It was Gagnon, the university chaplain, who made it a point to address the students at all their celebrations and thus "get near the young people" as he put it. He was one of the most ardent of the pro-ally members of the faculty, breathing fire and slaughter (for righteousness) in his weekly sermons and short daily addresses.

"Such a professor is a disgrace to the university!" he shouted, "a humiliation to us all, as members of Eureka. I would that every pro-German in this country was swinging there in person. There are enough lamp-posts for them all!"

"Pretty strong," Beckwith remarked.

"He ought to be stopped," Mallory said.

"A fighting parson," Snow commented. "There aren't many students in the crowd, — those fellows are high school boys!"

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He referred to the gang about the effigy who were now throwing it, cap and gown and all, onto the blazing pyre.

"Come back to the house!" Mallory urged, fearing that some one might recognize Beckwith, and Jessica sobered from her amusement at the incongruity of the scene turned away, slightly nauseated over the performance.

"No, no," Beckwith exclaimed, with a cold irony. "Let's see how I'll burn. Do you remember, Snowball, when I used to lend you that magnificent cap and gown because you couldn't afford to buy one?"

While they watched the effigy crumble in the flames, its straw bowels sending forth a cloud of murky smoke, from the Campanile at the corner of the campus floated above their heads the evening hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War!"

"Gagnon must have ordered that," Beckwith said. "Our fighting parson!"

In fact, happily inspired by the chimes, Gagnon was singing the hymn, and those about the fire in the centre of the oval joined in, — "Marching as to War."

"It's too bad," Mallory remarked, as they turned away from the campus.

"Oh, it's not every professor gets himself burned in effigy on his own university campus," Beckwith retorted. But beneath his ironic tone Jessica felt the hurt.

"Children!" she murmured to herself.

"How Mrs. Crandall would have enjoyed that!" Beckwith laughed. "Can't you hear her going for old Gagnon — poor old fool! It's the first real emotion he's ever had. How much do you suppose suppressed sex has to do with the belligerency of the clergy in this war?"

"Suppressed sex won't account for all the belligerency," Jessica replied thoughtfully, "although I suppose it is a considerable factor among the arm-chair fighters. That's an idea I must put into my book!"

"You people can't take anything seriously," Mallory complained. "If you had seen what I have seen in Europe!"

"We don't want to see it here, Edgar!"

II

Clavercin's articles in the Eureka "Thunderer" had been a great comfort to those with allied sympathies all through the early months of the war. They had largely retrieved the disfavor caused b his play *Why?* which had long since beer forgotten. Caught in the backwash of the Marne tidal wave he had witnessed many harrowing scenes among the refugees and the gangrened wounded slowly brought into the improvised hospitals by crawling trains, and had ardently embraced the cause of the invaded. The war presented itself to him with a dramatic simplicity and intensity, which he translated into those early articles, incorporated afterwards in a book, *The Great Cause*, much read especially in the East by those who felt their country's hesitation in taking sides a personal disgrace.

"Clavey's got it bad," was Norman Beckwith's comment when he read these fervid denunciations of the devastating Hun.

"He's too near to see it," was Snow' apologetic explanation.

Almost imperceptibly the tone of thes weekly articles changed during the second year of the war, and rumors came back to the campus brought by stray workers in the American hospitals that Beaman Clavercin had become a "defeatist" something almost worse than German a that time.

"He's beginning to see," was Beck with's comment. "Poor Clavey! By th time his eyes are wholly opened th country will be mad for the war!"

On the entrance of the United State into the conflict Clavercin's articles disappeared from the editorial page of the "Thunderer".

"His stuff is too academic," Penniman explained when questioned. "Now that we are in the scrap we need more close-ups, not argument. Anyway he is too literary. What people want to read is eye-witness stuff!" And the great Penniman, who with his close-cropped hair looked more than ever like an ex-thug, went to "the front" in person and sent back lurid if illiterate accounts of what he saw there.

Meanwhile Clavercin's friends learned that he was ill in Switzerland, and then late in the spring of 1917 he came home and appeared once more on the university campus. He came back like a silent ghost to a strange, empty home, — for already the university had "got into the war" with a zeal that threatened to leave the abandoned classrooms and laboratories

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to the care of janitors. As he walked slowly up the side street towards the campus it seemed to him that he was returning after death to the spot where he had begun his life. He remembered that other morning so many years ago when he had approached the new university from the same direction, his heart filled with such tremulous expectations. At the corner where he had hesitated before crossing the river of mud, in place of the "temporary library and gym" soared the great campanile, from which at this mid-morning hour the chimes were sounding softly, cheerily, "Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War", — in these war times the one selection rendered. He paused beneath the campanile to listen to the bells, recalling Edith Crandall, Harris, old Harden, other ghosts of the campus, the hopes and fears and struggles of all those years while the university was forming. What would they say to the khaki-clad young men of the R.O.T.C. now performing with considerable alacrity their evolutions in the centre oval of the campus around a few pieces of light artillery that the government had sent from its storehouse for local color? "Right fours! — Halt! —" and a stream of professional profanity from the tough ex-army sergeant in command. The youth of the university, so indifferent as he remembered them, were now "all in it" with the same zest they had formerly shown about their athletic games. Many had already "gone over" in one formation or another.

The faculty also had been "mobilized", and every member who could obtain a place in the war machine had fled to Washington or was preparing to depart. Already many of them had donned khaki, which had an odd, humorous aspect on their thin legs, on the aging narrow shoulders of the "scholar-soldiers". Clavercin dropped into Dexter's laboratory and found the biologist engaged in carefully measuring out his precious anti-pneumonia serum to be forwarded to an army encampment.

"It came through right just in time for the emergency," he told Clavercin gravely. "We are getting the best results from its use. I had a chance to join one of the ambulance units and go over, but I feel this is more necessary. Of course you'll be going back?"

"No, — I shan't go back," Clavercin said shortly.

"Washington?"

"No, I am going to teach if they want me — and there's anybody to teach."

Dexter looked at him with curiosity.

"What's the matter? Malaria? Flu? Oh, they'll want you. It is almost impossible to keep anyone here."

From Dexter's laboratory he sought Caxton, who was cleaning out his desk preparatory to leaving for Washington. Caxton was in uniform with a captain's stripes on the collar of his tunic.

"Military intelligence service," he explained to Clavercin, "in Washington, — training applicants, you know. I've quite a staff. Want to come?"

Clavercin shook his head with a little wry smile.

"I've seen all the military intelligence I can stand!"

Caxton, who was too much preoccupied with his own affairs to ask questions, continued to talk as he emptied drawers and shoved piles of student papers into the waste basket.

"You won't find many left in the department. Flynn is in charge. Poynter has gone with Red Cross; Organ is teaching meteorology over in France; and Lambert is helping Mallory on the intelligence tests in Washington. They are drawing heavily on the universities in every line. Sanderson is running a bureau in the Loan Department," and he ran on enumerating the members of the faculty who were serving in one branch or another. "The war will last a long time, I think, perhaps another five years. I hardly expect to be back before that — who knows?"

It was apparent that the war had touched the stagnant pools of the university to life. Caxton with a lifelong experience of thwarted powers had found in it a responsible and active post. The inferiority of the academic life, so coarsely voiced by Aleck Harding at the last Wind Bag, was about to be disproved. The country in its crisis needed trained minds, the special knowledge of the university. Clavercin mused over the irony of the situation that he should now be returning as to an asylum to the university, while his fellows who had functioned in it so much more contentedly were fleeing its

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seclusion into the din of war. It was as if all the long years of abstractions, of repressed ambitions, of classroom routine and unreality were now revenging themselves in the glorious release of energies that the war offered.

"Beckwith is here," Caxton remarked, with a slight reserve in his voice, "and Snow."

"Yes, I am lunching with them. Won't you join us?"

"No," Caxton refused briskly, "I am lunching with General Bord and some of his staff at the Eureka Club."

There was a touch of superiority in the scholar's voice, quite pardonable, a little amusing, indicating his sense of importance. His was one of the best minds in America, Clavercin reflected as he left Caxton's office, not merely in his own narrow line of scholarship but as a mental machine, and it took the bloody insanity of a world war, a chaos of misery, to awaken its possessor to a sense of importance and dignity! A Caxton to be proud of lunching with a few stupid army officers, to be inflated by the task of educating young men how to read codes and collect information from spies and prisoners!

It was the close of a class hour, and about the entrance to Founder's Hall, which already was assuming the dinginess of age, together with a thin coating of ivy, students were congregating as usual, smoking cigarettes, chatting with each other between classes. There were noticeably more women among them than men, and some of the younger girls were also in khaki, with insignia pinned to their coats. The great game of war had penetrated to Eureka, with its thrills and excitements and pretenses. Eureka was actually more warlike in appearance than Paris, Clavercin reflected. A few thin, white-faced youths walked briskly off in the direction of the library, graduate students no doubt, to whom the din of war meant nothing except that it had removed from the classrooms those teachers whose courses they desired in order to complete their work for the higher degrees. They were pacifists by temperament and occupation.

Clavercin met old Tom Bayberry on the path to the Administration Building and stopped to chat with him. His thin legs looked unsteady, and his bony face was more twisted than ever. He was puzzling over a letter written in childish script in French. "One of my orphans," he explained to Clavercin, "I've adopted three. This one lives near Nancy. She writes very nicely to her American *grandpère*. I suppose the village schoolmistress corrects her letters! Here is her picture," and he fished from an inner pocket a small photograph showing an indeterminate little French girl. "Classes? I've got four in one and two in the other!"

Thus even Bayberry participated in the war through his "orphans". That had become a practise especially among bachelors, too old for any form of service, to "adopt" French children, sending them gifts, exchanging letters. "I've taken on another," one would say to a friend. "How many have you?"

The pleasant spring sunlight filled the open places of the campus, falling full on the oval where the R. O. T. C. were still performing evolutions directed by the barks of the old sergeant. Clavercin realized in one swift perception how much of Dr. Harris's grandiose program had been filled in, how large the "plant" of the university had become, — all now turned into an army camp to "help win the war".

The President's office was quieter, more retired than ever. The smiling young woman who reigned in the outer office beamed happily on Clavercin.

"Yes, the President is expecting you!" and she disappeared.

Portraits of General Foch, of Marshall Joffre, of General Pershing had been hung on the walls, also a few garish war posters. Clavercin recalled that the university had given an honorary degree to Joffre recently, a great ceremony by which the university acclaimed the war. How Dr. Harris would have enjoyed that occasion!

Clavercin did not have long to wait in the empty outer office, and his reception by Dolittle was in happy contrast with his last interview with the university president.

"So glad to see you back, Clavercin!" Dolittle exclaimed cordially, extending a spotty hand which shook less than formerly. It was one of the many odd accidents of this world cataclysm that it had fastened Dolittle upon an American university for another five years, but it was

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as remarkable that it had actually rejuvenated the old man. He was expansive, genial, brisk, and authoritative.

"Oh, of course we had to go in. I knew it would come, prepared for it I may say. An impossible situation, — our remaining neutral. Yes, the university I may say is ninety per cent mobilized for the war: our men are entering all branches of the service. We have had to cut down greatly the number of courses, but they are not needed. May never be needed again, many of them! This war will make vast changes, vast changes! I have enjoyed your articles in the 'Thunderer', Mr. Clavercin, splendid work. It was needed to wake us up to what was going on over there. A great opportunity with your gift of expression to be so near the scene of action. I congratulate you. And now what are you planning to do? More writing? Intelligence work?"

"No," Clavercin said briefly, "I was thinking of resuming my teaching, if the university wants me."

"Of course we shall be glad to have you back. The departments are greatly undermanned."

There was a note of surprise, of disappointment in the old man's voice. It was astonishing that when so many opportunities were open for national service a man who had achieved the reputation that Clavercin had with his pen could find nothing better to do than teach literature to undergraduates.

"Yes," Clavercin said lamely, feeling the impossibility of making Dolittle comprehend his motives, "I am not so much interested in the war as I was. After all, some day there will be peace again, and the university has to go on, the new generation must be educated for that new world you speak of after the war."

"Oh, of course, of course," the President responded vaguely. "Nobody can tell what that will be like. But the lessons of this great conflict can't be ignored. Efficiency, preparedness, the solidarity of the English-speaking peoples," and he went off on one of his little luncheon addresses on "University Service in Time of War". Clavercin, one of whose most vivid recollections was a night spent with some French officers at Salonika with the shells dropping in now and then to punctuate the talk while they discussed that post-war world in very different terms, smiled to himself. Would the war teach America anything? As he listened to Dolittle's smoothly flowing periods he doubted it.

"Well, Mr. Clavercin, glad to have you back. Anything I can do for you let me know. I am leaving this noon for Washington, a very interesting mission, I don't mind telling you," and he explained in confidential tones the nature of the very interesting mission, which was nothing less than to organize a staff of historians to accompany the American Expeditionary Forces overseas, "to take down the facts of history as they occur, first hand historical observation, — unique, like so many developments of this war. By the way, would that interest you? Your literary ability, your large experience the last eighteen months?"

Clavercin, smiling, shook his head.

"I am not an historian," he said. "Why not Snow? or Beckwith?"

At the suggestion of the last name Dolittle's manner changed abruptly.

"No pacifist can properly write the history of this war!" he snapped.

"Perhaps the real history of it will have to be written by a pacifist," Clavercin remarked vaguely.

But Dolittle was off on another expansive period about the service the university was rendering the nation, suggested by the evolutions of the R. O. T. C. on the campus oval. "Every department almost is able to contribute something of value to the common effort! It is a great demonstration to the community of the usefulness of our higher institutions of learning!"

And he believed it, Clavercin reflected, as the president ducked his silk hat into the waiting limousine and with a little nod to him wheeled away in that peculiarly nervous rush that the war was cultivating in every activity. The war had rejuvenated Dolittle, not merely given him an added tenure of office. He was once more feeling his own importance, which was the psychological basis of youth. So it was with the scholar Richard Caxton, with the scientist Dexter and his pneumonia serum, the physicist who was teaching young men how to adapt artillery fire to the weather, to Maxwell who was engaged in calculating the cubic contents of ships and how to pack away in each boat the maximum

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load, to Mallory who was putting into practise those theories of testing human adaptabilities hitherto worked out in laboratories with the aid of questionnaires. To all these and many more the war had given a sense of reality to their work, to their lives. Odd! In him the war had developed a sense of human futility the longer he had stayed in Europe, the nearer he had come to its myriad manifestations. Long since the fables about the issues of the war circulated by statesmen and writers had ceased to stir him; it was with a sense of ironic humor that he discovered their renewed potency in his own country. So he was returning to the university as to an asylum, just as his fellows were escaping from it into reality!

In the months that followed while the country "got into the war" deeper and deeper, Clavercin felt the healing of his academic task. He entered his rather empty classroom with a new sense of repose, of enjoyment, as to a temple in which enduring verities might be considered instead of fretful temporalities. Outside the student band might blare out "It's a Long Way" and other martial ditties, while the thinning ranks of the undergraduates showed more and more khaki, within his lecture hall with its long shadows at twilight he could forget for a time the din of unreason in the world and attach his mind to the fundamental truths of the spirit. For the first time he thoroughly enjoyed his teaching, although the material in his classes was unusually mixed, graduate students, women auditors, undergraduates. In the dearth of courses students took what they could get. For the first time his task had a dignity, a meaning to it. Because of the absence of so many instructors he had taken the general survey course of literature, usually designed for first year students, and made it over into a brief history of the human spirit, with its currents of fundamental impulses and aspirations. He felt that he was not teaching literature,—something stored away in books on library shelves, pawed over by dull minds, annotated, and explained,—but life itself. All the emotions, all the experiences of his own life, especially of the recent years, went into his interpretation of the human spirit, as expressed in the written words of the old texts. As he came down the centuries into modern times, drew near the contemporary maelstrom of the world, the currents merged into a roaring cataract, diverse and blended. Often he wished that he had the special knowledge of the biologist, of the psychologist, of the historian, so that he might trace more surely the multiform weave of the human spirit. To teach literature properly one should be equipped with all the sciences and all the philosophies!

At the end of his lecture he came away from the classroom exhausted, but at peace, assuaged, having given all that was within him for his hearers to take or leave, to assimilate or reject as they might. He came out into the cool twilight of the autumn or winter day while the chimes were softly calling across the campus, and realized for the first time the meaning of the university. It was, it should be, the home of the human spirit, removed from the merely passing, the fluid, the accidental, the one withdrawn place of modern life where all the manifestations of humanity could be gathered in essence and —handed on! So the feverish activity of the war passed through its portals as irrelevant as the athletic games or the noisy trucks that clattered by his lecture hall at all hours. These gray stone walls, feebly symbolic of age, tradition, eternity, tried to express this conception of apartness and yet coöperation in the life of the day. The windows of the faculty room where so many wearisome hours had been spent in useless wrangles over curriculum and "methods" were now dark: nobody cared about faculty meetings these days. Clavercin saw that all the causes which had seemed momentous at the time, all the bickerings of little minds that had taken place in that darkened room, all the selfish plottings and schemings for departmental privileges, for promotions and prestige, were like the crumbling leaves of the ivy on the walls. The enduring, the significant thing was—the Idea, the university itself! Men made universities as once they made great temples, blindly, not conceiving the ultimate ends to which they would be devoted, out of some inner necessity of their spirits, as Harris, that great hearted combination of prairie boy and prophet, had built Eureka. Temples! Caravansaries of the human spirit,—that was what universities were. Often

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fantastically employed, according to the necessities or the whims of the moment, but always preserving their indestructible, indefinable, inner purpose for the human spirit. Students came and went, as men and women frequented ancient temples, listened, admired, rejected, and went away; but the temple itself endured, because it was an idea, an aspiration. So it was foolish to worry over what the youth of the day picked up from the university, whether they stored their minds with this or that information, cultivated this or that facility, so long as the university gave them the desire to understand, to grope onwards deeper and deeper into the mystery of existence. And every true teacher tried to give them this inspiration.

"Rather deserted, isn't it?" Jessica Mallory's pleasant, cool voice aroused Clavercin from his meditation. With her was Rudolph Sheimer, whom Clavercin had not seen since that unpleasant visit he had made to the villa on Lake Constance where the Sheimers were living the first year of the war.

"I like it so," Clavercin said with zest. "Somehow it seems to have returned to its own, all the noisy children gone!"

"I do too," Jessica agreed. "It's about the only place where one can get away from the war, here and in the mountains."

"And this is what they are blowing to bits over there," Sheimer added, "all the slow accumulations, the grains of sand that men specially devoted their lives to gathering, — and now your people have joined the dance!"

His voice had an undercurrent of bitterness, as it had in that memorable revelation of his sympathies with Germany in the villa. Clavercin, who unaccountably disliked the man, replied coldly, "Maybe we shall stop the dance before it is too late! What are you doing over here?" he asked bluntly.

"I am an American citizen," Sheimer observed, ironically forgetting his slip "your people". "My wife wanted to see her children, — they are all in school here, and so we came across. I am going presently to Washington; it is most amusing there."

"I should think so," Jessica laughed, "from what I hear, — the best field for behavioristic observation we have yet had."

She recounted some entertaining episodes among the swarming patriots at the capital. Latterly her interests had shifted from psycho-analysis to a new stripe of psychological theory, "behaviorism", and she used the patter of her new cult. To Clavercin it seemed that she had reduced the universe to a series of mechanical categories into which she fitted every human impulse and emotion, satisfied with having classified and assigned it. The world had gradually become to Jessica Mallory a vast store house of phenomena for the use and entertainment of superior minds like her own that had cast off all illusions. Life had no meaning and not much savor beyond the intellectual satisfaction she took in discerning its many appearances.

"We are dining downtown and going to the theatre—won't you come?"

Clavercin shook his head. Alone with Jessica he might yet penetrate to that gentler corner of her nature which had opened to him wistfully once before, but in company with Sheimer only the sinister and cynical aspects of her would appear. The pacifism of such intellectuals appealed to him as little almost as the trivial excitement of a Dolittle.

III

Meanwhile Beckwith's militancy had turned into new fields. The conscientious objectors, of whom there were a few among the students, appealed to Beckwith for advice and protection. One rather talky, white-faced young man with literary aspirations made himself their leader and hung about Beckwith's apartment for weeks, undecided whether to attempt flight or to go through with the rôle of martyrdom recommended by his mentor. Finally he surrendered to the authorities and was shipped off to Leavenworth. He was succeeded by a furtive little cockney whom Snow had discovered and bailed out of prison on the charge of sedition for his editorial utterances in a little labor sheet. Then came stray Hindus, who had escaped from India and were being pursued by the British secret service.

Clavercin after listening to these representatives of revolt protested to Beckwith, "They aren't worth it, Norman, the risk and trouble you take for them. That Duncan lad is a plain shirker. He's the

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kind that would wobble through life anyhow, and it is only his ingrowing egoism that has landed him in Leavenworth."

"Oh, you are hard on the boy!"

"And as for the cockney, according to his own story he has welched on every job he ever had. Dass I don't wholly understand, but he is using the war I suspect as an opportunity for revolt."

"Of course! Why not? Others are using it,—the big capitalists especially,—as an opportunity for exploitation. They are buying organized labor by high wages and exemptions, and combining against unorganized labor."

It was this growing intolerance, this tyranny of the majority over the individual, over the minority, that especially aroused Beckwith's flaming protest. In his championship of the cause he lost sight of the individual who might represent the cause. To Clavercin, on the other hand, it was the quality of the individual that counted most. Sincerity, honesty, steadfastness appealed to him. The tricky players of the game, the self-interested and the trivial, aroused his contempt. Nevertheless Beckwith had reacted unerringly to the gangrene of the war spirit, its intolerance, and almost alone here in the temple of the university he fought every manifestation of the hateful spirit which was spreading its poison throughout the world.

"You must do this and that, you must think as we do," the triumphant majority shouted in chorus. "Why?" Beckwith demanded imperturbably. "In all times of crisis like the present the majority has been found to be wrong in the end. I deny its authority!"

So he organized committees, drubbed up meagre sums from sympathetic persons to maintain his protégés in their revolt.

"I don't like what your friend Beckwith is doing," Louise Clavercin said to her husband censoriously. "Maida Grant was talking about him at luncheon to-day and said if the university authorities didn't shut him up the army intelligence office would. He's on their lists, you know."

"So am I," Clavercin replied amiably, "because of my favorable review of Barbusse's book last spring. So are a lot of our leading citizens for one absurdity or another. That doesn't mean anything!"

"It was a horrid book," reflected Louise, who since she had joined Maida Grant's bond-selling committee had grown strictly orthodox. "It isn't the time to air such views when everybody is doing his bit."

Clavercin, visualizing the large impressive Maida addressing gatherings of applauding citizens in her bond-selling campaign, remarked, "What a lot of fun you women are having with the war! Even Constance Fenton has shut down her crêche and is running about speaking on food conservation. What will you do after the war?"

"Go into business!" Louise retorted, "and make some money."

She lighted a cigarette and, drawing on her driving gloves, departed in the gray-painted Ford that stood outside the front door when it was not careering wildly hither and thither in some war work. Clavercin mounting to his disorderly study collected books and papers for the afternoon lecture. He realized that to Louise, to Maida, even to dear old Constance his assiduity in teaching classes in literature at the university "while we are all doing our best to win the war" seemed quite unmanly, betraying a native impotence of character. The emancipation of women, they felt, had come through the opportunity the war had offered for their public services. So they scurried over the country selling bonds, talking at luncheons, encouraging humbler housewives to save food. They had compelled the orchestral associations to discharge old Gluck because he had neglected to obtain his citizen's papers thirty years ago when he came to America. "Besides he's horrid, you know, with girls." "But you never found that out before the war," Clavercin had protested.

When they gathered after their exhausting labors at some pleasant dinner party where the food regulations were ingeniously evaded, they talked gravely of the reconstruction of society after the war. "One will have to do things to get social position, not merely be rich and give nice parties," they said. Then drifted into the usual gossip about jobs . . . Oh, yes, the war was doing much for women, and they were mostly for it heart and soul.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

A privilege which one may claim on a birthday is to depart from the normal routine. Seizing upon this privilege, THE FORUM *presents in these columns, in place of the customary letters, two short essays which seem to indicate that the modernity we prate of is more a matter of manners than of opinions.*

O Tempora!

Magazines must publish "timely" articles or editors will be damned, — at least by the would-be writers thereof. Timely articles the public apparently wants; so timely articles it apparently gets. Forty years ago when THE FORUM was created, the United States was, we had imagined, a frightfully antiquated country, interested in problems which don't exist for the people of this enlightened and happy day. That's what we imagined until curiosity prompted us to see what problems the original subscribers to THE FORUM *were* interested in. And what do you suppose they were? Well, here are the titles of a few articles in the first bound volume of this not venerable, but comfortably middle-aged magazine:

Prohibition So-Called
The Present Outlook for Christianity
College Athletic Sports
Are Women Fairly Paid? (A Debate)
The Future of Arctic Exploration
What the Roman Catholics Want
Shall Our Laws Be Enforced?
How I was Educated
Why I am a Presbyterian
Faith and Physical Science
What We Know About the Weather
The State and the Criminal
Florida

It was hard enough to believe on glancing through the table of contents that our late grandfathers, the quaint old things, were vitally concerned about topics which are such part and parcel of national discussions in 1926. "Ah, yes, — but," we said to ourselves, "their views about these matters were of ccurse the naïve views of that remote period, when progress hadn't really got a good start." So we turned to the articles and read paragraphs here and there.

What did they think of Prohibition, for instance, in 1886? This:

"I have," wrote Leonard Wolsey Bacon, "*for some time* been settled in the conviction that the best hope that good citizens may have of effective legislation, and execution of law, against the abuses of the liquor traffic, must lie in their cutting loose from any attempt at co-operation with these rule-or-ruin Prohibitionists, whose motto is, Let us do evil that good may come; whose damnation is just. . . . It will be a happy and a hopeful time for the interests of public morals when this Pharisee of the statute-book shall have been compelled to step down from its pedestal of superior and essential virtue, to be judged like the rest of us, by its fruits."

The Outlook for Christianity in 1886? This:

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"The religion of these modern times," wrote W. S. Lilly, "must correspond with our growing culture, and must not content itself with being merely patriotic, or mediaeval, or puritan. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Spencer's dictum holds good: 'Perpetual self-adaptation to environment is the very law of life.' . . . Christianity has been said to be co-extensive with moral civilization. The dictum is too trenchant." Yet he found reasons for believing that "no existing form of religion can dispute the future with Christianity."

College Athletic Sports in 1886? Page Red Grange:

"No one familiar with college matters," wrote C. A. Young, "can have failed to note how great has been the change in respect to athletic sports within the last twenty-five years." (That is, upwards of sixty-five years ago.) "It cannot be considered a normal and satisfactory condition of things, when, in the eyes of the students and the college community generally, athletic distinction outranks scholastic, and the honor-men play second fiddle to the football captain. The real business of college life is study and discipline, and sports should be, and should be made to appear to be, secondary. . . . Another serious and kindred evil is the occasional actual breaking up of college work for a day or more by the exodus of a large portion of the students, with or without leave, to attend some match in a neighboring city or at a sister college. There have been recent instances where from 250 to 300 students have traveled in a body more than 350 miles for such a purpose. The loss of time, the expense, and the temptation to misconduct on such an occasion are evident; and yet, after all, the worst thing is the impression it makes of the supreme importance of a ball-game."

Were women fairly paid in 1886? The question seemed debatable.

Argued Lillie Devereux Blake, for the negative: "Apparently the female passengers of the ship of state are nearly all overboard; and the ropes thrown to them are insufficient in both quantity and quality, and but grudgingly cast forth."

Replied the conservative Van Buren Denslow: "These facts show that society fails in the degree that woman works for wages at all, and succeeds only as she is rescued from such a fate."

(The verdict may now be safely pronounced in Miss Blake's favor; society seems to have "failed" in a high degree.)

What did the Catholics want in 1886? This:

"Every school which we (Catholics) establish," wrote Thomas S. Preston, "every charitable institution which we found, saves the state much more than the people generally realize. . . . We are not denying the atheist or infidel his right to take care of his own children, we only deny him the right to educate in infidelity the children of those who call themselves Christians. . . . An education without religion will be the ruin of all we hold most dear, and there is no religious education possible in our present common-school system."

What did Andrew Carnegie think of the labor question in 1886? This:

"Whatever the future may have in store for labor, the evolutionist, who sees nothing but certain and steady progress for the race, will never attempt to set bounds to its triumphs, even to its final form of complete and universal industrial coöperation, which I hope is some day to be reached."

How far had the newspapers gone to seed in 1886? As far as this:

"Observe," wrote James Parton, "the Sunday issues of some of our morning newspapers. They have acquired, of late, one notable convenience. The family appetite for the newspaper is at no time so keen or so universal as on Sunday morning, when all the household has time to bestow upon its perusal, and when the plans for the coming week both for business and for pleasure are determined by the contents of the newspaper. The new convenience to which I refer is, that the paper, being in half a dozen separate pieces, can be handed around the room, and no member of the household is obliged to wait his turn. The father may be flattered and put off, — if he will submit to it, — with the sheet containing the markets, while the mother loses herself in the multitudinous and bewildering expanse of the dry goods advertisements. The young lady seizes the portion containing the theatrical and social news, and the boys fly with fury to the piece exhibiting the baseball and polo intelligence. And when these are all distributed there will still be a

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fragment for pious Aunt Mary, who is athirst for the religious news of the week. . . . Place side by side, the weekly edition of the 'London Times' and the weekly editions of some of our New York and Chicago journals! What an agonizing contrast!"

How was Edward Everett Hale educated?

"My experience with schools and with the college teaches me to distrust all the mechanics of education. One comes back to Mr. Emerson's words, 'It is little matter what you learn, the question is with whom you learn.'"

The status of literary log-rolling in 1886? Page the 1926 Columnist:

"One of the brotherhood prints his verses in his own magazine, or in the newspapers with which he happens to be connected, and immediately the clique circulate them broadcast and claim for him a laurel crown, while the reviewer, who perhaps has poems of his own to sell, hails him as a new Apollo and gives him a prominent place in his next volume."

At this point we cried out, to ourselves, "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" And we gave up any further attempt to convince ourselves that our grandfathers were antiquated. On the contrary, having opened the old FORUM to scoff, we read on with becoming humility and found bits like these:

"We may as well recognize, once for all, that this reform (woman suffrage), like that involved in universal male suffrage, will have its period of peril, and will not launch us at once upon a summer sea." — Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Apropos of Anarchists: "It is never wise to sit for any considerable length of time on the safety valve."— H. C. Adams.

"Civilization had begun to flatter itself and to say that no descent of barbarians was again possible. It forgot that those whom in scorn, more or less gentle, it had called the lower classes, might some day simply stand up, and that when they did stand up whatever was above them must bend or break." — George Batchelor.

"Malt liquors are drawn through long copper and lead conduits and are thereby dangerously contaminated."

"The question of art in America has become a serious one."

"It is humiliating that while we are pointing out the mistakes into which voters may be betrayed, we should be confronted by this spectacle of a Senate meant to be the least partisan branch of the government, and not elected by popular suffrage, lapsing into the sheerest partisan demagogy."

About to close the volume, we ran across an American contributor who had caught Queen Victoria splitting her own infinitives: "The Lord Chancellor hands to the Queen, with due reverence, her royal utterances duly prepared, which thereupon are addressed to 'My Lords and Gentlemen,' as from the throne. On the 25th of June last (1885), however, the Queen not being present, the royal speech was read by her commissioner, and contained two sentences in immediate connection, as follows:

"'It is my intention to *immediately* dissolve Parliament. I continue to *happily* maintain the most friendly relations with foreign powers.'"

This contributor, A. Cleveland Coxe, respectfully inquired whether the Queen's English *was* English, and ventured the suggestion that her monopoly of it was getting beyond her control. Since those days, O, Mr. Coxe, it has been passed on to two kings under whose easy-going régime it has behaved very much like the Gadarene swine, and plunged straight into the sea, — the Atlantic, — and come ashore here, somewhat the worse for its bath, possibly, but incredibly vitalized. As for a split infinitive more or less, we shall not lose a moment's sleep about ours. What worries us is this: will our grandchildren find the present issue of THE FORUM antiquated or exceedingly timely, on March 1, 1966?

F. C. D.

O Mores!

In this number of THE FORUM *we have contrasted the education of* THE FORUM'S *youth with the education of to-day; we have followed Mr. Van Doren in his résumé of the changes that have overtaken American letters in his life and ours; and we have seen the kaleidoscope of four decades of science flash from the pen of our Science Editor, and so it is no doubt fitting that a word should be said for our manners, then and now. This happy suggestion*

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emanated from a former Managing Editor of THE FORUM. *In the little essay which follows, Miss Walker contrasts the propriety of Mr. Peale with that of Mrs. Post. For if Mrs. Post, author of the widely-read* Etiquette*, *is the social mentor of our age, Mr. Peale*† *was no less an authority on good manners in his day.*

Once upon a time, America fostered a genteel generation. Like a devoted spouse, the genteel generation expired when leisure expired; yet down the decades have come echoing the familiar words, "My dear, when *I* was a girl, it was considered ill-bred," — to such an extent that one is forced to realize that gentility, doomed to die, nevertheless died hard. Poor ghost of yesterday, let us call you up by the side of your red-haired, jazzing grandchild, and see if there is aught of you in her.

Mr. Peale, striking the dominant note for the genteel generation, remarks, "Deliberation is necessary to good breeding, and haste is an indication of bad manners." On the other hand, Mrs. Post, writing for Gentility's granddaughter, declares of correct dinners, "People of to-day do not like to wait between courses an unnecessary second. . . . No service is good unless swift. . . ."

It is discernible from the pages of Mr. Peale's book that the proprieties of the 'eighties decreed that "no gentleman, driving alone with a lady, should sit beside her, unless he is her husband, father, son, or brother. Even an affianced lover should remember this rule of etiquette." One wonders vaguely what one did in the case of a "buggy" which held only two. Did the gentleman sit on the dashboard and guide the horse from there? The question being insoluble, we turn to Mrs. Post and read, "Whether in a private car or a taxi, a lady must never sit on a gentleman's left. The gentleman must give the lady the right-hand seat. . . . A very young girl may motor around the country alone with a man with her father's consent, or sit with him on the rocks by the sea or on a log in the woods." In vain are the pages of Mr. Peale searched to find a similar privilege granted to the young girl of the 'eighties. There was no rule of etiquette decreeing when and how she could drive in the country alone with a young man. The very idea was non-existent.

"Husbands and wives," says Mr. Peale, "should address each other by their Christian names only in the intimacy of the family circle. Outside of it, the titles of Mr. and Mrs. should be used, both in speaking *to*, and *of*, each other." This rule, at some time between that genteel age and to-day, became completely *bouleversé*, for Mrs. Post's book states, "Unless you wish to stamp yourself a person who has never been out of 'provincial' society, never speak of your husband as 'Mr.' except to an inferior. In talking to a stranger, one should say 'my husband', and to a friend, 'Dick'. To call your husband 'Mr.' indicates that you consider the person you are talking to beneath you in station."

Apparently the hour for dinner also has changed considerably in the last four decades, for the monitor of the 'eighties declares, "The formal invitation to dinner should read, 'Mr. and Mrs. Charles Corey request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumners's Company at Dinner, on Thursday, November 1, 1882, from 4 until 6 o'clock.'" Dinner is engraved with a capital "D", perhaps because, as the article states, "an invitation to dinner is the highest social compliment." From 4 until 6 o'clock, — at six, then, one was expected, if genteel, to depart. But what did one do after six? Surely, six wasn't bedtime, — even in the 'eighties! Mrs. Post's correct dinner invitation reads much the same as his, except that the hour for dinner is set for eight o'clock, — and there is no time limit.

Place cards at dinner, it would seem, have undergone a decided change, for the era of gentility would have it that "Of dinner-cards, the hand-painted ones are the most popular. No two should be alike, and each should represent some personal characteristic of the guest whose name it bears." Those were the days, one ruminates, when every daughter of a genteel household studied painting. Were one's personal characteristics left to be mercilessly portrayed by the ambitious, yet amateur, hand of Miss Mamie, — just home from school and a special course of

* *Etiquette*, The Blue Book of Social Usage, Emily Post (Funk and Wagnalls, $4.00).

† *Peale's Popular Educator*, R. S. Peale (out of print).

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instruction on how to paint pansies on ornamental tambourines? Perhaps it was because of the harrowing consequences of this custom that it was safely changed, in Mrs. Post's language, to "Nothing more than a crest must ever be engraved on place-cards; and usually they are plain."

Mr. Peale is much more explicit on "habits to be avoided at table" than is Mrs. Post, his instructions being somewhat detailed: "Do not make a noise with mouth or throat. Do not carry any food with you from the table. Do not put your fingers in your mouth. Do not come in shirt-sleeves. *Keep the spoon in the cup while drinking.* When you desire to have it refilled, take the spoon from the cup and lay it in the saucer. That is an indication that you will take more. Always remember to ask for 'cream'. Do not speak of 'milk' no matter how blue and pale the fluid may be. Do not make the table-cloth do the duties of your napkin. Use the latter frequently, — both for keeping your fingers and your whiskers clean."

It was then, apparently, only in recent years that the spoon was divorced from the cup, for Mrs. Post states explicitly, "the spoon should never be left in the cup while drinking out of it."

Mr. Peale also admonishes his readers "not to spit out cherry-stones, grape-skins, or anything of the sort upon your plate." "Think," reflects Miss Jazz, "of the consternation that the picturesque politician of our own day would have caused who, when getting rid of a bad oyster at a large dinner party, remarked, 'Some damn fools would have swallowed that!'" The socially ambitious of the 'eighties were instructed, "The side of your plate, or side-dishes that have contained sauces or vegetables, will answer as a receptacle for bones, potato skins, etc. These should not be thrown under the table. . . . Do not attempt to eat peas with a fork, much less a knife. If you are not provided with a spoon, ask for one."

"Side-dishes" now belong only to the past, for Mrs. Post states, "Separate vegetable saucers are never put on a fashionable table."

The etiquette of traveling appears to be much the same to-day as it was in the days of the Popular Educator, although the conditions of practising it, as will be seen from the following, have altered somewhat: "Being certain that he is on time, that he is on the right train, baggage carefully checked, and everything in order, the mind of the experienced traveler is serene, and a smile of benignant complacency illumines his countenance as he unfolds his evening paper." Behold our Grand Central Station, Mr. Peale, and see with what benignant complacency our rush-hour commuters walk leisurely to their trains.

"Ladies traveling alone, when addressed in a courteous manner by gentlemen, should reply politely to the remark, but a true lady will know how to keep the conversation from bordering on familiarity, and by a quiet dignity and sudden hauteur will effectually check any attempt at presumption on the part of her strange acquaintance. . . . Genteel travelers always carry their own toilet articles and do not depend on the public brush and comb. Some ladies have an idea that any old thing is good enough to travel in, and so look exceedingly shabby on the train. . . ."

"A lady should never sing in a hotel parlor unless invited to do so." One searches breathlessly for instructions on how to stop a lady, once invited, from singing in a hotel parlor. Evidently the genteel generation bore its suffering with gentility.

The furnishing of the truly genteel house of the 'eighties was given this gentle guidance: "In this day of artistic furniture, art magazines, and art crazes generally, there need be no excuse for bad taste in furnishing. The day of one stiff sofa, six stiff chairs, and one straight table, all placed rigidly against the wall, and forming right angles with it, is over, the gods be thanked. Anyone having a taste for the higher style of embroidery, such as the Kensington and Arrasene work, may produce very artistic effects. Tidies of crochet or knitted work are tasteful, and thorns and ferns are ornamental." The Popular Educator does not state where the thorns were placed in the "art" home of the 'eighties. Tact must have been required in their disposal, or conceivably they might have been a hazard.

There is a hint in Mrs. Post's book, however, that all the rococo element did not belong exclusively to the genteel gen-

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Railway Car Scene, Proper

eration. For we find her stating on the subject of visiting cards, "At the rehearsal of a wedding, the tiny twin flower girls came carrying their wedding present for the bride, to which they had attached their own small visiting cards. One card was bordered and engraved in pink . . . the other, in blue, and the address of each read '*Chez Maman.*'" It would seem as though even Mr. Peale, asked to comment on this, might be justified in condemning it, in the colloquialism of to-day, as "trick". He might even be pardoned for enquiring, "'*Chez Maman*' — *mais où est Papa?*"

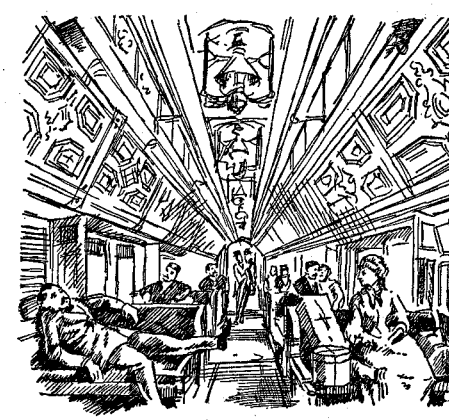
The young girl of to-day, having cast aside many of the social fetters which bound her sister of yesterday, seems, in the process, to have acquired one disadvantage that was unknown to the débutante of the 'eighties. For Mr. Peale declares, in his chapter on ballroom manners, that "a gentleman should not attend a ball unless he has made up his mind to dance with the plain girls as well as the beauties, and to dance instead of hanging around the doorways waiting for supper."

Whereas Mrs. Post puts all the burden of her popularity on the girl, likening her, with an apology, it is true, to a spider, and maintaining that "she *must* catch a fly, meaning a trousered companion, so as not to be left in placarded disgrace; and having caught him, she must hang on to him until another takes his place. . . . There . . . is something to be said on the man's side, especially on that of one who . . . only intending to see one or two particular friends (at a dance) and then go home, is forced because of an impulse of courtesy . . . to spend an endless and exhausting evening. . . . To-day, a young girl who finds she is not a ballroom success avoids ballrooms. . . . She must learn to dance well . . . or she must go to balls for supper only, or for bridge."

Mr. Peale declares that "no gentleman should act the buffoon in a ballroom, by dancing a break-down, swinging his arms about, and behaving in a rude and boisterous manner." One wonders if it ever crossed the author's mind that a day might come when any gentleman who *could* dance a break-down would perhaps be the success of the evening.

The changes in the etiquette of dress which have occurred since Grandmother Gentility's day are too obvious for comment, but one finds Mr. Peale irresistible on this subject. In a section on "the brunette's colors", we learn that "the tasteful *brune* will always manage to have a scarlet blossom deftly twisted in her dark hair, or an orange knot looped at her throat. Perfumes should only be used in the evenings, — and then they should only be of the most *recherché* kind. . . . The use of false hair, etc., is almost as much condemned by genteel people as painted cheeks and pencilled brows. . . . Never attempt to change the color of your hair by means of dyes. With the color of your hair, as in other matters, it is best to trust to nature."

Of the 1880 wedding, it was written: "For day weddings, the Prince Albert coat must be worn, with white tie and gloves. It is not *de rigueur* to wear dress suits in the daytime. The bridegroom and groomsmen, after dark, must wear full evening dress, viz., black swallow-tail



Railway Car Scene, Improper

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coat, white necktie, black vest, and black pants." Shades of gentility, — did the impeccable Mr. Peale, himself, slip here? For did not the same epoch in which he wrote sponsor the axiom, "Gentlemen wear trousers — 'gents' wear pants"?

A Neatly Dressed Lady

It is, indeed, on reading of the etiquette of the marriage relation, that we realize how different is our own era from that of Mr. Peale. He cautioned wives of the 'eighties not to "dispute in small matters. If your husband seems to bring his dictatorial spirit too prominently into the domestic circle, do not aggravate matters by opposition. It is better far to yield quietly than to display temper and provoke a quarrel. It may seem humiliating to a high-spirited woman to be continually bending beneath the yoke, but she must remember that peace is to be preserved at all costs, and that she has voluntarily assumed a position which she is bound to retain and make the best of until her dying day."

Those were the days when "divorce" or "separation" were only mentioned, if at all, in a whisper. Yet we find Mrs. Post saying that "a man of honor . . . allows his wife, no matter what her conduct has been, to get her freedom on other than criminal grounds."

In the matter of love and courtship, the Educator is explicit, and timid swains of that day must have been greatly helped by its full and frank advice. Of the proposal, it is written, "The manner of making the offer of marriage must always be regulated by circumstances. . . . If the gentleman be ready of speech, and attractive of person, it is best for him to plead his cause in *persona propria*, and receive his acceptance with the added sweetness of smile and blush and love-lit glance; or his rejection, if such it must be, with the tender, saving grace of sadly murmured regrets. If the suitor, however, be of a nervous temperament, or 'fears his cause too much' to risk a personal interview, he should make his proposal in writing." Was he himself to be the judge of whether he was "ready of speech and attractive of person"?

Is it that Mrs. Post, the author of the 1925 Blue Book of Social Usage, is a far less sentimental person than was Mr. Peale, that she does not touch upon the manners of proposal-making? Or is it that only the genteel generation had the leisure for such romanticisms, and that to-day no one has the time to make proposals, — much less to listen to them? Nor can we find, in her book, aught of advice to lovers such as the kindly Mr. Peale gave the youth of his day. He conscientiously covered all contingencies that might occur in a romance of the 'eighties, and even concerned himself with the case of a young lady falling in love while away from the protecting wing of her maternal parent. For her use he indites the following letter:

An Over-dressed Female

"My Dear Mamma: From what you know of Boston, you will not be surprised to hear that I have enjoyed an incessant round of gaiety and pleasure. My health, too, is completely recruited, and my friends are so kind that I feel almost at home. But I have another serious matter to confess to you, at which I hope you will not feel angry. It seems almost ungrateful to think of loving anyone but you; but oh, Mamma, if you saw Harry Lenning, you would forgive me,

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I am sure. He is so handsome, so gentle in his manners, and yet so sensible and so accomplished! We met at a party given by your old friend, Mrs. Grayson, and he scarcely quitted my side the whole evening. Mrs. Grayson has so high an opinion of him that she repeatedly invited him to her house, until his visits have become of almost daily occurrence. He is most honorable and straightforward, and only waits permission to write to you, in order to give you full particulars as to his condition and prospects. Forgive me, dear Mamma, when I tell you that my feelings are deeply enlisted in his favor, and that I feel as if much of my future happiness depended on our union. I wish you were here to counsel and advise me, for never before did I so much feel my own heart master of my reason. I hope you will write directly or come immediately to your affectionate but anxious child,

Minnie Howson."

The author of the Educator directs Mamma to reply in this wise:

"My Dear Child: Make yourself perfectly at ease as to my consent to anything that will promote your happiness. If Mr. Lenning proves to be what you represent, my fondest wish, that you might meet a desirable partner in life, will be realized. At the same time, do not be too hasty to give an unqualified assent to his proposals, but take time to study his character and disposition through a longer acquaintance. I shall be in Boston on the fifteenth, and I shall be delighted, not only to meet my dear child again, but to be introduced to the man whom she has thought so worthy of her affections.

Your ever loving mother,

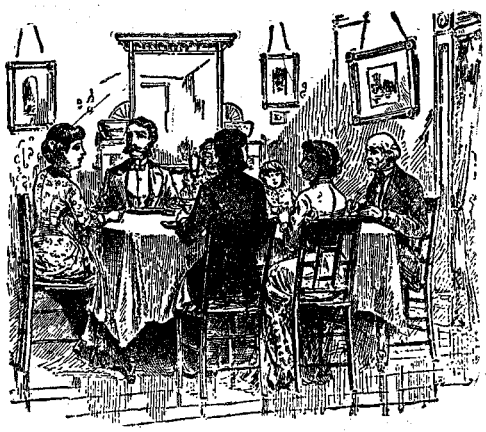
Gertrude Howson."

Although Mrs. Post does not mention her, a flapper of 1925 found herself in the same situation in Florida that Minnie had faced in Boston. Her mother received the following brief telegram:

"Congratulate me, old girl. Finally knocked him senseless with cerise frock. Stepping off in June."

Which all leads us to conclude that the evolution from gentility to jazz in forty years was for America not so much a step as an airplane flight.

HELEN WALKER.



Correct Dinner Table

Incorrect Dinner Table

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

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Lord Grey's Memoirs

Whether one approaches the Memoirs of Lord Grey, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS — 1892–1916 (Stokes, 2 vols., $10.00), as an historian, a psychologist, or a layman, one is assured of long hours of interesting reading. In this chronicle of one man's part in a momentous period in history, the historian will find certainly new material, even though the story is avowedly incomplete. The psychologist will be caught by the self-revelation of a man upon whose decisions hang momentous outcomes, now hesitating, now calm, self-reliant, now naïvely questioning, at times agonized. The layman need read only the chapter on the Foreign Office to be struck by the grilling work, accurate card-index memory, lightning judgment, and finesse that is called for in an effective Secretary for Foreign Affairs in times of peace. War, of course, immensely complicated that burden, and one may wonder, not that mistakes were made by all the governments, and that judgments were not always sound, but that the world has to-day pulled itself together even as well as it has.

The two volumes cover the years from 1892 when the author, then a man of thirty, entered the Cabinet as Parliamentary Under Secretary to Lord Rosebery who headed the Foreign Office, to 1916, when the Asquith Cabinet fell under the bludgeon of David Lloyd George and Lord Grey, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, retired with it, after ten years in that office. The chronicle of those twenty-five years covers many an exciting crisis, the serious danger of war with France in 1893 over a trifling question of whether or not a British gunboat should steam out of a Siamese port threatened with blockade by France, — a blockade which never matured; the better known crises over the Balkans, over Algeciras, and over Agadir; the constant strain over unpleasant diplomatic incidents with Germany, France, Russia, in turn; the Anglo-Japanese agreement; the growing feeling that, if it came to a pinch, an understanding with France and Russia would better serve the Empire than an understanding with the Triple Alliance; the Anglo-French agreement of 1904; and the last crisis, the Great War itself, where one event followed another with such stunning rapidity that the over-

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throw of a dynasty was no more than a nine minutes' wonder.

What these years did to one Briton is shown indelibly in the photographs illustrating the two volumes, the first of a thoughtful, keen, sensitive, rather idealistic man just past his youth, the second, twenty-five years later, no less thoughtful perhaps, but without certain characteristics one might hope to find. This is not surprising, but it is impressive.

It is the part of an historian and not of the present reviewer to unravel in detail the tangle of fact and opinion here given, and perhaps, long hence, to set Lord Grey in his final and particular niche among the figures of the Great War. As angel and devil he has been written down, and the end of the controversy is not yet.

Unquestionably the narrative at times takes on the character of an apologia, as indeed is foreshadowed in that sage passage in the introduction: "War has stirred passions, enlisted sympathies, and aroused hatreds; many of the war generation have formed opinions that nothing will modify, and are dominated by predilections or prejudices. . . . With such people mental digestion ceases to be able to assimilate anything except what nourishes convictions already formed; all else is rejected or resented; and new material or reflections about the war are searched, not for the truth, but for fuel to feed the flame of preconceived opinion . . . and not until a new generation rules will books about the war be read, not to be refuted or acclaimed, but to be understood."

And, disclaiming completeness for this record: "It is precisely," he says, "the man at the centre who is often unable to see the woods for the trees. . . . Try as he may, each one of us can grasp but one aspect of the truth; and this is all he can convey to others."

Into these passages some will read an alibi, others a straightforward disclaimer of finality. A man about whose head bitter controversies have raged, has here set down without apparent heat the history of a quarter of a century of public life. Since it touches on the highly charged cross-currents of European diplomacy in that time, the outcome for Europe seems now, in the light of after-wisdom, inevitable, however tragic.

Where the narrative records opinions, these are at times arresting, at times contradictory. A few days after the outbreak of the Great War, in conversation with the Austrian Ambassador, Grey declared it was "the greatest step towards socialism that could possibly have been made," and enlarging on this, he says elsewhere: "I felt that if war came, and proved to be the catastrophe that was anticipated, people would not stop to apportion war guilt, to blame one country or to acquit another; they would take a wholesale view and say that no matter who was to blame for this war, the system under which such a catastrophe was possible must be changed," and he verifies his forecast with a review of the changes in Russia, in Germany, in Italy, and the disappearance of Austria-Hungary as a great power. But (much later) in his final conclusions, he dismisses "the talk about 'old diplomacy' and 'new diplomacy'" as "little better than useless chatter."

On the seemingly endless controversy over who started the war, Lord Grey is plainly of the opinion that Prussian militarism, with its "blank check" to Austria, was to blame, but again, in his conclusions, he reflects thus: "We have still to ask ourselves the further question whether, if war had not come in 1914, could it have been indefinitely postponed or altogether avoided? With Europe an armed camp, every nation feeling impelled to measures of defense and every nation construed by some other nation as a prospective aggressor, could peace have been preserved much longer? . . . Every country had been piling up armaments and perfecting preparations for war," and he continues (Vol. II, p. 279) his analysis of Europe as an armed camp. Indeed the narrative as a whole, with its dispassionate recital of one thrust at peace after another on the part of Russia, of Germany, of France, and of England itself, brings to the layman, at any rate, a wonder at the naïve astonishment and bewilderment of the man in the street that war could smite him in his complacent comfort in the year of — what? surely not grace — 1914.

The secret treaties negotiated during the war are here explained and defended at length with a wealth of revealing detail, but without a word as to when the American President was apprised of them. There

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is also Lord Grey's explanation that he was justified in saying to the British Parliament that there were "no previous commitments" to France, at the outbreak of the war.

The most interesting disclosure of the Memoirs is, of course, the now famous memorandum of Colonel House, acting for President Wilson, in 1916, which proposed that a conference should be summoned to put an end to the war, and which laid down possible terms should the Allies accept this proposal. Should Germany refuse it, the United States would "probably" enter the war against Germany. This "probably" was, as we know from other sources, inserted by the President, and this qualification was perhaps partly responsible for the fact that the proposal was not acted upon. The deeper reason, however, was the reluctance of Grey to recommend the memorandum to the French for fear that it might be construed as a sign of weakening; and the French, he explains, were by then determined to fight on for the lost provinces. Therefore, Grey let Briand know of it without recommending it, after the British War Committee with his "full concurrence" had decided not to take the matter up. The memorandum was later turned over to the Foreign Office when the Asquith Ministry fell, and nothing tangible came of it, from the Allies at least.

It seemed clear to Ambassador Page, as we know now, that the Cabinet and the British people would never have given it consideration. Yet in commenting on the incident Grey remarks that he regarded the President's move as "on the side of the Allies . . . because it seemed to me certain that Germany would refuse anything like the terms suggested . . . and if Germany had refused the Conference, or refused to settle on the terms suggested, the United States would have joined the Allies some months sooner . . . two years of war would have been avoided . . . and there would have been a peace with no noxious secret ideas of *revanche*." Many reasons are given for not considering the memorandum seriously, but it seems incontrovertible that Lord Grey took upon himself heavy responsibilities in not communicating it to the Cabinet at once. Singularly enough the British press, in their review of the Memoirs, have almost universally ignored the incident.

Altogether we have here a compelling, exceedingly well-written narrative of British political life, quiet country weekends, and historic drama by a man who retired with quite evident satisfaction to look back upon a full life, interestingly lived in the service of his beloved England. It should not be passed over by anyone who has even a slight interest in the world as it is.

CHRISTINA MERRIMAN.

A Classic Scandal

Speaking of detective stories, here, my friends, is a *book:* BEATRICE CENCI by Corrado Ricci (Boni & Liveright, $10.00), — two volumes of three hundred and twenty-four pages each. And (to use the language of the advertising guild) not a dull page among them. Corrado Ricci wrote them in Italian. Morris Bishop and Henry Longan Stuart translated them into English.

And if there is a single foul deed in the entire pharmacopoeia of crime that does not get honorable mention somewhere within these thirty-two chapters, send me a note indicating specific nature of the misdemeanor, and I will ask Horace Liveright to have it rectified at once. Indeed, the nature of some of the pleasant little incidents here narrated is such that even police-reporters, hardened in the wicked ways of the world, would feel themselves stumped for the *mot précis* if they were called upon to report such a case. (I hasten to add, in deference to the sixteenth century, that cases like those enumerated in the Cenci book have actually taken place in this Great Republic within my own journalistic memory. But invariably they seem to occur in clerical families that live west of Buffalo and east of Denver, and to the question, "When is a crime not a crime?" we brethren of the double-spacing variety have learned to give the answer, "When it is committed by a small-town parson or his immediate family.")

The heroine of these two volumes is known to most people. She may not be much more than a name to them, but ask them whether they have ever heard of her and they will answer, "Cenci . . . Beatrice Cenci . . . now let me see . . .

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some nasty scandal . . . some very nasty scandal . . . a long time ago."

Nasty scandal was right.

A nasty scandal and an even nastier family.

The father, Francesco Cenci, was the illegitimate son of a Roman priest, who as Treasurer General of the *Camera Apostolica* and Deputy Collector of the Tithes of the Papal State, had stolen himself rich and had quietly sold his office before he ran the risk of an official investigation.

The fact, however, that his riches were "tainted" was generally known, and it was used by a whole series of Pontiffs to despoil young Francesco of the greater part of his patrimony in the form of fines. The young man ably, yea, enthusiastically aided and abetted the authorities in the official robberies by providing them with every imaginable excuse for the exercise of august displeasure. He committed highway robbery and indulged in mild forms of murder. No girl was safe from his attentions, and his stable boys ran away from him as fast as they could flee. He was a degenerate, a sadist, and if you pour all the vials of Roget 945 out upon his deserving head, you have only said the half of it.

This animal, however, found time to contract two marriages and be the father of nine legitimate children. The illegitimate ones remained a matter of guess-work.

As for the daughters, they were mild and meek, but the sons were *de véritables fils à papa*. They turned rake, shot up the town whenever they felt it needed a little excitement, and invariably ended their career by stumbling upon the business end of a rapier held deftly and just at the right height by some one who did not love them.

Why Francesco should have concentrated all his hatred (and he spent his life doing an awful lot of hating) upon one of his daughters, Beatrice by name, is not quite clear. The older schools of investigators held that Beatrice had been indiscreet and that the father, upset by the discovery of her clandestine love affair, had sent her to a lonely castle that she might be prevented from bringing further dishonor upon the noble name of Cenci. As a matter of fact, the unfortunate love affair does not seem to have taken place until some time after Beatrice had been locked up at La Petrella when from sheer misery and boredom she was ready for anything *che fa passare il tempo*.

To make a long story short, after the father had tortured Beatrice and her stepmother, Lucrezia Petroni, for a period of almost three years, the two women and two of the remaining sons (who also had suffered under the old man's tyranny) decided that it was time to rid themselves of the monster, lest they all perish at his hands. The lover of Beatrice, the steward of the castle in which she was imprisoned, was elected executive head of the conspiracy. With a pointed hammer he crushed Francesco's skull, and as the reader may have surmised, it was no easy job. As soon as the victim seemed sufficiently dead, his body was thrown out of the castle. The women set up a great hue and cry and when the villagers assembled, the murderers pointed to the corpse and sighed, "Poor papa, he lost his balance and fell through a hole in the balcony. Look it! There he lies."

Of course a murder in which not less than six people have taken part cannot possibly remain a secret. Both the men and the women got scared, and they bungled everything in such a way that the chapters dealing with this episode will bring tears to the eyes of all the crooks who got (or stole) this book for Christmas.

The rest of the story is ghastly. It was a plain case of patricide, and patricide was a grievous sin in the sight of Heaven. That the father had been a drunken and degenerate beast who, according to most trustworthy evidence, had repeatedly tried to attack his own daughter was no excuse. The duty of all good daughters, as firmly established by the prophet of Mount Hebron, three thousand years or so before, was to honor their fathers, not to murder them.

Tremendous popular pressure was brought to bear upon the courts to save the girl from the scaffold. Every one in the Eternal City knew who and what Francesco had been. If he had been murdered, it served him right! Anything to get the low hound out of the way and long life to those who had done the valiant deed!

A pious wish, but the Roman judges knew that their master was in favor of an

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exemplary and drastic punishment, and they acted accordingly.

On the 11th of September of the year 1599, Beatrice and the widow Lucrezia were decapitated in the presence of such a mob that several people were crushed to death or fell into the Tiber and drowned. The oldest son was executed by the slowest process of gradual physical elimination then known to the papal hangman, but the youngest boy, as a token of His Holiness's merciful spirit, was not killed, but was only condemned to be present on the scaffold while his stepmother, his brother, and his sister were hacked to pieces. The poor kid fainted as soon as the first head came off, but he was duly revived before the second victim mounted the fatal steps. No doubt this was done with the best of intentions, and for the ultimate salvation of his soul, and so we shall let it pass at that.

I recommend this book most heartily to those who sometimes pine for "the good old days".

Here was a crazy man who during fifty years was given full liberty to commit every sort of crime, natural and unnatural, printable and unprintable. Begotten by a crooked father, he was in turn allowed to produce a whole crop of sinister boys and girls. Then he turned savagely upon his own offspring until those of his children who had a spark of decency left in them revolted and destroyed their tormentor.

"But he was their father. You see, they never should have forgotten that he was their father."

Yes, Ma'am (or Sir), I see.

I vaguely suspect that there is a moral in all this somewhere. But I am only trying to review a book. And I have troubles enough as it is. Heaven forbid that I should get myself suspected of being in favor of birth-control for idiots and criminals.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

A Modern Moses

MY RELIGION by Emil Gustav Hirsch, with an Introduction by Gerson B. Levi (MacMillan $5.00), which is a posthumous collection of sermons and addresses given by the celebrated Jewish thinker, orator, and leader, deserves more than a summary mention; for it marks an epoch. This eloquent manual of Jewish modernism, not sentimental but rigorous and scientific, unites reason and faith. It is also in its way more orthodox than orthodoxy, if I may say so, because it denies nothing that is substantial in the Hebraic tradition, lops no branches from the tree, but endeavors to consolidate its roots and spread its shadow far beyond the confines of Palestine. In the eyes of Dr. Hirsch, there was nothing, even to the higher criticism, which did not serve the glorification of his race. "Under the higher criticism," he says, "this Biblical literature becomes our, Israel's possession. . . . It was written with Israel's own heart-blood." Christianity, Capital, and Labor, the doctrine of evolution, all the problems of modern society became under his facile pen, or rather on his persuasive tongue, arguments in favor of the adoption and wide extension of Judaism. He did not Americanize Judaism as he has been reproached with doing: he "cosmopolized" it. *My Religion* is the book to be consulted by all who wish to know exactly what the Jew thinks of himself and his place in the world.

"My Religion," this bold and happy phrase has been taken recently as the title of various inquiries undertaken by English and American editors. Religion indeed is a petty thing if it does not ripen, as the spiritual fruit of the individual, in the utter depths of mind and heart, and, this being so, the sincere articulation of each personal creed cannot fail to reveal the common bond among all religions.

We have an example of this in the religion of Dr. Hirsch. Although specialized in the convictions and knowledge of one man, it tends none the less, — I was about to say it tends all the more, — toward universality. Just because it is thus more human, more vital, than dogmatic Judaism, this religion ceases to appertain to a tribal sect; it declares itself the religion of humanity.

We Christians, of course, cannot agree with Dr. Hirsch in his assumption that all the teaching of Jesus was already included in the Old Testament: a doctrine contested indeed by his classmate, Dr. Felix Adler, who gladly pays homage to the originality of Christ's teaching. But we deem it impossible to deny that,

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through the prophets especially, Israel had anticipated the idea of a worship whose mission was to unite in the same fold all the nations led by the same shepherd.

I knew Dr. Hirsch in Chicago and can speak of him with an emotion which is denied to those who merely read his books and have not been under the spell of his presence nor experienced the seduction of his oratorical art, which affected to repudiate all affectation. In intimate association the man was surprising and charming, though at times, I am told, somewhat brusque and sarcastic. In his relations with me, an alien in race and creed, he always showed himself sympathetic and appreciative.

From Chicago and from Sinai Centre, which was virtually his creation, his influence radiated throughout America and also beyond it. "The greatest pulpiteer produced by Judaism for a century," Editor of the "Reform Advocate", head of the Bible department for the Jewish Encyclopedia, President of the Board of Chicago's Public Library, holding at the University the chair of Hebrew and Sanscrit languages, active member of the Parliament of Religions, he was a master of thought as well as of assemblies, the scholar of the platform, the modern expounder of the new mission of Israel.

Born in 1851, in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, he brought to the United States the European spirit of criticism steeped in the study of authentic texts, a long trained logical faculty, a learning as vast as it was precise. Yet he was no mere trafficker in words. His genius, which came to him largely from his father, Samuel Hirsch, one of the founders of Jewish modernism, led him to undertake works of reform and social education. He was not content to preach from the pulpit of Sinai Centre; he took his place in the council of the men of action. He entered effectively into the molding of the life of the Jewish community of Chicago, and brought about the "Associated Charities".

In company with Max Klee, himself a philanthropic intellectual, to whom the poor immigrants of America, as well as the war orphans of Europe, are deeply indebted, I recall having visited in Chicago those clubs and schools, vast and comfortable buildings, in which everything is anticipated and organized for the strengthening of the body and the regeneration of the soul. There, those who in the backward countries of extreme Europe wallowed in misery and persecution, — and especially the children, the future and the hope of Israel, — are initiated into the full and free life which demands solid muscles and a brain nourished by literature and science. This magnificent effort of the American Jews profits not only their own race; it furnishes signal advantages to the entire New World. There is formed a nursery of Americans, who are not only valuable citizens but zealous militants of modern civilization. The pestilential effects of the Old World Ghetto are thus annulled, and a further step taken toward the reconciliation of races which will contribute to the unification of peoples.

These providential monuments of stone are, in a way, illustrations of those other purely intellectual monuments, Dr. Hirsch's sermons. They confirm by example the teaching of that religion of humanity which, whether Jewish or Christian, will be efficient only in proportion as it achieves fruitful acts of solidarity.

JULES BOIS.

Well, Why *Do* We?

A five-year-old, on first seeing his mother nurse the new baby, exclaimed in amazement, "*Where* did you get the idea?"

A while back, his mother might have been stumped for a comprehensive answer to this question. But now, here's Dr. George A. Dorsey's book to draw upon, — WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS (Harper, $3.50), — which really tells why we behave like a fish, a goose, an ass, a monkey, a reptile, and other fauna all too often pressed ungratefully into service as epithets. "It's really not an original idea at all," the well-Dorsey'd mother might have responded to the child. "Take bats, for instance; or whales . . . "

For this book is a memorial to the universal kinship of all creatures, — more: of all matter. "The gas-bolt that was pulled by a passing star from its parent sun and grew into earth carried the elements of life. When the earth was fit for

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life, life came; the *inorganic* elements reorganized into organic compounds. . . . With only two elements thousands of new substances are possible; with three, the possible combinations are enormously increased. With C,H,O, and N, and a pinch of salts, every living thing is possible. Why? It is their *nature*. . . . We may demand our place in the sun, but life learned to climb to the sun millions of years before man was dreamed of."

Human nature is only one of myriad combinations of elements. The embryo of Bryan mocking his resentment against evolution had much in common, for instance, with that of a shark. The gill-arches, which in the shark embryo developed into the lower jaw, in Mr. Bryan (as in the rest of us) developed into certain bones of his middle ear, his Adam's apple, the hyoid apparatus which supported his famous silver tongue. Numberless traits, vestiges, characteristics, signal the kinship of creature to creature, of man to non-human species. "We have reached a point in time where no one knows who's who."

And the rating of man in the scale of evolution? Well, man has some advantages over other animals, — a greater capacity for modifiable behavior; for learning, speech, and the peculiar human types of thinking, a greater control over his environment.

But, curiously, human beings never seemed to me so undistinguished, evolutionarily speaking, as at the end of this brilliant and distinguished book. And I think Dr. Dorsey was far more deeply interested in the miracle of the universe as a whole, than in telling why we behave like human beings. In fact, I couldn't find out why we do. "Because it is our nature," seems to me the substance of his explanation. When it comes to humans, Dr. Dorsey asks many more questions than he answers. Yet this book answers more questions than any other I can at the moment recall.

It is written in a quick snappy style. It takes you lightly through scientific data ordinarily presented so ponderously as to discourage the uninitiated. But with Dr. Dorsey, you hop gaily, indeed sometimes fliply, from one hummock to another, hitting the high spots of a number of sciences; and you have traveled a long bit of the trail before you realize that you are out of breath, and begin to wish the short staccato sentences might rest for a while, and let you sink down into some easy, quiet, not-quite-so-clever prose.

So for a bit you put the book away, and dip perhaps into other scientific books. Being human, and therefore a bit contrary, Dr. Dorsey's saucy reference to Freud, — "Freudism became a fad; then, a cult; and is now a disease and should be put out of its misery," — gives you somehow a friendlier feeling for the starter of psycho-analysis. Or you pull out even a dusty old pigeon-holed idea of Eugenics; for after following whole-heartedly, or rather whole-mindedly, Dr. Dorsey's excellent summary of Mendel's Law, and his regretful conclusion that so little is known of the Mendelian units in humans, you bump against this piece of mockery: "Enough is known, however, to support a Eugenics Society. Its motto is: When in doubt, marry a dissimilar; you may thereby skip a generation with a wooden head."

All the same, your indebtedness to this book is so great, that you wink at the author's little sins, except when you enjoy them. And after a short rest, you are willing to walk another mile. And you finish the book with gusto and relish, and such a sense of gratitude for having got so much wisdom without boredom, that really it doesn't matter very much if you have not learned why we behave like human beings.

VIOLA PARADISE.

The Life of Aaron Burr

From the first important step of Aaron Burr's political life, with its kaleidoscopic changes, and its early victories perhaps too easily won, one has the feeling that unavoidable, epic tragedies are in the background. Swiftly they sweep on. In every move Burr's acts were subjected to violent discussion. His resignation from the army in the midst of the Revolution created "a jealousy of his motives". Under cover of forming a water-power company, he founded the Manhattan Company Bank of New York City. He was suspected of intrigue in obtaining the nomination for Senator of New York in

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the place of General Schuyler. His outstanding political achievement,—organizing the Republican victory of 1800,—might better have been left undone. For in the Presidential election, he tied with Thomas Jefferson in Electoral College votes and was promptly accused of trying to steal the Presidency. (In those days the man receiving the highest vote was declared President, the other Vice-President.)

The bullet with which he shot Hamilton in an unavoidable duel might better have been a boomerang into his own heart. It killed him politically. He was indicted for murder. His vast scheme for an expedition against Mexico, with its mysterious preparation in Texas and Louisiana, might just as well have been directed against the United States. He was accused of trying to form a Western Confederacy, was arrested and tried for treason. Although technically acquitted, he was hounded from the United States to become a dissolute wanderer without a country, a curious combination of madman, Don Quixote, and stoic.

Mr. Samuel H. Wandell and Mr. Meade Minnigerode in their two volume biography AARON BURR (Putnam, $10.00), have leaned too far backwards in Aaron Burr's defense,—unmindful of the fact that schemers, seducers, and friends of traitors, while alluring to follow and to love, are naturally distrusted by the voting populace. At the same time the authors have done much to remove the rumor and the venom with which history has shrouded Burr's actions and his name. For this reason, and because of the wealth of new documents and historical portraits, they have given us one of the worth while biographies of 1925.

HORACE GREEN.

Arcady-on-Cherwell

Robert Coffin has dwelt in Arcady. All that he writes is silvered with Arcadian happiness and poetry. In his Arcady old men and women are not frail and pitiful,—"they walk abroad for ale and primroses;" there dogs and village boys are not noisy,—their sound is "faint and musical beyond high walls;" there men have the "simple, single things that last, plain pity and love and grief and mercy and, best of all, kindliness." His Arcady has twin capitals in Iffley and Oxford, with the bridge between where Magdalen Tower looks down. If you did not find Arcady when you crossed the bridge, if the houses seemed too well worn and the ways mean and the food inaccessible, it was not Mr. Coffin's Iffley that you found. If you have not heard the song of May Morning from the tower, if you have not dined beneath Oxford's cathedral-like windows where the old colors are as rich as port, if you came too late to hear the knightly Walter Raleigh,—then take up Mr. Coffin's book, A BOOK OF CROWNS AND COTTAGES, Robert P. Tristram Coffin (Yale University Press, $2.50).

These essays came to their book through several periodicals. If they had been written in the eighteenth century some might have appeared in the "Spectator". One essay, "The Paradox of Oxford", comes from the pages of THE FORUM. This is the Oxford of an American's first weeks of residence when every contrast with his own Alma Mater is as clear as black put down on white, "an odd collection of separate colleges, without alumni organizations and without advertising, with antiquated prejudices and with Mediaeval buildings."

It may have been for the sake of Plotinus that Mr. Coffin went up to Oxford, but Plotinus, happily, has a very small part in his essays. He is kept out by Mrs. Mamble, the landlady of Iffley; by "Britter" and "Brigger", one a bookworm mumbling his cud of Latin in the Bodleian, the other the British workman up to his chin in work or play; by the Dean who plays a vindicative game of croquet; by dons, students in "bags", postmen, curates, and innkeepers. "The colleges of Oxford, too, are inns by origin and development; and they smell of man most fragrantly."

By all means, put up at Mr. Coffin's sign of *Crowns and Cottages* and discover "how closely Eden (or did we say Arcady?) borders on our earth."

JAMES CREESE.

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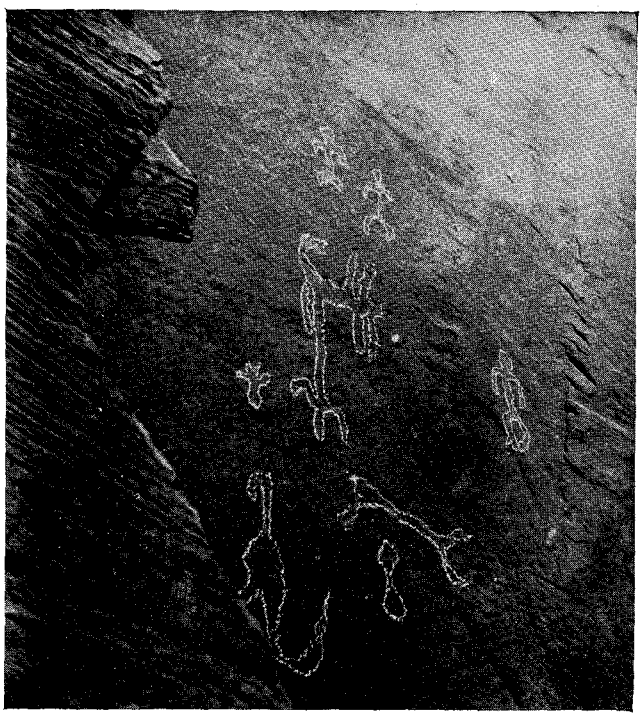
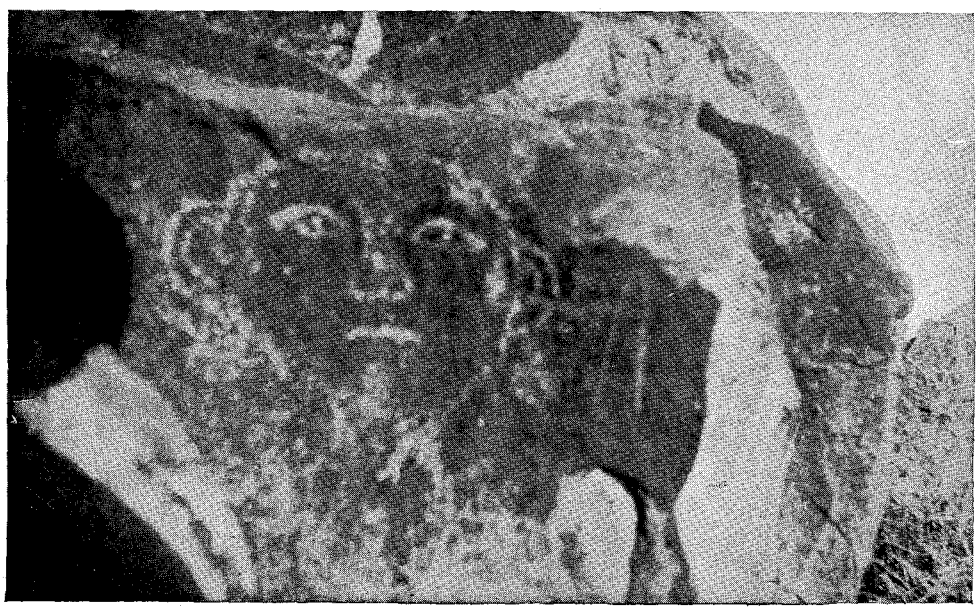


The remarkable group at the right is from Hava Supai Canyon, Arizona, and contains (at the lower, left-hand corner) the famous dinosaur-like figure which attracted so much attention last year when it was first published by Mr. Hubbard. This photograph was made, however, in 1903, by Mr. G. H. Marshall, now of Augusta, Kansas, who kindly supplies it to THE FORUM. *As in several other instances on preceding pages, the figures were outlined in chalk in order to make photography possible.*

Mr. Marshall does not believe that this figure really represents a dinosaur or any other reptile. It is more probable, he imagines, that both it and the other figures, including some which we do not reproduce, were crude representations of the ceremonial masks and costumes worn by the Indians of the Southwest in their religious dances.

The final photograph of our present series, reproduced below, is from the collection of Colonel Crimmins, as were the two reproduced on a preceding page. Like those, this one occurs near Three Rivers, New Mexico. It is of quite unusual character, being, for all its crudeness, much more competently drawn than are most of the representations of the human face met with in the pictographs. This characteristic of better draftsmanship seems to mark many examples in the Three Rivers locality.



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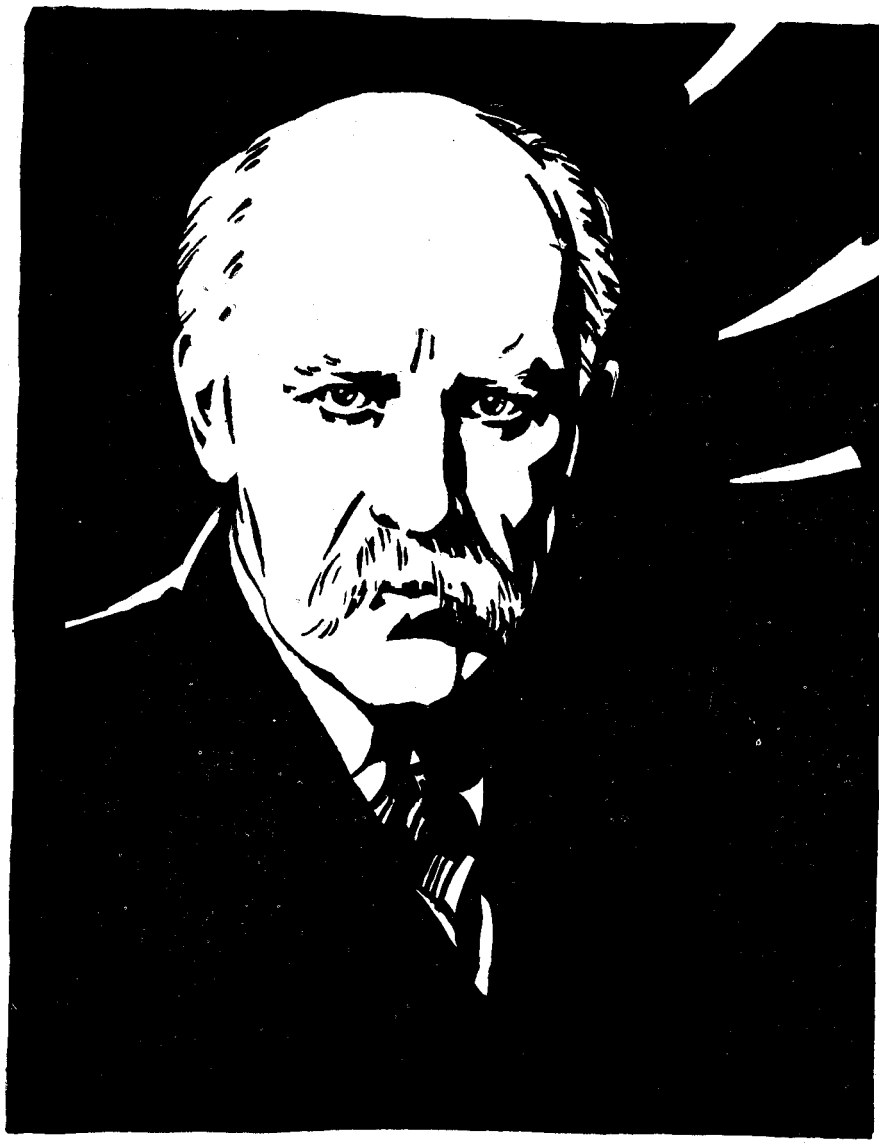

From a drawing by Johan Bull

FRIDTJOF NANSEN

Veteran explorer, who outlines a new plan for charting the unknown Polar seas from an airship

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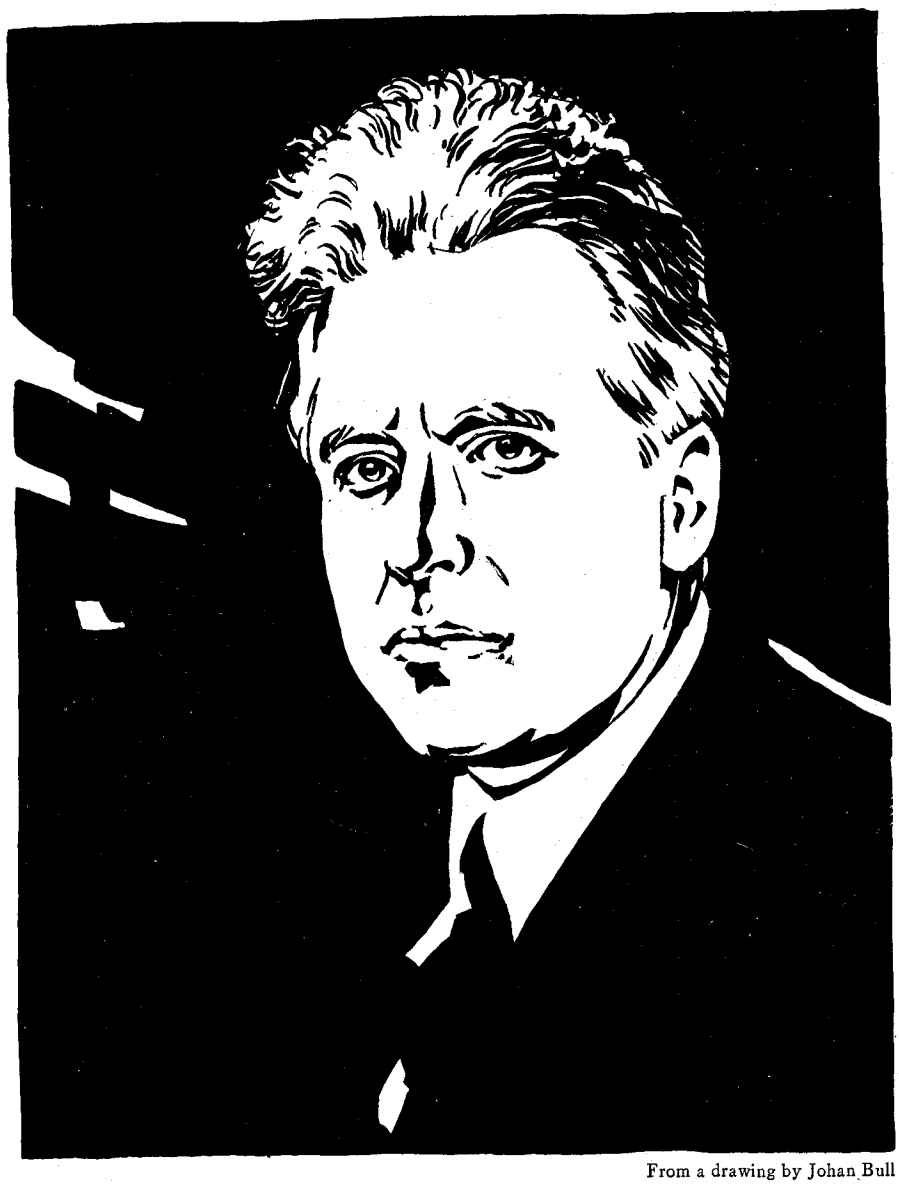

From a drawing by Johan Bull

SHAW DESMOND

Who sustains, against Mr. Elliott, the thesis that the future must choose between Fascism and Communism

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From a drawing by Johan Bull

Benito Mussolini

Superman or monster? To this type of dictator, says Mr. Desmond, every type and class in Europe looks for salvation

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